

"YOU CAN'T DO THAT!"

# Silver Screen

10c

April

44

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PERIODICAL DIVISION

Sylvia Sidney

MARSHALL STONE

SONG TITLE PRIZE CONTEST



# REFRESHING AS A SHOWER, THIS *Beauty Bath for Teeth*



**Exotic New York models use only Listerine Tooth Paste to keep their mouths alluring, their teeth bewitching**

Fragrant, satin-soft, milky white... such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ Listerine Tooth Paste as your beauty aid. It's as refreshing as a shower!

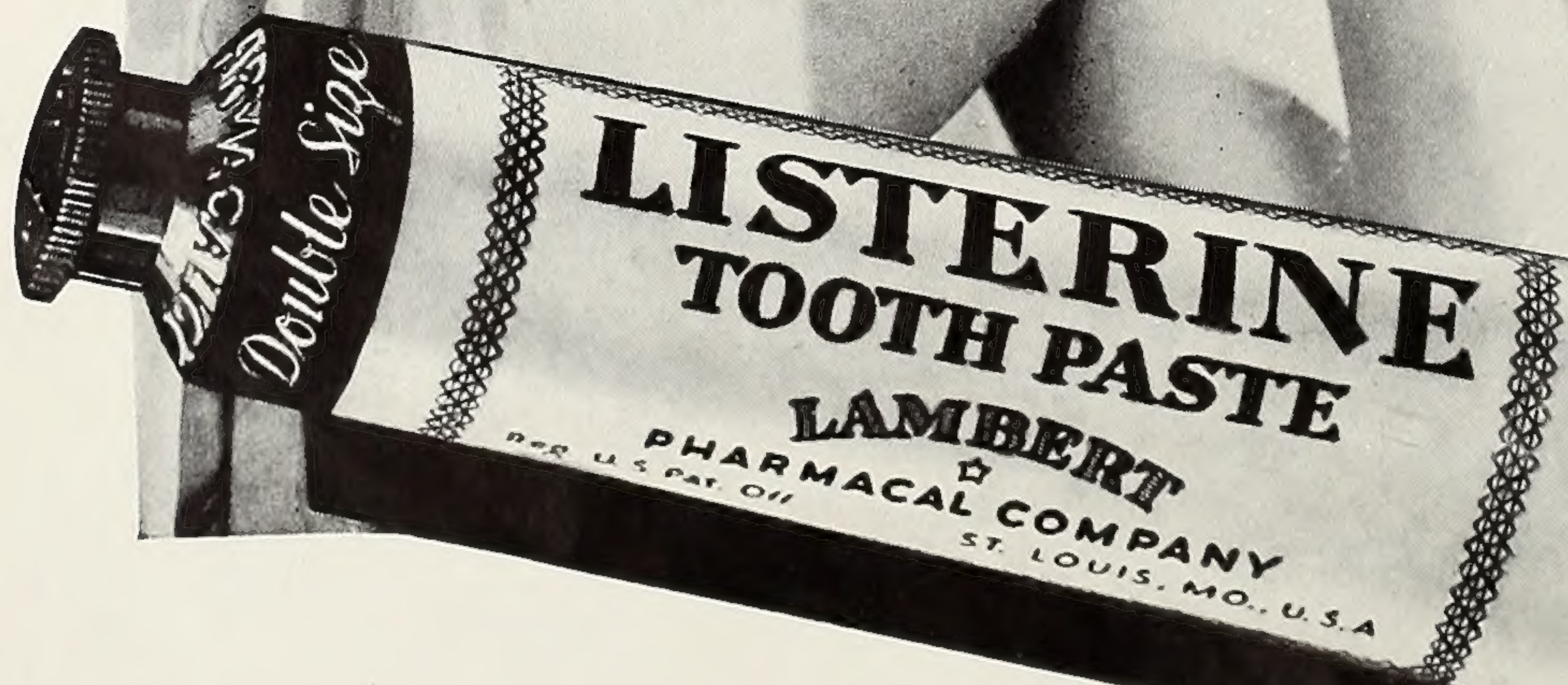
Why don't you emulate the lovely women of studio and screen, who know beauty aids as few women can? Why not have your teeth looking their best? Change to Listerine Tooth Paste today and see what it will do for you. You will never regret the change.

## **There's a Reason**

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth pastes contain the delightful fruit essences that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Do not take our word for it; let this wonderfully safe dentifrice made by the makers of Listerine prove itself.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis*



**A TONIC FOR THE GUMS**  
WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

**More than 1/4 POUND**  
of tooth paste in the double  
size tube • 40¢  
Regular size tube, 25¢





JEAN: *Last year she couldn't get a date—now look at her!*

MARGE: *Somebody must have told her what her trouble\* was.*

\*There's nothing like LISTERINE to check halitosis (*unpleasant breath*), the unforgivable social fault

# Forgotten Women

by DORIS KAY

I SEE them every day . . . dozens of them . . . women—young women—who are simply forgotten in the social scheme of things.

They are seldom invited out and when men *do* call they rarely call again. When a frantic cry goes out for a fourth at bridge or when someone is needed to fill in at a dinner party, they are usually the last person the hostess thinks about. Why is it? Not because they are dull; I've seen many a witty woman who didn't get around much. Not because they are plain; some of the prettiest young girls are the least popular. Not because they are fat

or old; I've known women heavy as trucks and grey as beavers but still greatly sought after. What then is the reason?

Nine times out of ten, these forgotten girls are not fastidious about the condition of their breath—and if there's one thing for which others drop a woman or a man it is halitosis (bad breath).

How silly a woman is to permit such a humiliating condition to exist when the fault can usually be remedied so easily and so pleasantly with an agreeable deodorant such as Listerine Antiseptic used twice daily as a mouth wash.



**KEEP YOUR BREATH  
BEYOND SUSPICION  
with LISTERINE**

Almost everyone has halitosis (bad breath) at some time or other without realizing it. And it is the unforgivable social fault. People simply don't want you around when you offend this way. Why take a chance? Why risk unpopularity when it is so easy to correct this humiliating condition. Do not rely on harsh bargain mouth washes, some of which are entirely devoid of deodorant effect. Just trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the quick, pleasant deodorant which strikes at fermentation, the major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves.

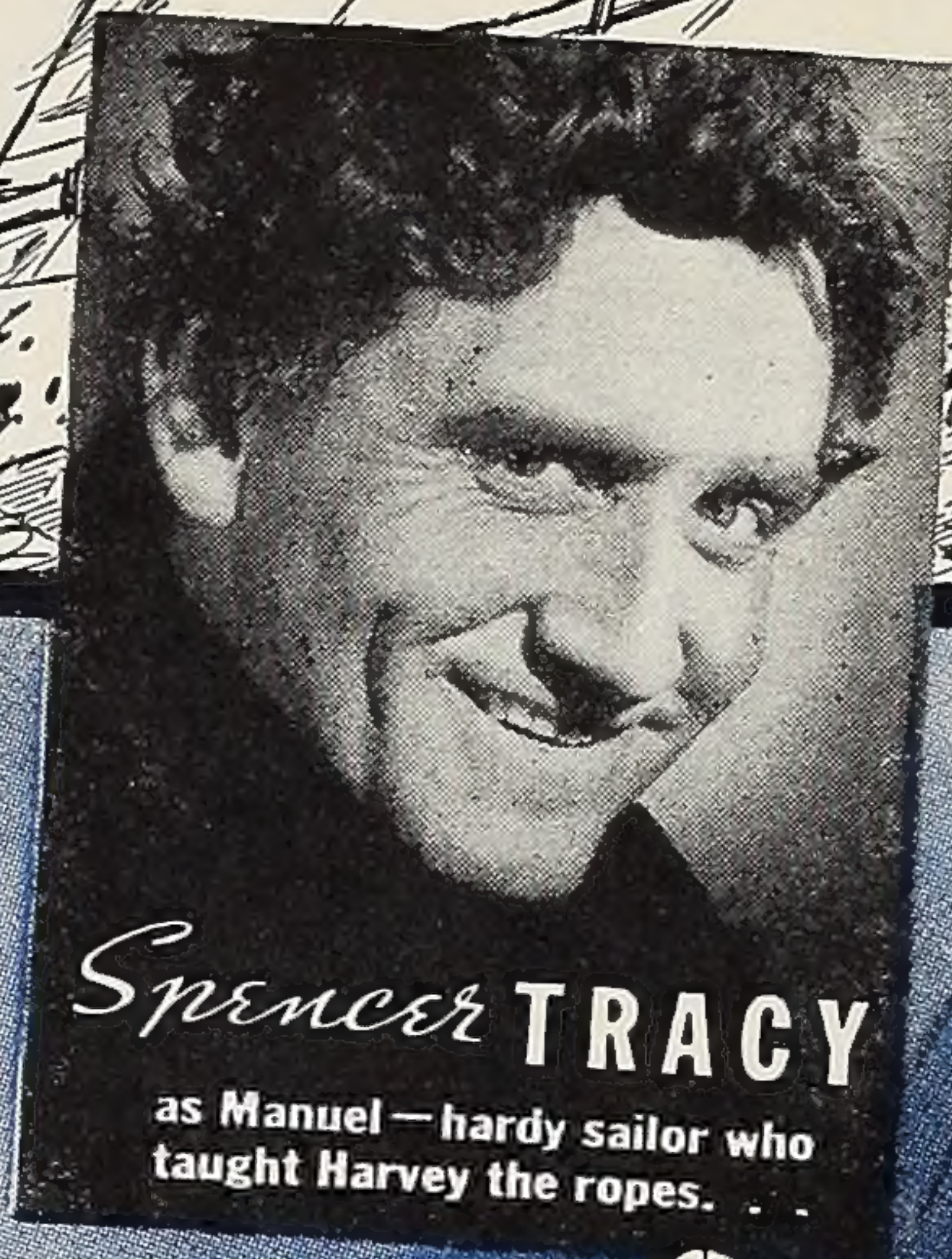


***the quick deodorant***

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. • St. Louis, Mo.



# ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME!



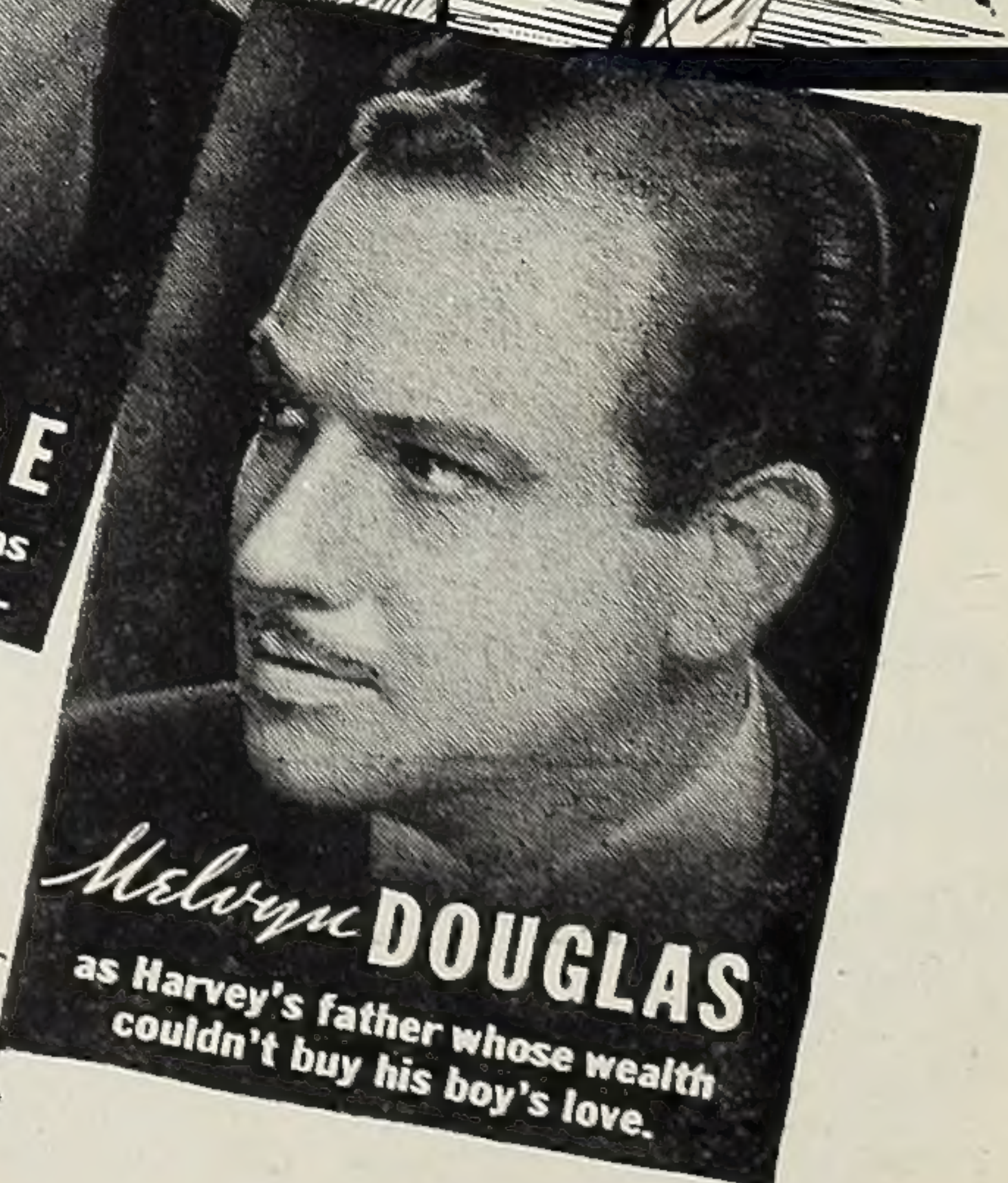
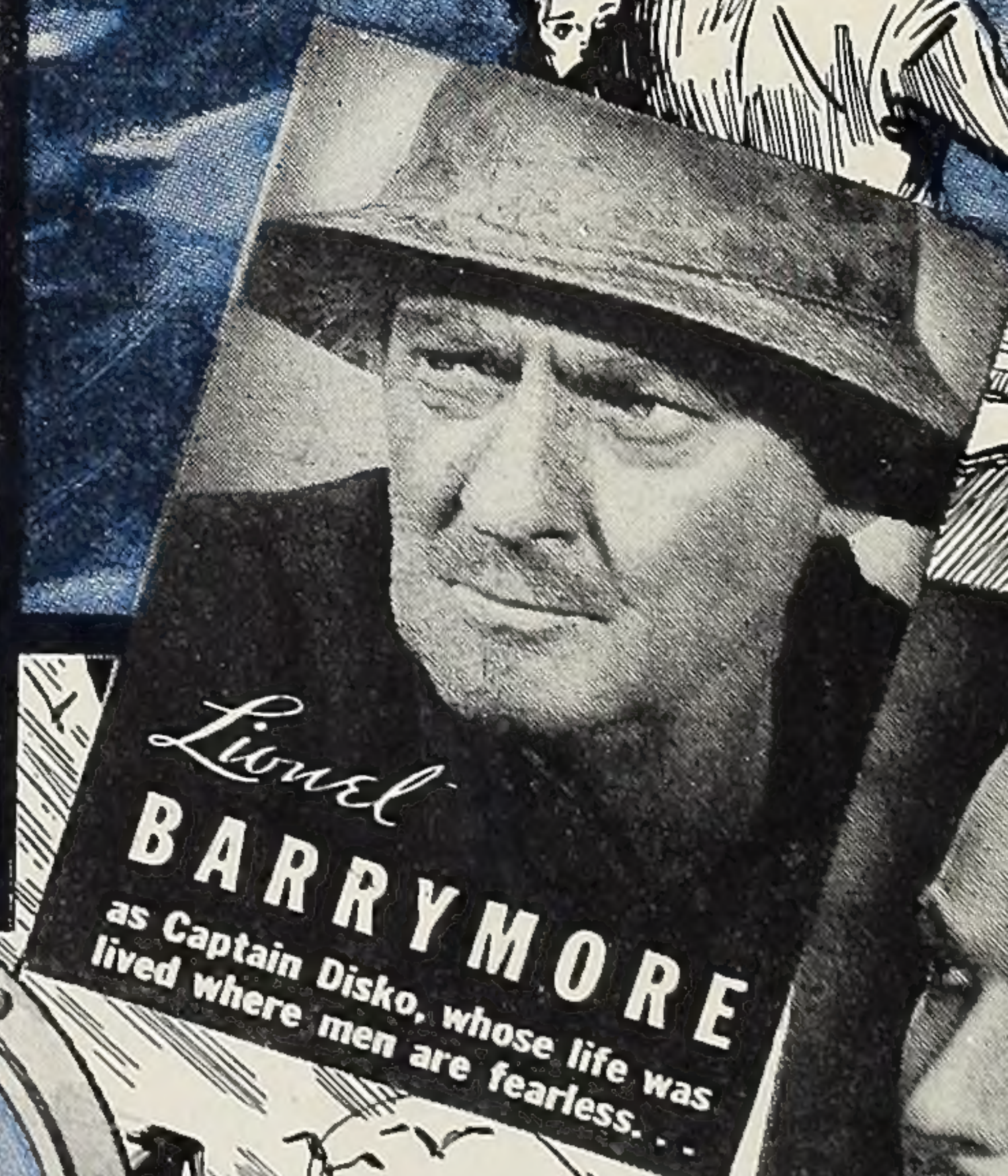
## Captain's Courageous



**THE MOST EXCITING PICTURE  
SINCE "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"**

Again—as in the stirring "Mutiny"—you live the roaring drama of men against the sea. You share the struggles, the heart-aches, the laughter of courageous souls who leave the women they love to dare the wrath of the angry waves... men in conflict with their destiny enacting the most thrilling story the screen could offer. A brilliant triumph that takes rank with the greatest pictures M-G-M has given you!

A Metro-  
Goldwyn-Mayer  
Picture Directed by  
**VICTOR FLEMING**





# Silver Screen

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COVER PORTRAIT OF SYLVIA SIDNEY BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

## The Opening Chorus



David Niven

### A Letter From Liza

DEAR BOSS:  
And who do you think I saw munching crumpets at the Brown Derby the other noontime? None other than the lady of the lovelorn, Beatrice Fairfax, herself in person. Miss Fairfax, as you well know, has been giving advice on love problems for years, and is in the way of being an authority on matters pertaining to the emotions. But just like a postman on a holiday there she sat in the Brown Derby eagerly watching love in bloom in Hollywood, and when it blossoms in Hollywood, oh boy, it blossoms.

In one booth were Loretta Young and David Niven, and what goes on there? David, of course, used to be Merle Oberon's really and truly, but Merle went to England amidst a great enthusiasm for Brian Aherne. Eddie Sutherland, Loretta's boy friend for months and months, went East, and immediately Loretta and David sort of got together. What will happen when Eddie gets back? Maybe Beatrice Fairfax knows. I don't.

In another booth, and practically holding hands right out in front of you, were Miriam Hopkins and Anatol Litvak, the European director whom Miriam met abroad last fall, and who is directing her in her newest picture. There is a decided rumor going about that Miriam and Mr. Litvak intend getting married this spring—but mercy, I can't remember a spring that Miriam wasn't on the verge of marrying somebody. The spring does that to her. But she always recovers before she makes the altar. Why? Maybe Miss Fairfax knows. I don't.

Other romancing couples being given the once over by the lovelorn lady were Gertrude Niesen and Craig Reynolds. Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor ("Garbo loves Robert Taylor"—nerts), Kay Francis and Delmar Daves, Alice Faye and Tony Martin, Glenda Farrell and Drew Ebersson, Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart, and Tyrone Power and Rochelle Hudson. Of course Rochelle will tell you sweetly that she is merely standing in for Sonja Henie until that talented skating girl can return from her personal appearance tour, but judging from the lovelight in Tyrone's eye I wouldn't be knowing about that. And, I'm afraid, neither would Miss Fairfax.

Liza



# Dull-Listless

-SKIN BROKE OUT!



● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

## Here's the lesson she learned



**THE 3 MINUTE WAY!**  
Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered—"You're yourself again!"

## And she's so happy now



● Now life is so different for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. T-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



**Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c**

Slightly higher in Canada

# "You're Telling Me?"

Tell The World What You Think And Start A Riot.



Romney Brent and Elisabeth Bergner in "Dreaming Lips"—whatever those are.

"IN 'Lloyds of London,' Miss Carroll is the loveliest woman I have ever seen!" writes Katharine White of Englewood, N. J. "She is breath-takingly beautiful—and to top that—her acting is marvelous. May she continue to shine across the American screen and delight us for a long, long time to come."

*She has an inescapable refinement that once upon a time was rare indeed on the movie screen.*

"Why do we have to sit through such short subjects as band presentations on the screen?" asks Chester Gordon of 14th Street, Greeley, Colo. "Watching a musician play his violin, or another his trombone, may be some producers' idea of entertainment, but to me it is just radio stuff that can be heard at home."

"Short Subject" must mean short on plot and action.

"'The President's Mystery' could more appropriately have been titled 'Saga of the Canned Peaches,'" writes Elspeth Tenchbrai of Queen's Chapel Road, Mount Rainier, Md. "Even when the hero, Henry Wilcoxon, is in danger of the electric chair, it is treated as of secondary importance; the chief concern is to prevent the Peaches from falling into the hands of a hungry mob. True, there was one scene of Henry in a white sports sweater, bounding around on some rocks, that compensated a Wilcoxon fan like me for an hour of banality. Why were they so stingy with scenes like that and so generous with scenes showing Canned Peaches? Canned Peaches don't excite the ladies. The rest of us want to see a big, handsome feller having himself a time."

*Revealed! The lure of the movies!*

"When will producers learn that we fans like a musical comedy with a story," writes Kathryn Handy Fuller of Grand St., Winona, Minn. "They must think we are morons when they cover up lack of plot with 'colossal, stupendous extravaganza.' I mean sailors who act like musical comedy stars and speak in chorus, losing all naturalness; lovers who break into song in-

stead of making love as a he-man does who wants to win a wife. Yes, I am speaking of 'Born to Dance,' but other musical comedies have the same failing. Pardon me, Jasper, my smelling salts. And was the tour through a model house by Eleanor and Jimmy supposed to be a hot scene? It had nothing to do with the plot and bored me stiff.

"We may pack the theatres at a musical comedy, but it is because we hope each time that there will be, besides music and dancing, a good story."

*Ah! You can't whistle a story!*

"After Jack Benny had radio under control, he easily put himself over on the screen," writes Jerry Manfred of Weehawken, N. J. Jack found that the same personality which rang the bell on the air waves was just as warmly welcomed in the pictures. Perhaps there will be a revival of humorous pictures now that a leading man is available."

*Jack to the rescue.*

"I wonder if the readers of the letter page know of a sales record that is now in the making? I am in the music department of a big store and I know," writes Lester Regan of New York, N. Y. "The 'Pennies From Heaven' song has already sold 300,000 copies and may hit 500,000 in the United States alone. This is very nearly the record for a film song."

"While these figures prove the catchy quality of the song, it may also be said to establish the loyal way that Bing Crosby's fans turn out for his pictures, stay home for his broadcasts and pay money for his songs."

*When Bing sings he practically starts an industry, including clerks, composers, printers and paper makers. His next picture, 'Waikiki Wedding,' will put a grass skirt on every Crosby fan.*

Speaking of song titles and picture titles, Madeline Ham of Cincinnati, O., writes: "A compliment to 'Three on a Latchkey,' the picture that RKO announces. Isn't that an intriguing title?"

*Good enough for the Title Guaranty Co.*





"Listen, Carole, till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms'... *you just haven't lived...*"

how to play the hot  
trumpet in Panama  
in *4* easy lessons



"Okay, Fred. You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out, will you, *before you break my heart.*"



"Arrest him, gendarme! Si, senor disturbing la peace with sis instrumento... more hot playing an si senor *quick start a revolution!!!*"

CAROLE LOMBARD  
FRED MacMURRAY  
"*SWING HIGH  
SWING LOW*"

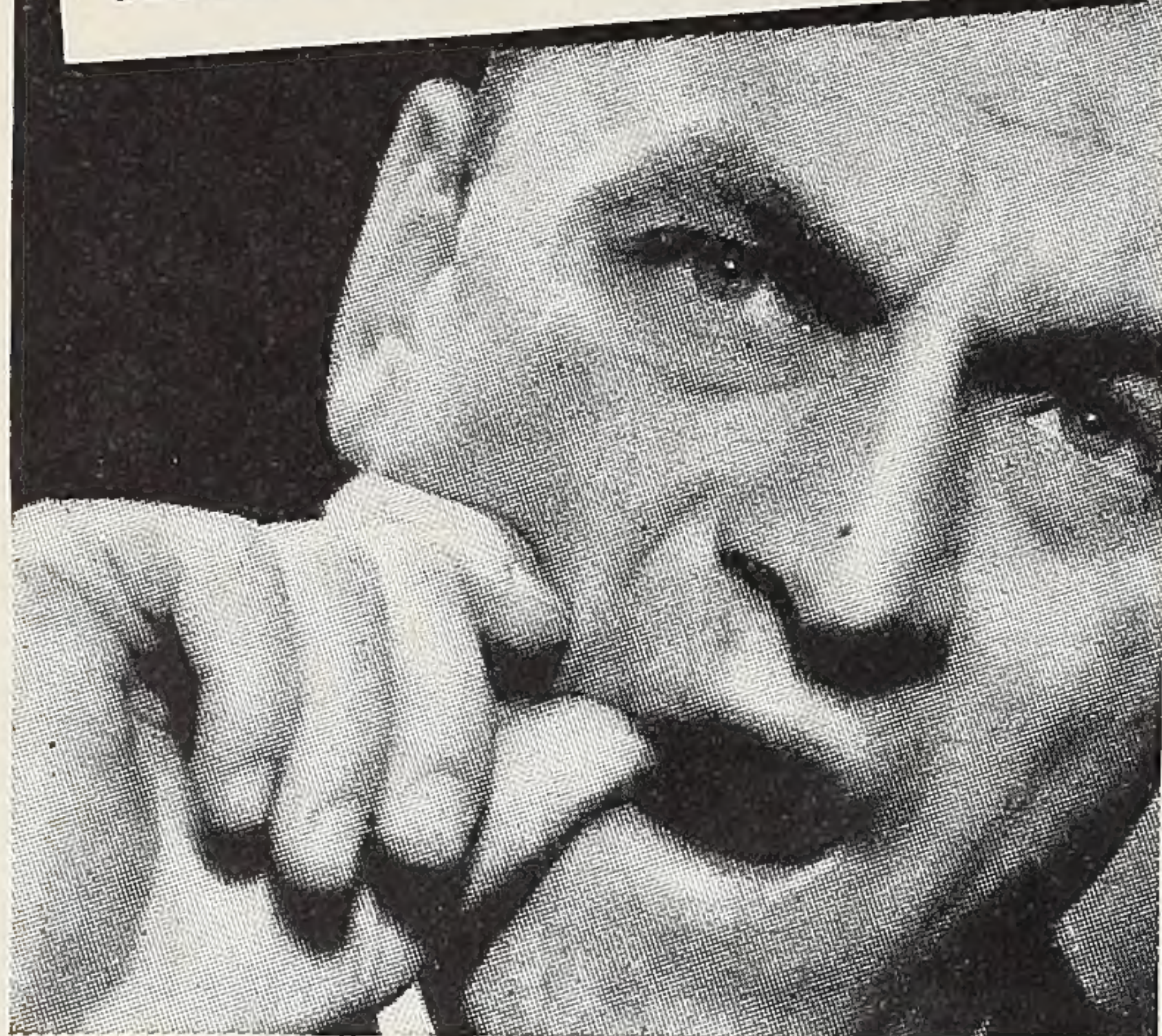
with Charles Butterworth • Jean Dixon  
Dorothy Lamour • Harvey Stephens  
Directed by Mitchell Leisen  
A Paramount Picture



"Yeah... some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worse jam than you did in "*Hands Across the Table*" and "*The Princess Comes Across.*"



**TAKE NO CHANCES**  
with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes



## Give teeth the Double Protection they need

**I**f you are now using an ordinary tooth paste, your teeth *may* be white and sparkling; but unless your *gums* are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*.

End *half-way care* today by adopting this simple method: Brush your teeth with Forhan's, then massage a little into the gums, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how fresh and clean the whole mouth feels! Buy Forhan's today. The *big, new tube* saves you money. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

**Forhan's**  
**DOES BOTH JOBS** { **CLEANS TEETH**  
 { **SAVES GUMS**

**SPARKLING EYES**  
**HYPNOTIZE**  
**A MAN!**



Eyes that hold a man entranced must be clear, brilliant! Men are disillusioned when your eyes look tired, drawn, dull. Use *Ibath* (a physician's formula) to step up brilliance! It helps to clear, soothe, deepen that starry luster! Your eyes *feel* younger...instantly! At drug stores, 50¢.

McKesson & Robbins

**ibath**



**CAMILLE**—Splendid. The Paris of Alexander Dumas (1850) is captured perfectly in this profoundly moving story of the tragic lady of the camellias who loved not wisely but too well. Garbo holds her own with many great tragediennes of the past who played this role, and Robert Taylor does right nobly by Armand, her lover.

A scene from "The Love Trap," with Ricardo Cortez tempting Gail Patrick with a lavalier.

**PLOUGH AND THE STARS, THE**—Fine. Another drama of the Irish Rebellion—the one which occurred in 1916—taken from the brilliant play of Sean O'Casey. This has been

compared to the prize-winning "Informer" of last year, but we think it lags a good many steps behind that masterpiece. (Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster).

**CLARENCE**—Good. Booth Tarkington wrote this mouth-twitching little comedy about a returned soldier who is practically adopted by a nitwit family, the members of which he saves from many scandalous escapades. (Roscoe Karns, Spring Byington, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs).

**COUNTRY GENTLEMAN**—Fair. Olsen and Johnson the popular comic vaudeville team, play the leads in this small-town comedy about an oil-well promotion that just about plays havoc with the peaceful inmates of the local soldiers' home. (Lila Lee, Joyce Compton).

**CRIMINAL LAWYER**—Fair. A courtroom melodrama with the interest centered around the racketeer lawyer who, when he becomes District Attorney, suddenly becomes quite virtuous. An outstanding cast includes Lee Tracy, Betty Lawford, Eduardo Cianelli and Margot Grahame.

**FIRE OVER ENGLAND**—Excellent. England certainly turns out beautifully produced historical films and this story of Queen Elizabeth during her controversy with Spain is one to take its place alongside of Catherine the Great. Flora Robson is Elizabeth, Raymond Massey is Philip of Spain, with Laurence Olivier supplying the romance.

**GREEN LIGHT**—Fine. A story that will give you food for thought and which offers an endless subject for critical discussion. A fatal surgical operation is laid at the door of a young doctor, and this tragedy leads to a drastic change in the lives of all concerned. (Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Walter Abel, Henry O'Neill, Margaret Lindsay).

**LET'S MAKE A MILLION**—Fair. A genial yarn about a soldier whose war-bonus becomes a bone of contention among his relatives and friends. Finally the worm turns and the soldier recaptures his precious money and makes everybody sit up and say "uncle." (Ed. Everett Horton—Charlotte Wynters).

**NOBODY'S BABY**—Amusing comedy with music. Here we find a poor baby in the predicament of having both parents disclaim it because the news may hurt their professional standing. The situation leads the plot along many hilarious grooves, with Patsy Kelly and Lyda Roberti grabbing much of the laughter. (Rosina Lawrence, Lynne Overman, Bob Armstrong).

**ON THE AVENUE**—Fine. A musical that satirizes the richest girl in the world, both in her public and private life. Madeleine Carroll plays the "richest girl" with Dick Powell and Alice Faye attending to the music. (George Barbier, The Ritz Bros., Alan Mowbray).

**PARK AVENUE LOGGER**—Good. Handsome George O'Brien is the virile Easterner who is sent to his father's western logging camp to get a few well needed knocks. He not only gets the knocks but manages to save a rival logger from ruin and ends up by marrying the man's daughter.

**PLAINSMAN, THE**—Splendid. Mr. Cecil DeMille has given us a visual picture of that robust pioneer, Wild Bill Hickok, which will not soon be forgotten. In this epic western, we also meet up with such famous historical characters as Calamity Jane and Buffalo Bill, . . . what more could anybody ask? (Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur).

**PENROD & SAM**—Fair. Two of our favorite characters, immortalized in fiction by Booth Tarkington, reach the screen as nothing more nor less than boy scouts playing at being G-men. Kids will like this film, however, as it has plenty of action. Billy Mauch and Harry Watson play the title roles.

**SHE'S DANGEROUS**—Fair. A rather time-worn melodrama centering around a beautiful woman detective who gets pretty deeply involved when she poses as a crook in order to round up a notorious gang of bond thieves. (Tala Birell, Walter Pigeon, Cesar Romero).

**STOLEN HOLIDAY**—Fair. This story of the glamorous model, who is befriended by a suave international crook and then falls in love with a British diplomat, may please matinee audiences—meaning women! (Kay Francis, Claude Rains, Ian Hunter).

**THREE SMART GIRLS**—Excellent. Although the plot of this comedy is slim, the production itself is engagingly handled and the performances of the cast leave nothing to be desired. Deanna Durbin, the charming 14 year old singer, makes a promising picture debut, supported by Alice Brady, Binnie Barnes, Charles Winninger, etc.

**THUNDER IN THE CITY**—Good. A British film starring Ed. G. Robinson as the hustling American salesman who tries to inject his methods into conservative English business enterprises. This proves unequal for him and provides many amusing situations. (Luli Desti, Constance Collier, Nigel Bruce).

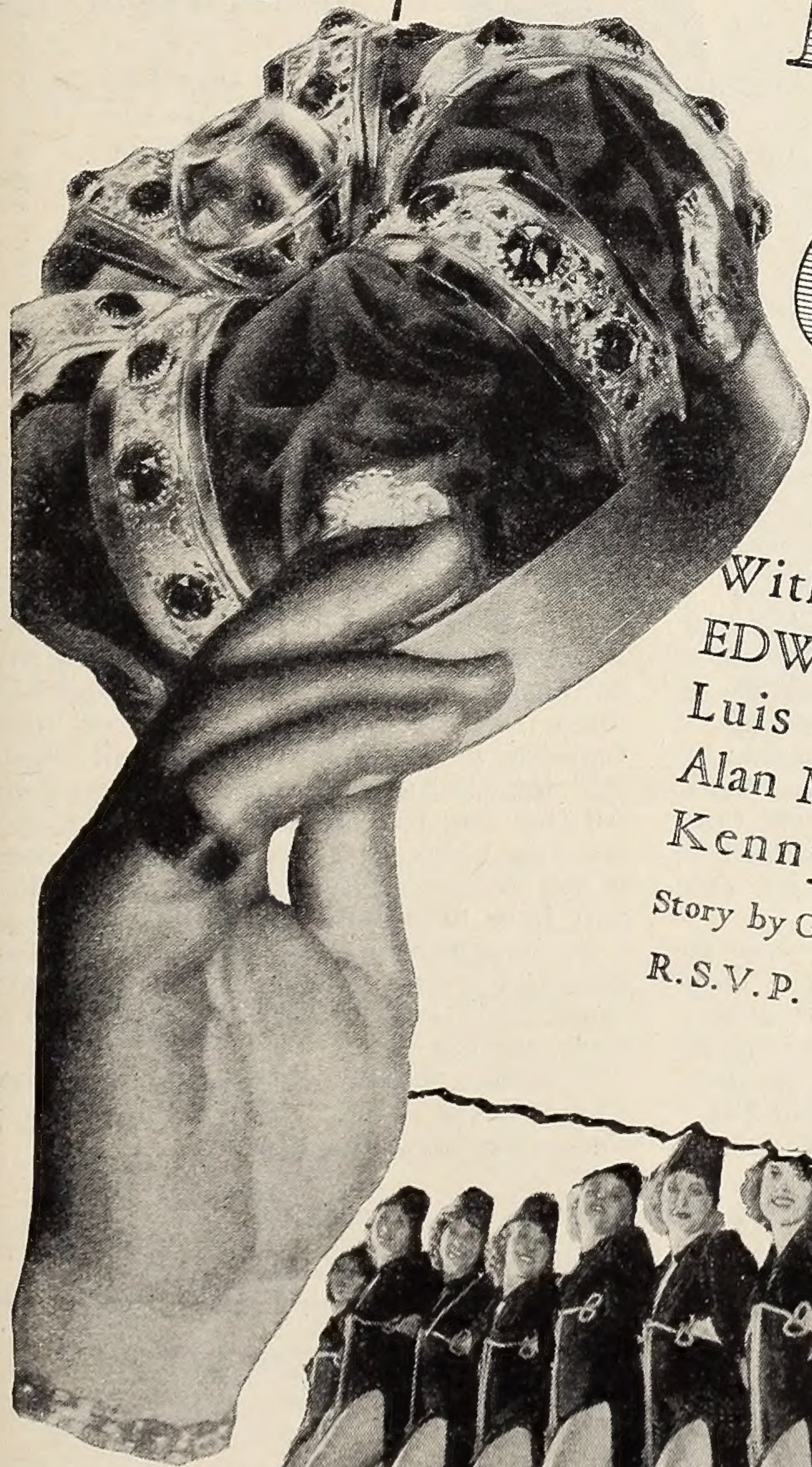
**TWO WISE MAIDS**—Interesting. This will take you back to the dear old golden rule days. Alison Skipworth and Polly Moran are two school-marms who find it tough bucking up against competition with younger and more attractive teachers. And Jackie Searle makes matters worse by lying about them in addition. But all's well that ends well. Supporting cast is excellent.





# HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! . . . as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!



*Warner Bros.*  
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR  
PRESENCE AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE  
FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR  
**FERNAND GRAVET**

IN HIS FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE  
IN MERVYN LEROY'S PRODUCTION

## THE KING and the CHORUS GIRL

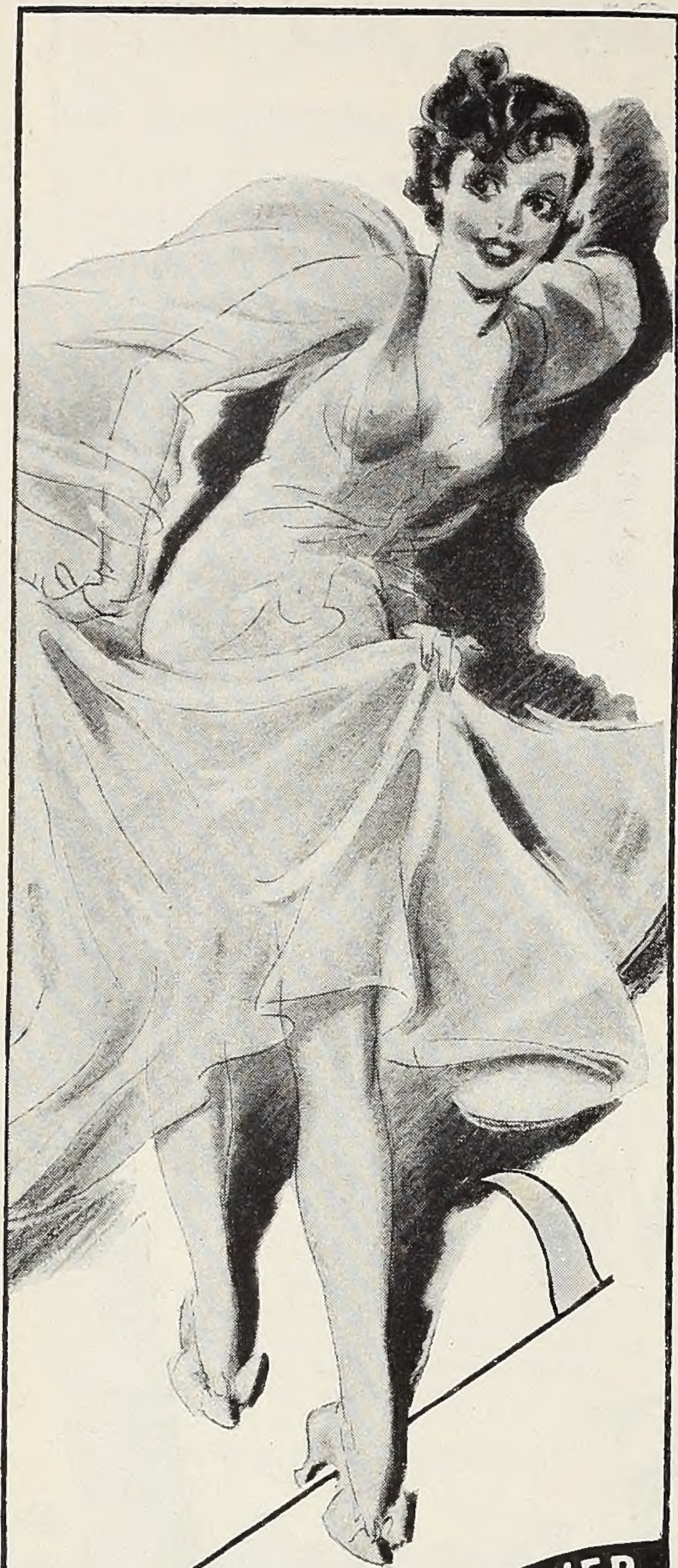
With JOAN BLONDELL  
EDW. EVERETT HORTON  
Luis Alberni • Mary Nash  
Alan Mowbray • Jane Wyman  
Kenny Baker and Others  
Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna  
R.S.V.P. *Your Favorite Theatre*



See a real French re-  
vue with the world's  
loveliest mademoi-  
selles singing those  
reigning hits of the air  
by Werner R Heymann  
and Ted Koehler  
"FOR YOU"  
"ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"

SILVER SCREEN





YOU'LL BE "HEAD OVER  
HEELS IN LOVE" WITH  
THE DANCING DIVINITY

## Jessie MATTHEWS

*in her dancing-est  
musical picture*

## "HEAD OVER HEELS *in* LOVE"

With two new dashing  
leading men. Songs by  
Gordon and Revel. You  
just can't afford to miss it.

*Coming to your favorite theatre*

A  Production

Lovely Gertrude Niesen, Singing  
Star in "Top Of The Town," Inspires  
This Contest.



## CAN YOU THINK OF A SONG TITLE?

THE idea of a song is expressed  
in the words of the title. The  
refrain of the chorus is usually  
the same as the title. If you can  
put down on the coupon two titles that  
suggest amusing songs, touching songs, love  
songs, or any other kind that appeals to  
you, you may win one of these prizes.

You do not have to write the music or  
the words of the song or chorus. Just write  
the song title and Universal Pictures Cor-  
poration, sponsor of this contest, which is  
looking for interesting ideas for its new  
musical, will do the rest.

A song to be popular must be easy to  
understand, and express something to each  
one of us personally. Write two titles of this  
nature and you will stand a good chance to  
win. In "Top of the Town," Gertrude  
Niesen sings "Blame It On The Rhumba,"  
"Jamboree" and "Where Are You?"

The next musical films that Universal  
Pictures Corporation will produce are rich  
in romance and theatrical atmosphere, and  
songs will be required for all of them.  
Can you write song titles that will inspire  
the song writers and win you a prize?  
All that you have to submit in this contest  
are two titles that arouse interest. Some  
of the characters in these new films, which  
may help to suggest song titles to you, are  
a business man in love, an heiress, an oil  
man and people connected with the theatre  
—and don't forget that love songs are al-  
ways popular.

"I've Got To Be Kissed" is a song from  
"Top of the Town." Can't you think of  
some cute ideas like that?

Capitalize Your Sentimental Side And Let  
Your Humor Have Its Fling—And Win!

### USE THIS COUPON TO SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES

(Write Plainly)

TITLE NO. 1 .....

TITLE NO. 2 .....

Submitted by .....

Street ..... City ..... State .....

Send to Song Title Contest Editor  
c/o SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.



PRIZES TO BE  
AWARDED  
FOR SONG TITLES

First Prize .....	\$100.00
Second Prize .....	50.00
5 Third Prizes of \$10.00 each .....	50.00
50 Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each .....	50.00

TOTAL CASH PRIZES \$250.00

CONDITIONS

1. Fill out the coupon and write plainly.
2. You must submit two titles on each coupon. No single title will be considered. The prizes will be awarded for the best pair of titles.
3. This contest will close at midnight April 13, 1937.
4. The prize winning titles become the property of Universal Pictures Corporation.
5. In order that all SILVER SCREEN readers may have an equal opportunity, these prizes will be awarded for titles only, and no consideration will be given titles accompanied by lyrics or music.
6. Universal Pictures Corporation does not agree to use any of these titles within any specific time.
7. In the event of ties the prize tied for will go to each tying contestant.
8. No correspondence concerning this contest will be entered into nor any titles returned.

WINNERS OF THE  
JOE E. BROWN  
TRADE MARK CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE—\$200.

George F. Young, Box 543, Arcade Station,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

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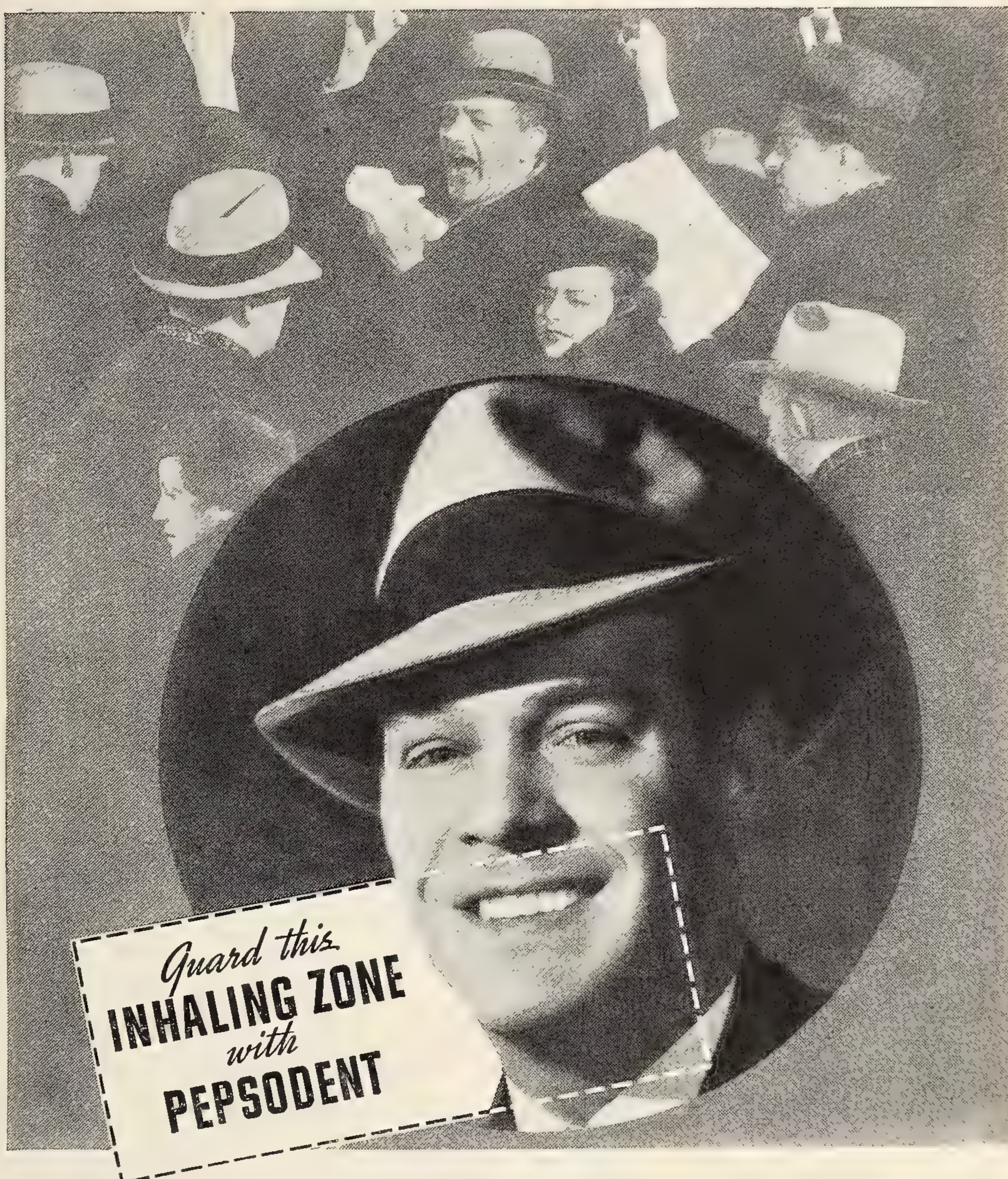
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# Most Colds are INHALED!



It's the 10-second Germ-Killer, even diluted with  $\frac{2}{3}$  water

## PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Makes your dollar go 3 times as far!

• How do germs enter your body? How do colds start?

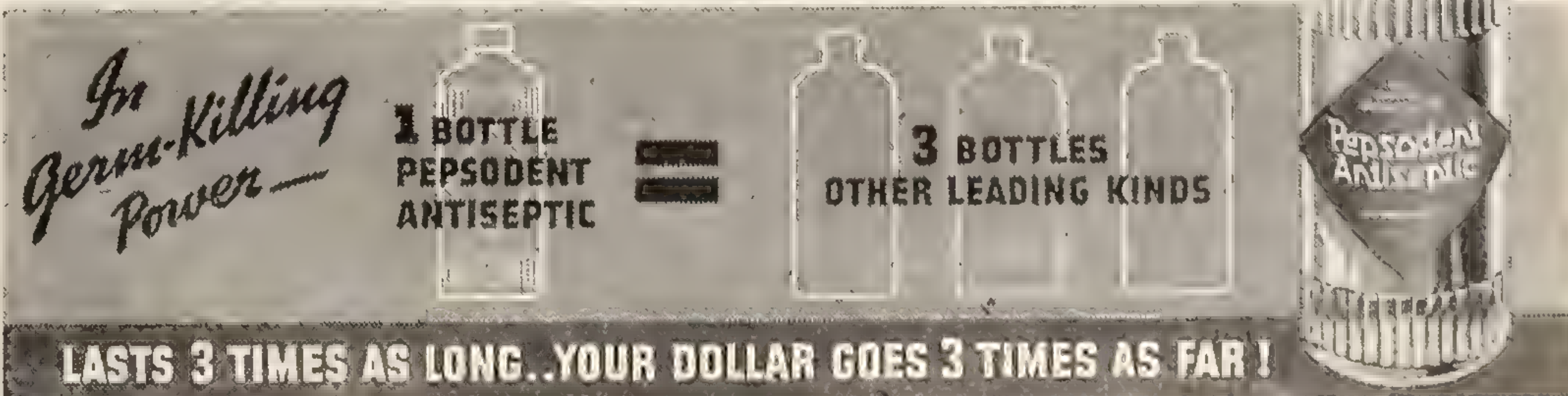
"You inhale most colds!" say authorities. Millions of germs are breathed-in every day of your life! Then, when your resistance is low, they have their chance to attack . . . to infect sensitive throat membranes!

### Kill the germs

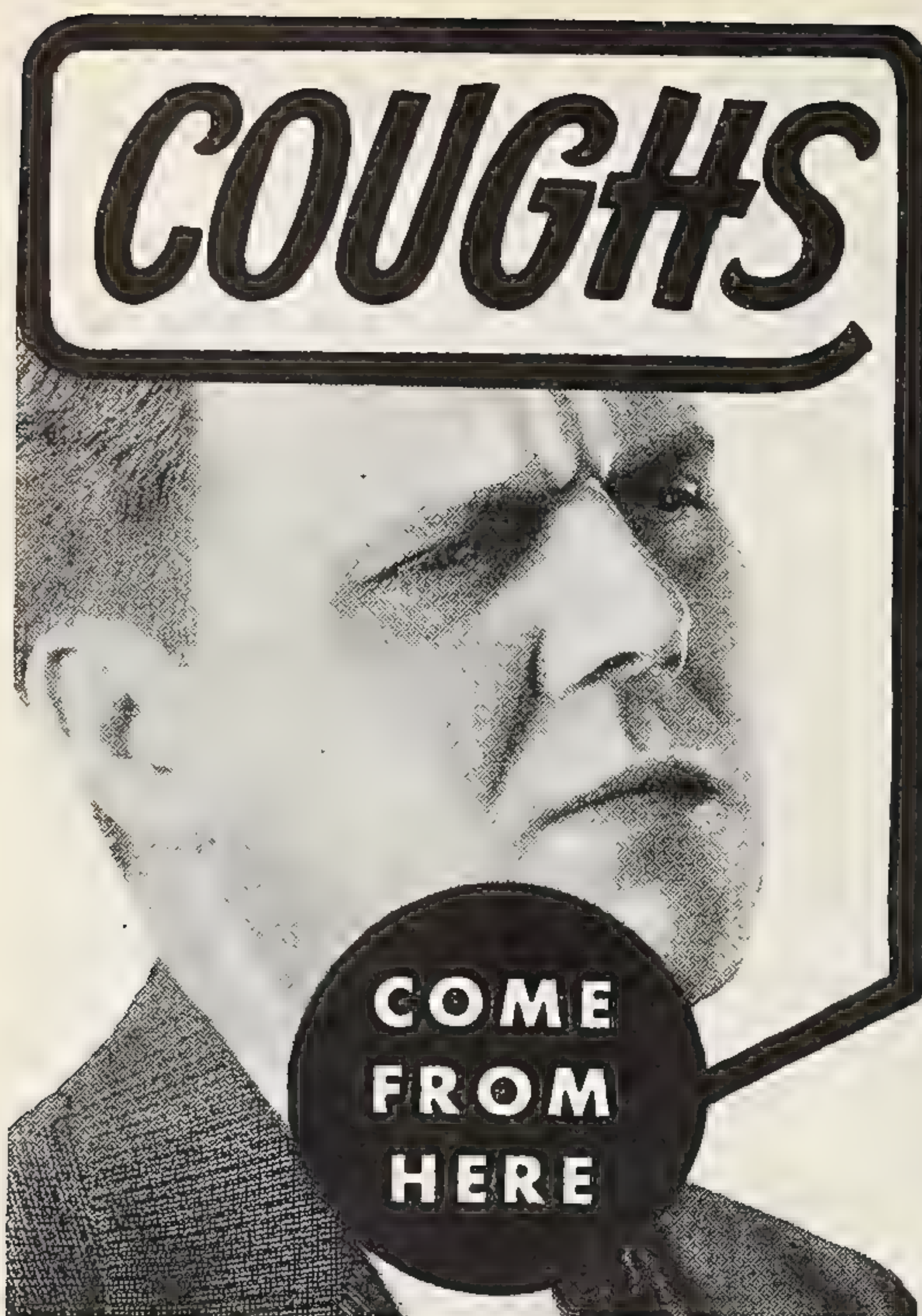
The health of yourself and your family may depend on this safety measure. Gargle twice daily with Pepsodent Antiseptic. For it's the

10-Second Germ-Killer!—your protective aid against colds and sore throats resulting from the common cold.

So effective is Pepsodent that, in tests on 500 people, Pepsodent users had fewer colds and got rid of colds twice as fast! What's more, Pepsodent is "the thrifty antiseptic." For it is a 10-Second Germ-Killer even when diluted with  $\frac{2}{3}$  water. Thus it lasts 3 times as long, makes your dollar go 3 times as far.





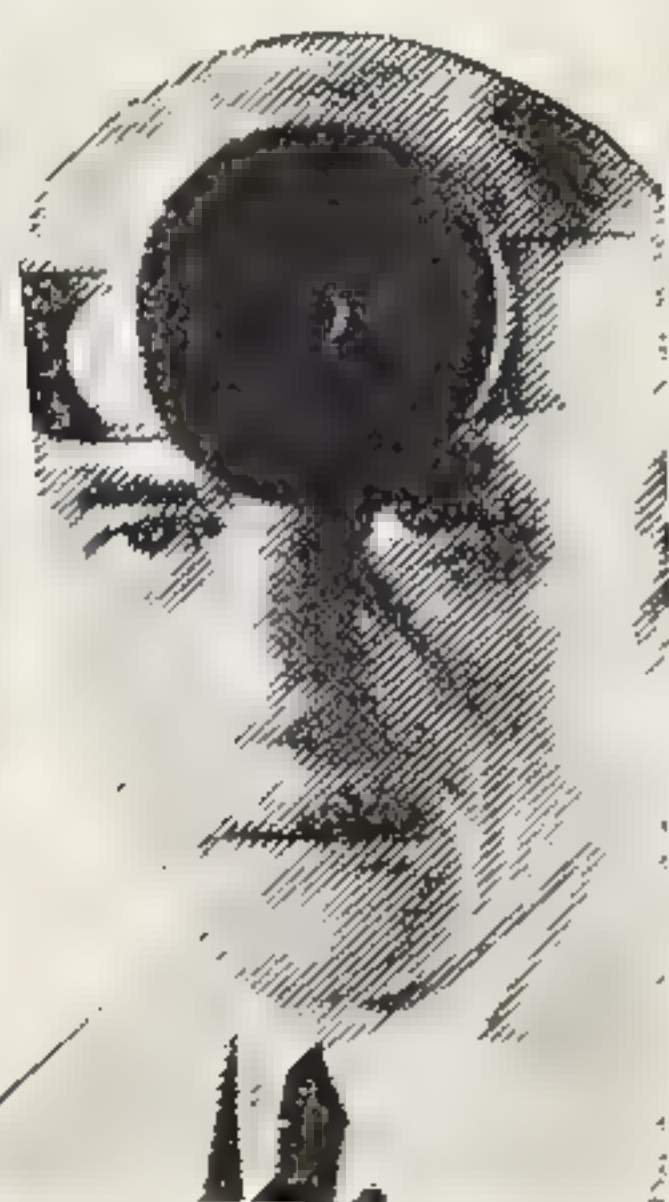


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### "IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



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Send me 3 trial size REJUVIA Lipsticks; enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



Florence Rice fixes up a cold snack for herself in the dinette of her beach home.

# FISH AND SALAD DAYS

Lighter Meals Are In  
Order At This Season  
Of The Year.

By Ruth Corbin

THIS is a good time to try out your favorite seafood recipes. There are many excellent ways of preparing fish aside from baking, pan frying or broiling. Of course, these regulation methods cannot be improved upon with such fish as trout, mackerel, bass and others of this type, but the following dishes either with left over, canned or starting with the raw fish itself, are delightful and tasty departures for the woman who likes to add variety to her meals. With these I have included a few salad and spaghetti recipes which are nice accompaniments to seafood.

### BOILED FISH WITH EGG SAUCE

- 2 or 3 lbs. haddock or cod
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. peppercorns
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 sliced onion
- 1 stalk celery
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 3/4 cup fish stock
- 3/4 cup evaporated milk, Borden's
- Minced parsley
- 1 hard cooked egg

Wash fish and wrap in a piece of cheese cloth or parchment paper. Place on rack in kettle, cover with boiling water, add seasoning and simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Lift out carefully, place on hot platter, remove skin and serve with egg sauce made by blending butter and flour, adding stock and milk and cooking, stirring constantly until sauce thickens. Season with salt and pepper, add egg and serve.

### SALMON TIMBALE

In the top of a double boiler blend 2/3 cups milk, 1/3 cup dry bread crumbs and 3 tbsps. butter; cook 5 minutes. Add 1 cup

drained, flaked, canned salmon, 1 tbsp. minced parsley, 2 slightly beaten eggs, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Line buttered individual molds with pimento; fill 2/3 full with salmon mixture. Set in a pan of hot water, cover with oiled paper, bake 20 to 30 minutes in slow oven, 325 F. Serve with a shrimp or mushroom sauce or with none at all. Serves 6. This is a very decorative dish when it comes to the table.

### FISH FILLETS, GREEN OLIVE SAUCE

Cover fish fillets with boiling water, add a few sprigs of parsley, small piece of bay leaf, a few slices of carrot, celery leaves, salt and pepper. Simmer about 10 minutes. Remove fish to a hot platter and keep hot. Strain liquid to use in sauce, made as follows:

- 4 tbsps. butter
- 1 cup fish stock
- 1/4 cup stuffed olives cut in strips
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- Salt and pepper

Melt 2 tbsps. butter and blend in flour. Add fish stock gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add rest of butter, a little at a time. Add lemon juice, olives and seasoning. Pour over fish.

Two of the nicest and most unusual salads I have ever found are given below. They will make a success of any meal.

### SPINACH AND TUNA SALAD

- 1 cup fresh, finely chopped spinach
- 1 small onion, minced
- Lettuce
- 1/4 cup French dressing
- 1 cup finely chopped Tuna fish
- Sliced olives
- Parsley sprigs

Prepare spinach and pour French dressing over it. Allow to stand one-half hour in refrigerator. Mix in onion and Tuna fish. Serve on lettuce and garnish with slices of stuffed sliced olive and sprigs of parsley.

### SPAGHETTI SALAD

- 1 package spaghetti
- 2 bell peppers
- 2 eggs, boiled
- 1 cup grated American cheese, Kraft's
- 2 medium size potatoes



2 very small onions  
1 cup celery  
1 can pimentos  
Hellman's Mayonnaise

Break spaghetti in inch length pieces, boil in salted water. Dice potatoes and boil. Cut bell peppers, celery, eggs, onions and pimentos in small pieces. Mix all ingredients with Mayonnaise and cheese and serve on lettuce leaf. Sprinkle grated cheese and paprika over top.

Today it is smart to serve a mixed green salad and here is a combination hard to beat. Take young dandelion greens, water cress, pale lettuce leaves and circles of tender radish. Make your dressing of 2 parts of the best imported olive oil, 1 part Crosse and Blackwell's cider or tarragon vinegar, a little salt, a bit of sugar and the heel of a French loaf of bread rubbed with garlic and tossed about during the mixing and 2 portions—more or less—of good Roquefort cheese crumbled into bits. Mix and toss well and serve over the greens.

#### SMELTS (Russian Style)

2 lbs. med. size smelts  
1 cup dry white wine  
Juice 1 lemon  
6 ozs. mayonnaise  
1 cucumber

Clean smelts, place in shallow pan, add white wine and lemon juice, cover, bring to a boil and simmer about 3 minutes. Remove from pan and arrange on a cold platter. Continue boiling liquid until only about 1 tbsp. is left; add this to mayonnaise. When smelts are cold cover with mayonnaise and garnish with cucumber salad. This is a new and delightful way to prepare smelts.

If you have ever been faced with the problem of sauce for fish these three will be a welcome addition to your recipe files. They add just the proper touch and are easy to make. *Black Butter Sauce* is made by taking 2 ozs. butter and cooking in a frying pan until light brown. To this add 2 tbsps. finely chopped parsley and 1 tbsp. vinegar. Do not cook more than 1 minute. *Anchovy Sauce* is made by blending 1 tsp. anchovy paste with 1/2 pint plain white sauce in a small sauce pan and heating. *Savory White Sauce* is made by boiling 1 pint milk, 1 shallot, 1 tsp. mixed herbs, salt, pepper, bayleaf and 3 peppercorns. In a second pan melt 2 ozs. butter and stir in 1 1/2 ozs. flour. Cook but do not brown. Add hot milk mixture and stir until it boils, then simmer 15 minutes. Strain through a fine strainer and reheat.

A Picture With Another Name Would Be Better—Maybe!

#### TITLES: THE OLD AND THE NEW

"Escadrille" (Paul Muni) has been changed to "The Woman I Love"  
"Man In Possession" (Robert Taylor) has been changed to "Personal Property"  
"The Stones Cry Out" (John Howard) has been changed to "The Doctor's Discovery"  
"The Robber Barons" (Edward Arnold) has been changed to "The Toast of New York"  
"The Last Slaver" (Warner Baxter) has been changed to "Slave Ship"  
"Miss Customs Agent" (Constance Worth) has been changed to "China Passage"  
"When Love Is New" (Virginia Bruce) has been changed to "When Love Is Young"  
"Person to Person Call" (Gloria Stuart) has been changed to "Girl Overboard"

# LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!



## THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE! Here's How to Deal with Them

By *Lady Esther*

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.

This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

### Like Black Little Candles In Your Skin

This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, soot and dead skin cells.

It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.

It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good.

You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

### Dissolves Waxy Dirt

Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.

It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.

There is no taxing of your skin, no stretching of your pores.

When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear. Also your pores automatically come

down in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

### I'll Pay for a Test!

Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this cleansing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.

As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

### Clean Pores Become Small

As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

### Act Now!

But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



# love IS news...

...when this romantic trio  
make their new kind of love!



Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses...their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill...the world thrills with them...and so will you!—especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!



TYRONE  
**POWER • YOUNG • AMECHE**  
in  
**"LOVE IS NEWS"**

with  
SLIM SUMMerville • DUDLEY DIGGES  
WALTER CATLETT • GEORGE SANDERS  
JANE DARWELL • STEPIN FETCHIT  
PAULINE MOORE

Directed by Tay Garnett  
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson  
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production





# SILVER SCREEN

## Topics For Gossip

**L**UISE RAINER and Clifford Odets have evidently decided to be Hollywood's most unconventional married couple. They are to have their own separate domiciles so that when they are working they can concentrate on their respective careers. If Odets wants to work late at night or early in the morning, as playwrights have a habit of doing, he doesn't have to worry about disturbing Luise, who, on the other hand, can act all over the house when she is in the throes of a picture without upsetting Odets. This was last tried by Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster and didn't seem to work out so well after six years. But in the case of Fannie Hurst and her husband it has worked beautifully for over fifteen years.

**L**ILI DESTE, who co-stars with Edward G. Robinson in "Thunder Over the City," an English picture, is a little uncertain in her use of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Recently signed on a contract by Columbia in Hollywood she told the publicity department, "One thing I cannot do. I positively cannot slim."

**K**ENT TAYLOR is showing his favorite fan letter around Hollywood. It reads: "Dear Mr. Taylor—I saw your last picture six times. You were marvelous. Please send me an autographed cushion."

**W**ELL, there's just no telling what some people will do. One of the waiters at the Brown Derby is so movie-star-mad that he buys all the star-used tablecloths from the restaurant for his collection. Among his pet exhibits is a tablecloth with a drawing of a cow by Tyrone Power, another with an impromptu joke hastily written down by Eddie Cantor, a game of tit-tat-toe between Joe E. Brown and Arthur Treacher, the first two lines of a poem by Robert Taylor, and a stock market ticker drawn by Ben Bernie.

**O**LIVIA DE HAVILLAND has won exactly twenty-five inter-fraternity beauty contests staged at various colleges and universities throughout the country. Fifty million freshmen can't be wrong.

**W**HEN Alice Faye was asked by an interviewer what 1936 had taught her, Alice answered: "That love is news." Which is pretty smart of Alice. She and Tony Martin are still in the clinches.

**W**HEN Kay Francis returned to Hollywood after her recent European ramble she brought her friends dozens of hand-made Tyrolean dolls, beautifully out-

fitted, and each doll is equipped with an amazing yodel. By the by, Kay returned to Hollywood a whole month before she had to start a picture, something she has never done before. Is Europe slipping?

**T**URN about is fair play, says Hollywood. Margaret Sullavan up and married Katharine Hepburn's best boy friend, so now Katie gets Maggie's Broadway play "Stage Door" to star in for RKO. It is generally conceded by the wise guys of cinema city that that little commotion in Chicago over Howard Hughes, the record-breaking aviator-producer-playboy, might just be a bit of publicity to help put Katie's play ("Jane Eyre") over. Publicity or not, we wouldn't be knowing, but we do know that Hughes has flown Hepburn East in his plane several times and they are quite palsy.

And you've heard by now, we rather imagine, that Miss Sullavan is going to present her agent-husband, Leland Heyward, with an heir.

**J**EAN HARLOW will wear her enormous star sapphire in "Personal Property." It's only 152 carats, and guaranteed to be the biggest star sapphire in Hollywood. A present from William Powell.

**S**UNDAYS never find Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor in Hollywood. At the crack of dawn they are off for Barbara's ranch in San Fernando Valley where she and Marian Marx are breeding horses to sell to racing stables. Bob and Barbara like to ride, though "nothing fancy" says Barbara. But right now they are doing more painting than riding—there're miles and miles of fence to be painted. At the end of a Sunday on Barbara's ranch Bob looks more like an old cowhand from the Rio Grande than he does like Miss Garbo's Armand.

**A**NN SOTHERN is the first in Hollywood to receive a gift from that strange collection known as Surrealist art, recently exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in



"Oh, look! Peggy O'Connor—that's me—is appearing in 'Two Shall Meet.' Gee whiz!"

New York City. Ann's gift was purchased for her by her husband, Roger Pryor, on one of his hurried trips to New York, and features a group of loosely related objects, which include a whiskbroom, a hatband, the whisker of a cat, and a gilded thumb tack. The painting is appropriately titled Sensation a la Mode and Ann has placed it in the cellar where it will not upset the servants.

**W**HEN Dick Cromwell returned from Europe he brought with him Suzanne Eisendieck's "Entr'acte," an oil painting which he purchased in London and now regards as one of his most cherished possessions. And so, with his own new portraits of Katharine Hepburn as Mary of Scotland, Katherine Cornell as Juliet, and Garbo as Camille, Dick recently held a combination showing and cocktail party at his hillside home, with everybody having much fun except Dick himself who had just had his sinus operated on.

**T**HERE is a great flurry of house-building going on in Hollywood now. People who have never owned a house before all of a sudden want to be landed gentry. Ginger Rogers is one of the latest to build, and bought her property from Harold Lloyd on the top of Beverly Crest. Her house will be a typical farmhouse, she declares, with nothing Hollywoodish about it except a tennis court and a swimming pool.

**T**HE color scheme of Garbo's new dressing room is quite a departure from the drab gray and brown she has always preferred. This time she has chosen red and white and her furniture is modernized French. Maybe she is going to be a gay girl after all.



To Everyone  
There Comes  
A Time  
When Life  
Is At Its Peak.

By Liza



# THE *BIG* MOMENT

Bette Davis one day saw her life blossom and her whole future change.

VANITY, Vanity, all is Vanity, sighs Rembrandt (superbly played to the teeth by Charles Laughton) as he paints another picture of himself in the final fade-out of England's magnificent production based on the life of the Dutch Master. This remark was not very original of Rembrandt, it had been said many times before by better authorities, and it certainly has been said many times since. It seems to be rather generally conceded that whatever "all" is, all is Vanity. But non-conformist that I am I now raise my thin piping voice in protest. All may be Vanity in your town, and in yours, and in Mr. Rembrandt's, but in Hollywood all is not Vanity, no, my children, all is Emotion.

That is the unique characteristic of Hollywood. It is an emotional town. Everything is based on emotions. I suppose it's because the place is all cluttered up with a lot of artists, an emotional race at best, who have just enough of the divine spark in them, and just enough of the ham, to make them go completely nuts at the drop of a hat.

In the world outside of Hollywood success for a girl, I am reliably informed by some Eastern people I met at the racetrack, consists of a fine husband, a beautiful home, a family, and money in the bank. The big moment in her life then is that occasion when the realization comes that some of these desirable heights have been taken. But the big moment in the life of a Hollywood

glamour girl rarely has anything to do with a husband, a home, family, and money in the bank. Perhaps if you have nothing else to do right now, and pretend you haven't because I am very sensitive, you might find it interesting to investigate with me the big moments in the lives of a few of the more glamorous stars, viz., Janet Gaynor, Bette Davis, and Jean Arthur.

"The biggest moment in my life," Janet told me on the set of "A Star Is Born," in which picture Janet goes comedienne again and plays a movie star, "the biggest moment in my life was the night of the world premiere of 'Seventh Heaven'—May 8, 1927, I'll never forget that date—at the Carhay Circle Theatre in Los Angeles. The big thrill for me, and it was a wonderful sensation, came at the end of the picture when the audience, as one person, expressed its approval of the production with thunderous applause. I knew then that the picture was a success, and, in a vague way, I realized what it would mean to me and my future on the screen.

"The first time I saw the stage production of 'Seventh Heaven' in Los Angeles I was eager to play the part of Diane. The idea





lingered in my mind all through the years. I wanted to portray that role more than anything else—it was my favorite wish, the thing nearest my heart. And, I believe my next biggest moment was the time Winfield Sheehan told me I was to play the part. I couldn't sleep for nights, I was so happy. And when I actually



(In oval) Janet Gaynor, the girl for whom the tide has never receded since her great moment. (Left) Life has been very thrilling for Jean Arthur, ever since the day when her dream came true.

began work on the picture, directed by Frank Borzage, it was like a dream come true.

"But that night at the Carhay Circle will remain forever the highlight in my life. There I was—an unknown player—and to feel that I had really won a niche for myself on the screen, at last, was an experience that comes but once in a lifetime. While I felt the greatest exultation, I also felt very thankful and extremely grateful to everyone concerned in the work—and I still do!"

Janet, you perhaps don't know, was assigned to the role of Diane without ever having had a test for the part. Frank Borzage went on the set of "The Return of Peter Grimm" one day when Janet was making a scene under the direction of Victor Schertzinger. As Kathie, she was seated at the piano playing a composition for Peter in a sequence where he is ill, and as she played and smiled, the tears were in her eyes. Borzage was so impressed he spoke to producer Sheehan about the little Gaynor girl. Incidentally, for the records, this was one of the first times in pictures that a girl had smiled through tears, and so famous did it become that for months afterwards they referred to the performance at the studios as "doing a Gaynor."

Later on, when the great director Murnau came to Hollywood to direct "Sunrise" for Fox, he ran off "Peter Grimm," among other productions, with a view to selecting his feminine lead, and believe it or not, he too was so impressed with Janet's "smiling through tears" scene that he immediately demanded her for his picture. "Sunrise" was six months in the making and Borzage waited nearly a year before Janet was available for "Seventh Heaven"—just to show you how much he wanted her. "Seventh Heaven" was released before "Sunrise," so many people have thought "Seventh Heaven" was made first. Janet came to "Seventh Heaven" with all the priceless knowledge of screen acting which she had gained through her long association with Murnau, whom Death claimed about five years ago in an automobile accident on the Malibu road, en route to Santa Barbara.

Getting fired is rather an emotional experience. But getting asked back by the same company that fired you with a big raise in salary is even a more emotional experience. Few girls have the chance to feel this excruciatingly pleasant sensation either in Hollywood or in the outside world, and I didn't need those Eastern people at the racetrack to tell me that. It's been a pet ambition of many of us, alas. But Jean Arthur actually experienced it, and she admits that it was a grand and glorious feeling, in fact she's selected it for her big moment.

As you probably know, some five years or so ago Jean Arthur was under contract to Paramount but the only kind of roles she ever got to play were sweet little ingenues. "I was nothing but a prop ingenue," said Jean with contempt. "I either had to register fright, very prettily of course, while Mr. William Powell uncovered the murder, or else I had to smile sweetly in the background while Clara Bow, Dick Arlen, Gary Cooper and everybody else on the lot did things. And they laughed at me when I suggested that I might like to act sometimes too."

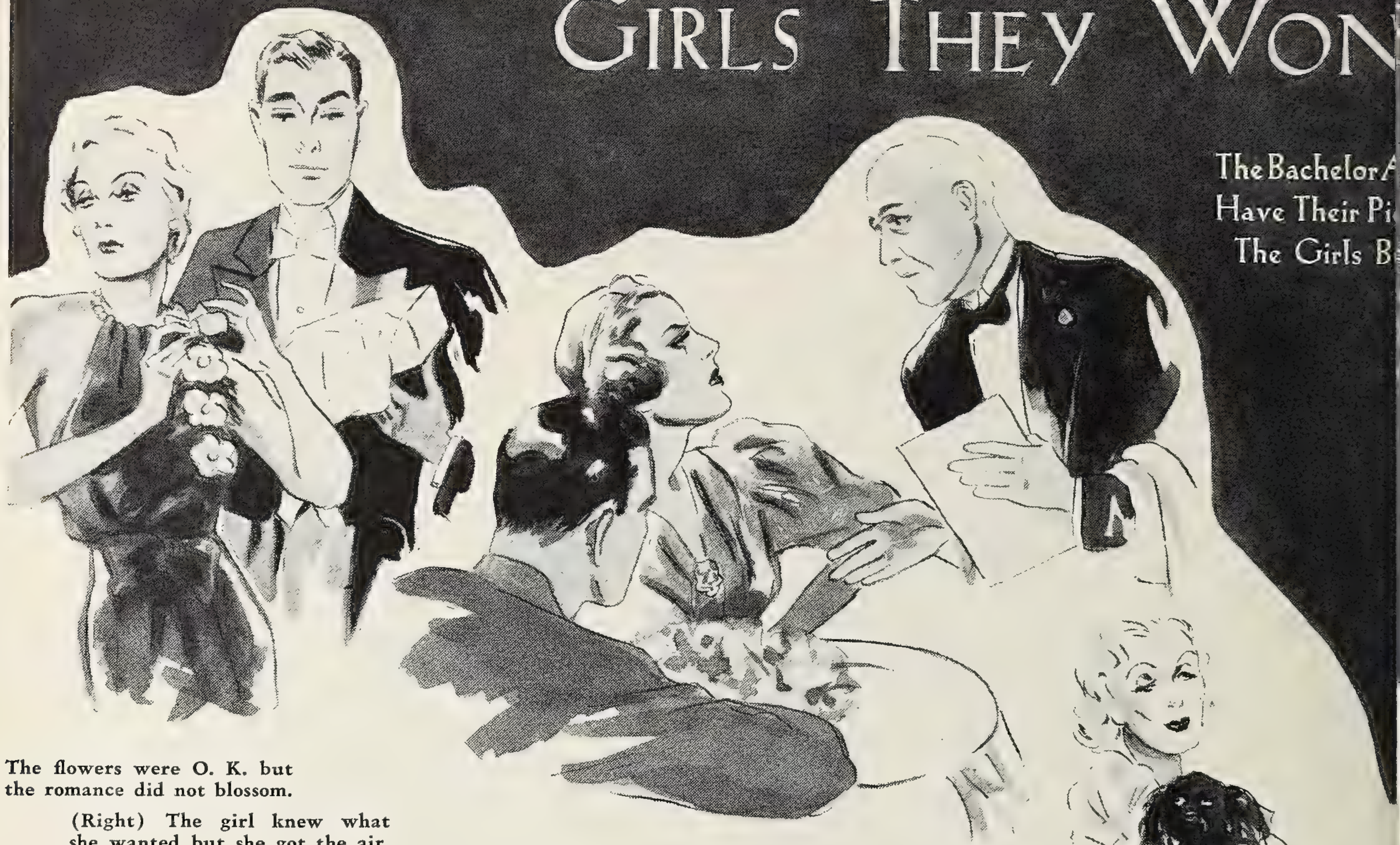
When her contract expired Paramount failed to show the slightest interest (this is the equivalent of being fired in Hollywood), so Jean, pretty sore about the whole thing, packed her bags and left for New York with a nuts-to-you to the cinema. Despite New York's objection to movie trained ingenues from Hollywood, Jean, after she had had time to nurse her wounds, had no trouble at all in getting herself cast in "Foreign Affairs" with Osgood Perkins and Dorothy Gish. The play was well received by the critics, and so was Jean. After that she played in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," "Twenty-five Dollars a Week," and "The Curtain Rises." Her hurt with Hollywood sort of appeased by then, she decided to take herself a vacation with her family on the coast. While here Columbia in-

duced her to sign a contract with them, and after her appearance in "The Whole Town's Talking" with Eddie Robinson, Hollywood sat up straight and took notice of the little Arthur girl who used to smile so sweetly while Mr. Powell [Cont. on page 72]



# GIRLS THEY WON

The Bachelor  
Have Their Pi  
The Girls Be



The flowers were O. K. but the romance did not blossom.

(Right) The girl knew what she wanted but she got the air.

THIS story actually began the night one of the nicest kids I know swung himself into the living room of his home where four of us—including his mother and father—were playing bridge. And it made us feel not nearly so Older Generation as we thought we were when he confided a problem.

"What does a girl expect when you date her?" he asked, giving the ottoman before the fire a vigorous kick. "I've been saving up two weeks for tonight. I got her a smooth corsage and took her dancing at that new place on the Shore Road. But she started to beef the minute we got in . . . Didn't like where the table was—well, I can't afford to give the head waiter a couple of bucks for a table right on the floor. She didn't like the music—and told me how much better the band was where she went last week. She didn't like . . . oh, why go on? Say, what's the matter with girls? Why don't they give us a break?"

"And yet I'll bet you take that same girl out again," the lad's father said, doubling my six spade bid.

"I'll take that bet—anything you say. No sir, that noise like a chicken after a worm was me scratching Isobel off my list."

And, although it was no time to think of anything but how to play that little slam doubled and vulnerable, I began to think about this Isobel. I thought about how she was going to feel when a lot of boys started scratching her off the list and her evening dresses hung in her closet quietly going out of style while she wrote letters to good old Bee Fairfax asking why she wasn't popular any more.

There are many Isobels in the world, plenty of girls who think that their presence—no matter how grudging—is all that is required of them when a lad takes them out. And at the risk of being accused of sedition to my own sex I see the lad's side.

After all, he puts up the money for the date, he makes the plans, calls for you and brings you home. It seems to me that no matter what happens you get the best of the bargain. So it's as little as you can do to make the evening a pleasant one.

But, instead of being a traitor to my sex I'm a philanthropist for I decided then and there—we went set two because of my thinking about Isobel and her kind—that I'd go straight to the source and find out from Hollywood's most fascinating young bachelors just what they expect from the girls they date—how a girl should behave to make herself popular.

When all the material was gathered I discovered that opinions differed. So the best way for you girls to apply Hollywood male psychology to your own case is to know what type of boy is taking you out, find his prototype among Hollywood men and in that way you'll know how to behave to get dates.

Robert Taylor speaks from long experience, and some bitterness. He has dated some of the most charming girls in town—Irene Hervey, Cecelia Parker, Janet Gaynor, Eleanore Whitney and now, of course, Barbara Stanwyck. I think you can look at Bob (and apparently that's what hundreds of thousands of girls throughout the country are running to the nearest picture emporium to do) and tell he's no cheap skate. That's right. Today Robert Taylor shows a girl a grand time because he remembers those gaunt, hungry days when he and Irene Hervey did the town on about fifty cents.

Now Bob can afford the Troc every night. But it really doesn't matter about the money. A boy pays a girl a nice compliment



Robert Taylor



Eric Linden



Owen Davis, Jr.



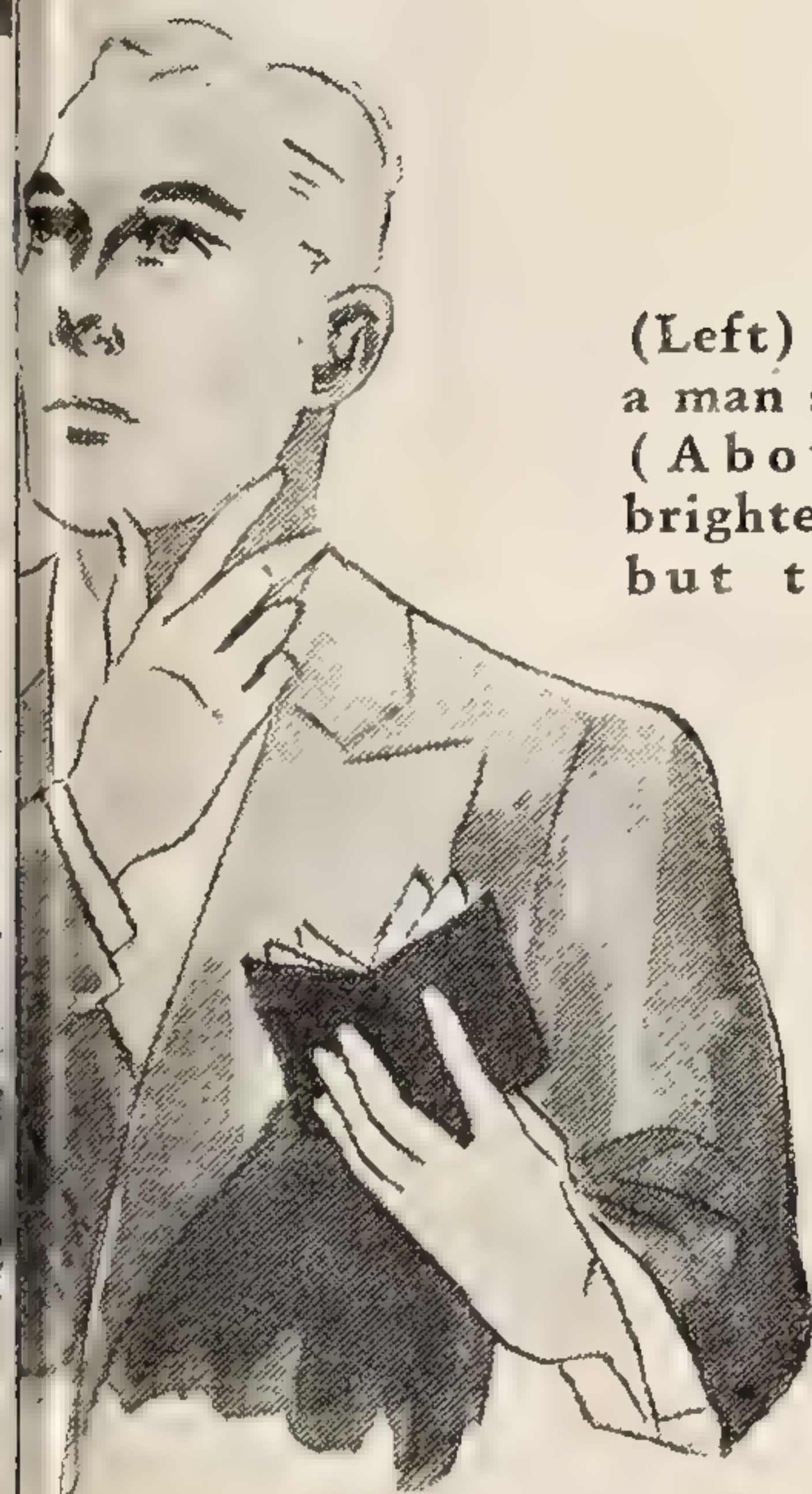
# NEE AGAIN

By  
Katherine Albert

Once a Girl Falls  
How The Stand-  
She Is Cross-  
Off The List.



The orchestra was swell, the floor was fine, but the girl was a sitter-outer!



(Left) A girl, a pet dog and a man saying "Never Again."  
(Above) She tried to brighten up the evening but then it went sour.

when he takes her out and it's up to her to show some appreciation.

Bob Taylor, like his brothers-under-the-skin from Maine to Mexico, wants appreciation, too. "It burns me up," he said, slapping make-up on his handsome brow, "to bring a girl a couple of orchids that I've carefully selected, that I've gone to the trouble of having made up into a nice corsage, and then have her take them as if they were some tired old geraniums, saying, in that bored voice, 'Oh, so nice of you. Thanks.'"

"I think girls do that to impress you, to make you think they're used to having a truck load of orchids drive up to the house every day. Maybe they've got

some cockeyed notion that they don't want to 'spoil' a man. But nobody is spoiled by a little enthusiasm and appreciation. It doesn't hurt her to break down and thank a guy sincerely for the flowers he brings."

It's pretty hard to think of anything else but him when you're talking to Bob Taylor, but I forced myself to think of Isobel and the corsage my young friend took her. They weren't orchids. (Only rich boys like Bob Taylor can afford such flowers.) But the cost of the corsage doesn't matter. The attitude is what

counts. Soap weed or camillias, graciousness is expected.

Bob doesn't like a girl who talks too much. She should be dressed neatly and with taste but never in a flashy manner. And he, along with every other man in the world, hates to see his girl make up in public.

Bob's girl must be a good sport (that describes Barbara Stanwyck all right) and more interested in him than in the place he takes her to. He can't abide the demanding type. In other words, the petty gold digger can do her panning in another stream.

It infuriates Bob when the girl says, "Oh, let's not go there—nobody will be there. Let's go where the crowd is."

"That's like a glass of cold water right in the face," said Bob patting in some cold water with the grease paint. "Maybe I'm wrong but when a girl pulls that I get the idea it's not me she likes but a lot of other people. Oh yes, she must be a good dancer."

Eleanor Powell seems to think that Jimmy Stewart is just about right as an escort. A lot of others think so, too. Jimmy isn't handsome, in the strictest sense of that none too strict word, but he has charm and humor.

"When I date a girl," he said, "she's got to be ready for anything. She's got to be as crazy as I am. Maybe that's because I am nuts but I say what's the use of a date unless you can forget every trouble you ever had and cut loose. When a girl isn't game for anything, when she doesn't feel like getting up from a table at the Troc and going to the beach to ride roller coasters then I say it's spinach."

There's another question that I think the girls would like to know about. I took a sort of straw vote on the matter not only from the Hollywood bachelors but from other attractive lads not in the picture business.

Suppose your date wants to kiss you when he takes you home. Well, what of it? Is that any reason for getting on your high horse and roller skates and saying, later, "Now honestly what does he expect?"

If he's a nice, attractive young man who isn't going to take advantage of a kiss (and certainly if you're smart you can tell what sort he is after a couple of hours in his society) then what's so wrong about it?

Girls make a lot of unnecessary fuss over a good-night kiss. To most decent lads it's a fairly casual gesture of friendship and

[Continued on page 68]



Johnny Downs



Erik Rhodes



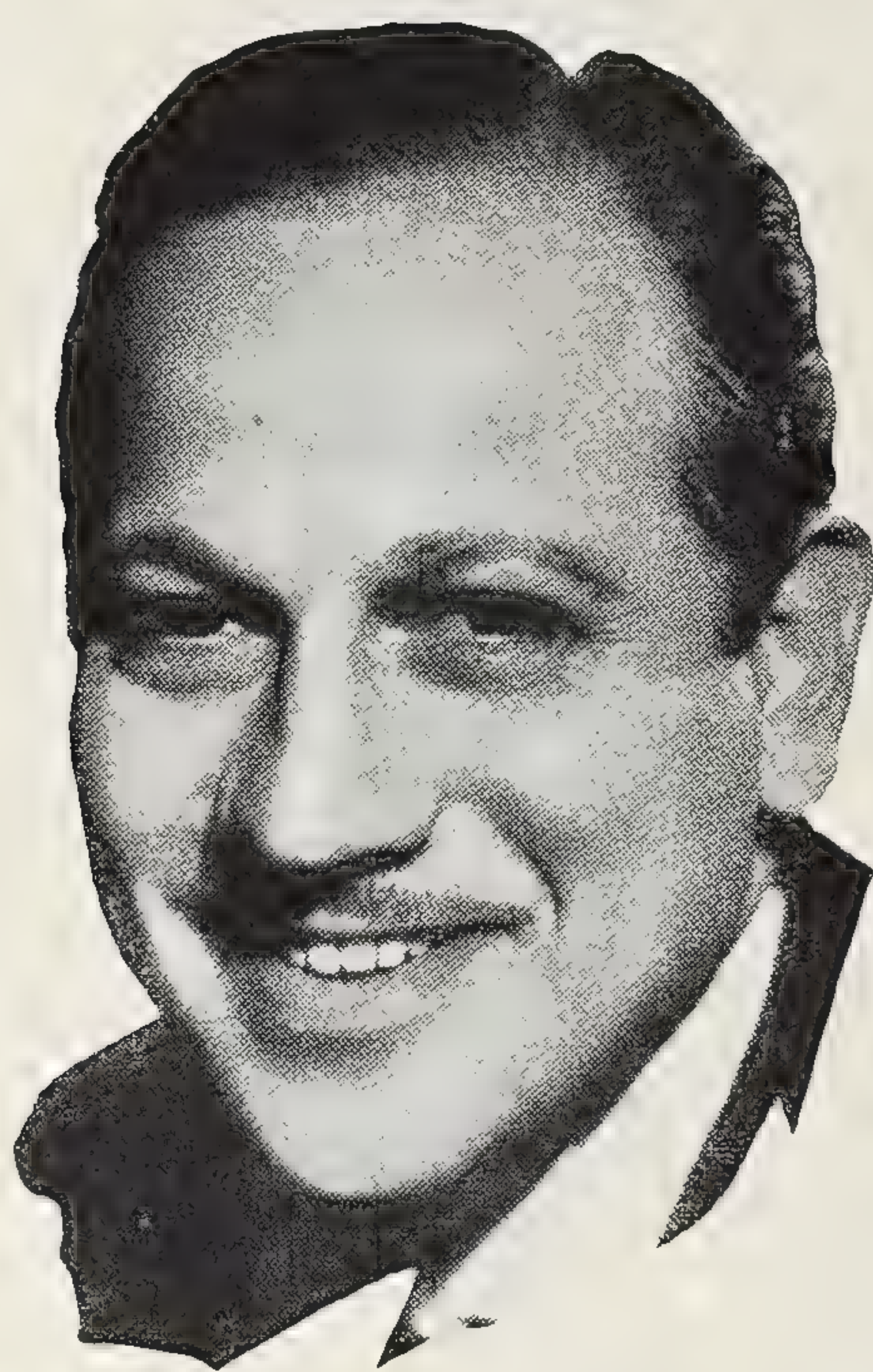
James Stewart



# ELUDING

# STARDOM

Melvyn is footloose and happy—a true artist.



Melvyn Douglas Has Never Surrendered His Freedom. Long Term Contracts Do Not Interest Him.

By Gladys Hall

MELVYN DOUGLAS is a thief. He steals applause and critical acclaim and he either tosses them to the dogs or over the back fence.

He is, in a word, a picture stealer.

For about once every year, for some time past, Melvyn appears in a picture and immediately the hair rises on the Hollywood head and all of the best adjectives are toted out. There are mutterings of "A new star has risen! Gable and Cooper and Flynn had better look to their laurels! Watch this man Douglas!" And then the hair flattens down and all there is to watch is Melvyn Douglas' dust. For the man himself is gone.

This has been going on and on until it has attained the proportions of a mystery which should be solved.

Think back and you'll understand what I mean.

He made "As You Desire Me" with Garbo—and Hollywood prophesied the rise of a new star. Yet nothing happened.

He made "She Married Her Boss" with Claudette Colbert and this time, said Hollywood, there could be no doubt about it. Douglas had "arrived." He was all set. The dearth of handsome male stars was to be lessened by one. Claudette, they reminded themselves, had proven herself a "lucky star" for the men who played opposite her. Look at what happened to Charles Boyer, Fred MacMurray and Clark Gable when they were teamed with Claudette . . . stardom for the first two, the Academy award for Clark.

But no. For, again, Douglas picked up his tent and, like the Arab, stole silently away.

He made "Mary Burns, Fugitive" with Sylvia Sydney. He made "The Lone Wolf Returns" with Gail Patrick. More recently he made "The Gorgeous Hussy" with Joan Crawford, "Theodora Goes Wild" with Irene Dunne, and has just finished "Women of Glamour" with Virginia Bruce, and will soon be at work on "Angel," together with Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall. It was when "Gorgeous Hussy" was being previewed that an eminent critic whispered to me "Am I crazy or is this Melvyn Douglas taking the picture right home in his pocket with him?" And I answered

"He's gone home with it."

So what?

Will he remain in Hollywood? Will he, figuratively speaking of course, bedeck himself with the jewels he steals; with the fame and fan fervor he has earned? Or will he, yet again, vanish from the scene and the screen, reject the fruits of his triumphs?

I put the question up to him frankly. I said, "You steal the jewels. What do you do with them? Don't you want them?"

"No," answered Melvyn Douglas.

And his gray eyes, his strong nose, his tanned skin and resolute mouth bespoke a man who might, well steal the jewels, find them paste and reject them.

He doesn't look like an actor, this Melvyn Douglas. He looks as though he might be a surgeon, a prosecuting attorney, a mining engineer, a diplomat. A man of strong mind and strong hands, relentless courage and a fierce integrity—that is Melvyn Douglas.

"So you don't want all this?" I said, waving a hand around the de luxe dressing room suite on the Columbia lot, taking in the stacks of fan mail, the piles of photographs waiting to be autographed, the packets of press clippings on "Theodora," the rows of costumes hanging in the wardrobes, the make-up boxes, the whole purple panoply of stardom.

"No," said Melvyn Douglas again, "not if I have to have it at the price of something I want much more—my own integrity."

"I am a fortunate man as I see it. But I suppose I might be considered an unfortunate man, as the world sees it."

"I am fortunate because I don't want anything Hollywood can give me one half so much as I want the inner satisfaction of doing what I believe in doing. I know this sounds phoney, fine talk for the sake of talking. But I am entirely sincere about it. I mean it."

"Perhaps I can clear up the 'mystery,' as you call it, by telling you something about myself—something of which I have never spoken before."

"I was born in Macon, Georgia, you know, that stronghold of conservatism and

iron-bound traditions.

"My father was a Russian. His name was Edward Hesselberg. He was a well known concert pianist and composer. My mother was Lena Schackelford of Kentucky, of Scotch and English descent. Making my brother and me, then, half Russian."

"I had a lonely childhood. We were always on the outside of things. People didn't take us in. We had to develop resources within ourselves. And we did."

"I stayed much alone. I wanted to be a poet. I figured that a poet need not be dependent on worldly contacts. A poet could sit secluded in his attic and put his heart on paper. Paper would not reject his heart and all its feelings. I thought of Byron with his club foot, the sickly Keats, the ostracized Shelley—yes, no doubt of it, my place was with the poets."

"I read omnivorously. I learned that it's what a man is within himself that makes for happiness or the reverse. I learned that the acclaim which the world has to give is not one-tenth so important as what the man is within himself. I learned that lesson early. I believe it still."

"I had to be self-sufficient, you see. I had to believe that the world of ideas is more vital than the world of people. I did believe that. And I still do. I played John Randolph in 'The Gorgeous Hussy' with deep conviction because I am kin to him in that I, too, would sacrifice favour and even love for an ideal. I have the makings of a fanatic."

"I had to store up treasures within myself. I knew then, as I know now, that these are the only treasures which are incorruptible."

"I gained a sort of contempt for what my neighbours thought or did or had to say about me. It wasn't important what anyone thought about me so long as what I thought about myself was all right."

"This," said Melvyn Douglas, "is the real story of me, the whole story of what I am today and will continue to be tomorrow."





and tomorrow. It was born in my blood, it was bred in my bone, it grew with my growth.

"I took the name of Douglas, when I began to have some success on the stage, for obvious reasons," smiled Melvyn. "The name of Hesselberg would not lend itself to electric lights. I have some legitimate right to the name of Douglas. For during my childhood my mother told me grim and exciting tales of the 'Black Douglas' of Scotland from which clan she was descended.

"When, at first, I wanted to be a poet my mother and father objected. My father wanted me to follow in his footsteps. My mother advocated the legal profession. My father used subtle influences to persuade me to his calling. He saw to it that I attended all of the better concerts; walked, so to speak, with Brahms and Beethoven and Mozart and Wagner.

"My mother, on the other hand, took me to court as often as possible so that, whenever a big case was being tried, I might hear famous attorneys pleading, cross-examining.

"This friendly tug of war between my parents was good for me. It strengthened and emphasized my determination to be only what I wanted to be, to do only what I wanted to do. It has stood me in definite good stead here in Hollywood. For when agents and producers are advising and cajoling me to do those things in which I do not believe, I am, again, the small boy

who, at a concert, said to himself, 'No, this is not for me!' . . . who, in court, thought, 'No, no, I do not belong here!'

"I spent my boyhood in various schools about the country and one school year in Germany. My father was on tour, you see, and the family went with him. This also contributed to my isolation, socially. I couldn't make many real friends. We didn't stay long enough in any one place. I had very little spending money, few indulgences. And so I have never developed any taste for luxury. I watched my father doing the thing he loved best in the world. And I saw that he was satisfied with very little because he was doing the thing he loved.

"It was when I was in school in Toronto, Canada, that I made my first attempt to run away from what I was doing. I tried to join the army via the Scotch Highlanders. I lied about my age. But I didn't get

away with it. My parents found me and, firmly, took me home again.

"It was while we were in Lincoln, Nebraska, later on that my father, being director of music at the High School there, was asked if he would have any objections to his son appearing in the school dramatics. No objections forthcoming I appeared in several high school plays. My first appearance on any stage was as a Hindu in 'The Little Princess.'

"But again I ran away. Then, as now, that inner voice, that prompter, call it what you will, urged me, saying 'Enough of this! Get out! Get away! Escape!' And that time I succeeded. I enlisted and spent the war years in a medical corps at Fort Lewis, Washington. And there I developed a tremendous admiration for surgery, for medicine. I thought of entering medical school when, if ever, the Armistice should be signed."

"But after my 'honorable discharge' from the Army I was visiting in Chicago and there ran into an old acquaintance (an actor who had starred throughout the Middle West) who had seen me in school plays. His name was William Owen. He prevailed upon me to join his school of acting. I did. I was given personal coaching, did parts in plays produced and, later, Owen organized a repertory troupe to play the Middle West again. I learned, later, that his real reason for organizing the troupe was to give me an opportunity to gain actual stage experience.

"This was in 1919. We did Shakespearean productions. My first professional role was that of *Bassanio* in 'The Merchant of Venice.' And for the next eight or nine years we toured and did Shakespeare. I spent two years with Jessie Bonstelle. Later, in Madison, Wisconsin, I owned and managed my own company. I was doing well. Gaining a reputation. Saving money. Everything rosy. Suddenly, I got what the poets would name the 'call,' what the layman would call the 'itch'—I drew out of the bank the few thousand dollars I had laboriously saved, paid off my company and went around the world. I threw it all overboard, the years of work and training, the name I was beginning to make, the money I had saved.

"Sounds a trifle fantastic, doesn't it?" laughed Melvyn. "But if you want me to tell you the whole truth about myself I must tell you the deepest truth in me which is that I've got to be satisfied with

what I am doing or its no go and I go. And big money, glamorous fame and recognition do not satisfy me unless I know these things are soundly backed up.

"It wasn't until 1928 that Broadway and I finally got together, and I played the part of Ace Wolfgang in 'A Free Soul.' Clark Gable played that part later on the screen.

"I made several plays—'The Silver Cord' with Laura Hope Crews, 'Jealousy' with Fay Bainter, 'The Command To Love,' 'The Comeback,' 'Tonight or Never' and some others.

"The last named marked the biggest milestone in my life. It was the last play David Belasco ever produced. And starring in it was Helen [Continued on page 61]



Wide World

With his wife, Helen Gahagan, the well-known actress, and their son, Peter. (Above) A scene from "Women of Glamour," with Virginia Bruce.



Every Year Hollywood Harvests The Young And Ambitious Beginners.

# CREAM

Tyrone Power, Jr., leaped to the status of "Leading Man" and now greater heights beckon him. (Right) The famous Tilly Losch, who conquered the intelligentsia of New York, is welcome in the picture city.

(Below) Doris Nolan has shown those qualities that the critical public warmly supports.



**B**ELIEVE it or not, talent, real talent, is scarce! This is what every motion picture studio is discovering as the search for new stars goes on at a frantic pace. The tremendous demands made by the screen, the stage and radio, during the past few years, have sent scouts scurrying into the world's by-ways looking for personalities that will please the entertainment public. The screen offers the greatest test; it requires a combination of peculiarly exacting qualities to win favor and be developed into popular star material.

Selecting a cast has become a hectic business and the big shots, such as Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Pat O'Brien, Joan Crawford, Herbert Marshall, Jean Arthur, William Powell, and others of this brilliant group, would each have to be quintuplets to fill all the roles offered to them.

There's another reason why it is necessary to unearth new talent. *Time* takes its toll and the scintillaters of today may be slipping tomorrow; producers must be ready to replace them. The screen joins the historic cry, *the King is dead, long live the King!* When a star's light begins to fade, few wait for the curtain to fall, they quickly change their allegiance to a new idol. Fame goes that way.

What is it that makes a player click and become a cinema star? No one knows. The best answer seems to be *personality*; that mysterious, individual essence that lifts one person from the surrounding throngs and places him among the stars. The very elusiveness of personality intensifies its power; you either *have* it or you haven't. It is definitely something that is born in one. It may be developed or it may be stifled, but it can never be created.

Last year marked the discovery of Robert



Taylor, Errol Flynn, Frances Farmer, Eleanor Powell and James Stewart, all of whom have become established favorites, and as this is the season of prophesying, let's do a little on our own. I believe that Tyrone Power, Jr., Doris Nolan, Sonja Henie, Tilly Losch, Wayne Morris and Dorothy Lamour will be the cream of the present crop and destined to reach the top during the next twelve months. Why? Because each of these players clicked decisively in their very first picture. They stood out as distinct personalities, focusing attention and stirring the imagination to such an extent that they are receiving, literally, bushels of fan mail.

While differing widely in background, temperament and talents, these young players are linked together by a bond of similar experiences, consisting of training since youth, dogged determination, and courage—a sublime sort of courage that nothing can break.

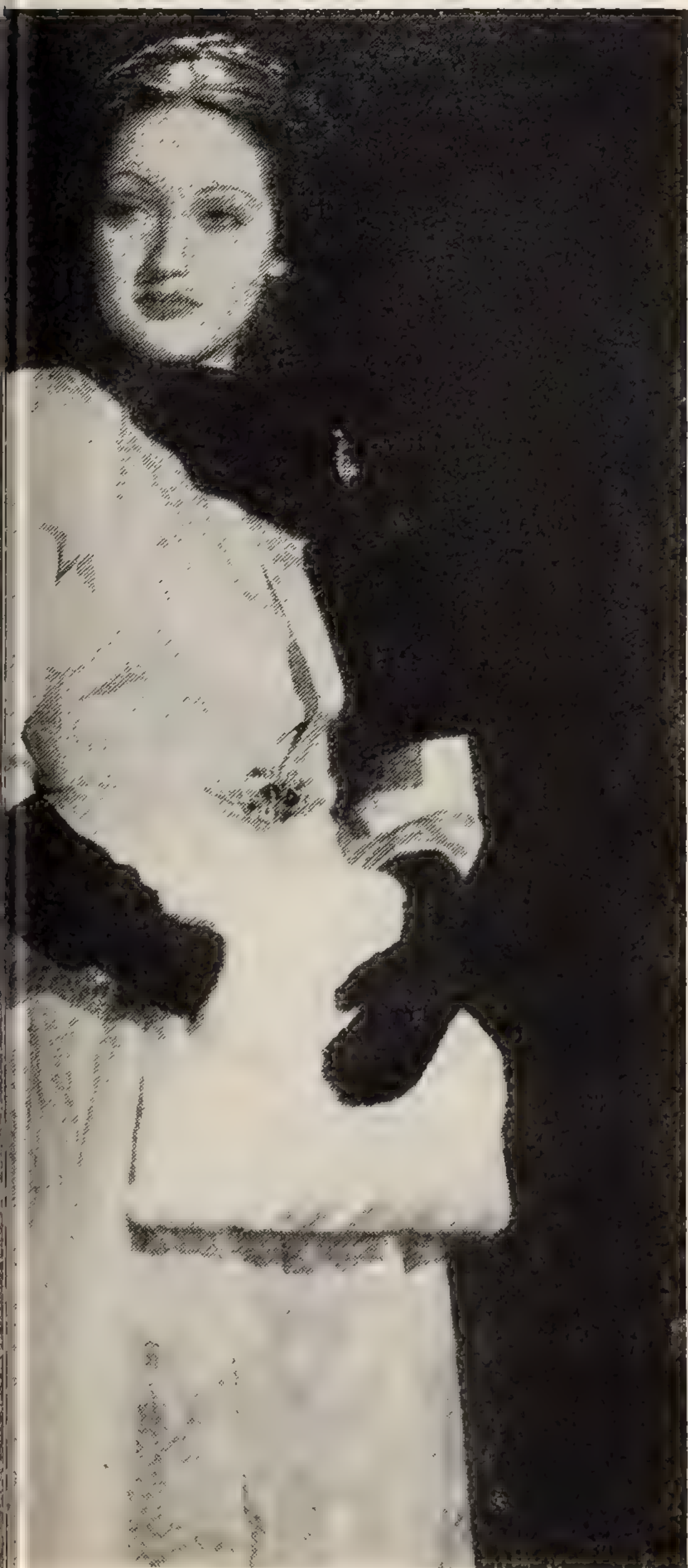
There's Tyrone Power, for instance. He captured rave notices in his first two pictures but the great moment came when he was chosen to play the leading role in "Lloyds of London," the ambitious Twentieth Century-Fox production. As the romantic young idealist, Jonathan Blake, he passed beyond the probationary period entirely, displaying the magnetic quality that skyrocketed him to instantaneous stardom. His portrayal was amazingly sincere,



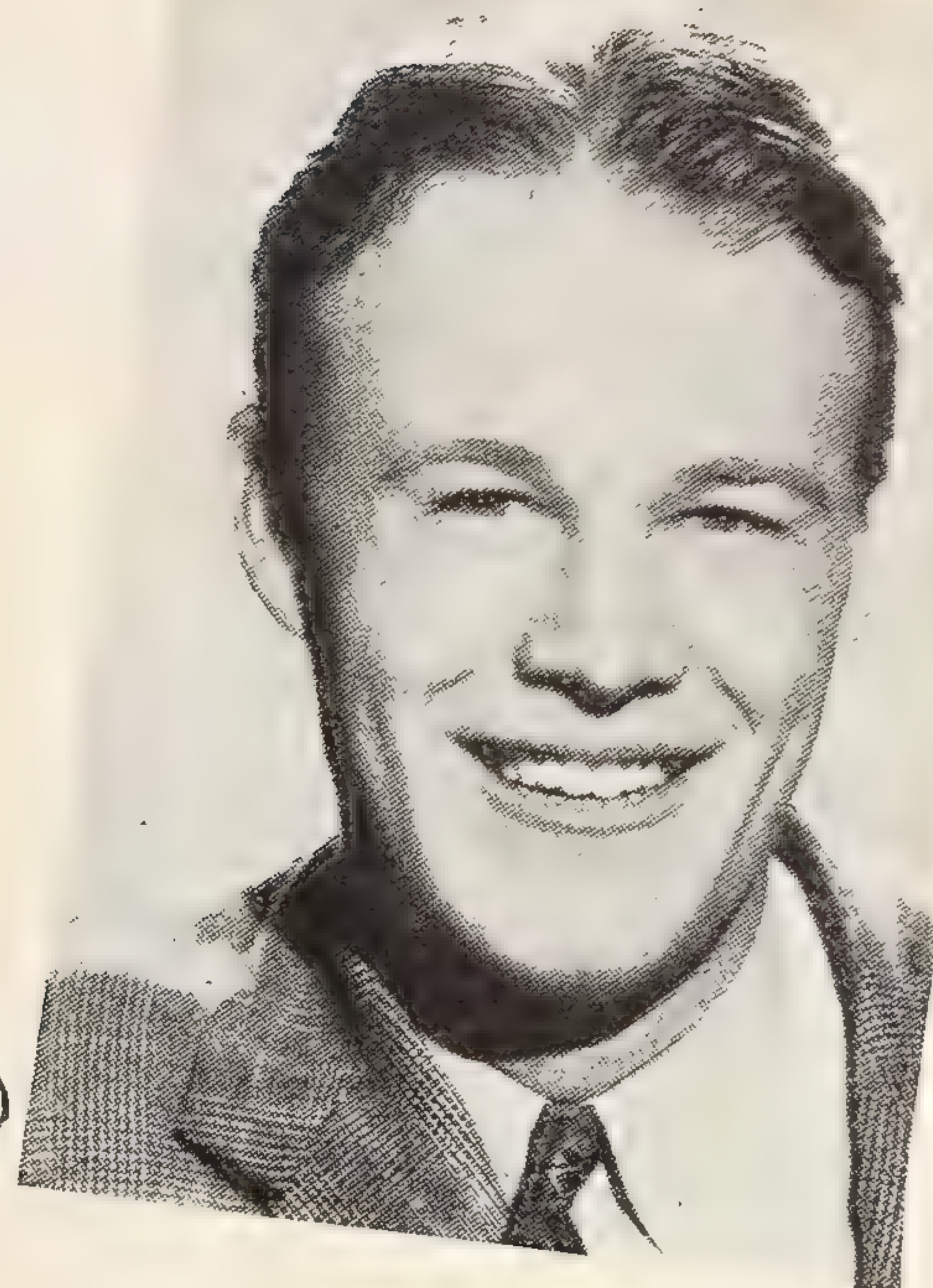
# THE CROP

By  
Claude Cheatham

Sonja Henie is the Olympic Skating Champion and a screen success as well.



These days are pleasant for Wayne Morris, and even the tomorrows seem under control.



assured and forceful.

This tall, handsome youth was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1914, the son of well-known theatrical parents. From the first he was destined for the stage and had his start, while still very young, with

Fritz Leiber's Shakespearean company. Years of hard work, sacrifices, even hunger, fostered his talents. He had enough troubles to make him understand and visualize human emotions, and so, became a real actor.

It was at his blackest hour, while occupying a spare room in the home of his friend, Michael Strange, who donated it to him until he could get a job, that Tyrone was "discovered" by Katharine Cornell. Miss Cornell was appearing on Broadway in "Flowers of the Forest," and not having the price of a ticket, he decided to call on the manager, Stanley Ghilkey, whom he knew slightly, and ask for a pass. Before he could open his lips, Ghilkey was asking him to become understudy for Burgess Meredith, the leading man, then, handing him a pass, urged that he catch the show that night. So his luck began. His understudy period was brief and soon he was appearing prominently with Miss Cornell in "Romeo and Juliet," and in "St. Joan." It was during the run of "St. Joan" that

Dorothy Lamour emerged from the jungle as a princess, and now the future is a royal road.

Tyrone was signed by the far-visioned Darryl Zanuck, production chief of Twentieth Century-Fox studio.

Despite his sensational success in "Lloyds of

London," this shy, imaginative boy is keeping his head and going right along in the business of scoring again in his new pictures, "Love is News," and "Cafe Metropole." His romantic appeal is definite. With a soft, well modulated voice, eyes that are warm and sympathetic, Tyrone is every woman's sweetheart and may become the screen's next Great Lover.

Up to now his emotions have been stirred only by ambition and rosy dreams, but today he frankly admits he is in love with sweet little Sonja Henie. Whether this romance will ever reach the wedding bells stage is a question; both are very young and both are just starting on promising careers. They go everywhere together, frequently accompanied by Tyrone's pretty young mother and Sonja's parents, and it is a gay five-some that attends football games, picture previews, and even the bright night spots.

Doris Nolan is another prize package, clicking in her very first film, "The Man I Marry." Hearing the applause, Universal studio signed her to a long-term contract and rushed her into the leading role of the elaborate musical extravaganza, "Top of the Town," and now she's emoting opposite John Boles in "As Good As Married." It is all very exciting. Yet back of this sudden success are years of hard work, sprinkled with discouragements and heartbreaking delays, but Doris is blest, not only with ability, but with a buoyant, joyous disposition and has taken every knock squarely on the chin. She allows nothing to get her down, her persistence overcomes every hurdle.

Born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1916, Doris early determined to become an actress and has never wavered from this plan. She appeared in school plays, she studied acting and everything pertaining to the theatre, became associated with the famous Provincetown Theatre, and made her first big hit in the leading feminine role in "The Late Christopher Bean," at the Clifton Hollow Theatre, in Poughkeepsie, New York.

It was here she took a screen test, was sent to Hollywood under contract to a leading studio but for some reason was never put into a picture, [Continued on page 70]



# PROJECT

## SYLVIA SIDNEY

IT HAS long been an unwritten law among the writers of Hollywood—we fondly refer to ourselves as writers though from time to time disappointed movie stars have expressed grave doubts—that stories anent Sylvia Sidney should be written not with the tongue in the cheek but practically half way down the throat, causing sighs, sobs, choking noises, and a definite inner contemplation.

Just as we must be awfully gay and cute when we write about Lombard, frightfully chic and clever when we describe the goings-on of the Misses Hopkins and Dunne, and overwhelmingly superlative when we give our all to Dietrich and Garbo, it seems that when our typewriters go rat-a-tating two hundred and fifty words to a page about Sidney, we must become as tense, as emotional, as turgidly tragic as the last act of an Ibsen drama.

How many times, how many, *too* many, have we written "that lonely child of sorrow" . . . "that sublime emotional force" . . . "that brooding sadness which surrounds her like a wall" . . . and don't forget "poignancy," that's a swell Sylvia Sidney word.

Now I'm sure I don't know why we should go so grandiloquently beautiful and sad over Sylvia—except that she is the greatest emotional actress on the screen today, and it's probably just our way of showing great respect and admiration for her art. But Ibsen's last acts, with people rushing out into the night to destroy themselves, always bore me, and Sylvia doesn't, and even though she is the greatest emotional actress on the screen today I see no reason why she shouldn't be written about in a swing tempo.

The close friends of that "lonely child of sorrow" utter up little prayers continually that Sylvia will never become involved in a murder mystery. It will take no Hercule Poirot, no Philo Vance, no charming Mr. Nick Charles, to discover that Sylvia was the mysterious woman in black who dined in the late Mr. So-and-So's apartment the night a bullet lodged in his brain. For once Sylvia has dined any place, once she has even sat any place for a few minutes, the rankest amateur in the sleuthing racket can establish her identity.

Sylvia is one of those nervous people who just cannot make her hands relax and the moment she sits down her long slender fingers reach for something to tear up. She specializes on small packets of paper matches—first she will shred all the matches, putting them into a pile, and then she'll shred the cardboard



(Above) Sylvia at the time she played her first stage rôle—"Prunella." (Below) Little Sylvia at the age of six.

covering. When the matches give out, bits of paper will do. If you are a tidy soul and Miss Sidney drops in for tea you'll just hope and pray that she will bring her knitting.

But what she does to those matches is nothing compared with what she does to the bread at the dinner table. Sylvia will not eat the soft part of the bread, only the crusts, so she immediately digs out all the middle—if she sees you watching her she gives you that famous crinkly smile and simply says, "I have been a proper girl all my life, now I do as I please." There was that famous Russian dinner party in Hollywood once—black bread was served in the Russian tradition—where a distinguished actress fresh from the British shores, and naturally ignorant of the manners of Sylvia Sidney, suddenly looked down during the flaming shashlick and shrieked, "Mercy, bugs!"

When Sylvia is in Hollywood—she always goes to New York between pictures—she lives in the very smart Colonial House where she keeps an apartment, most



# ONS

By Elizabeth Wilson



attractively furnished, which consists of a living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom, dressing room and library. Here you will find hundreds of books, none of them "props" and none of them with elegant de luxe bindings, but all of them with the pages cut and slightly mused from reading. Don't ever start a conversation on literature, music, or art with Miss Sidney unless you are definitely capable of holding your own.

In the very smart Colonial House live other movie stars who do not want to be bothered with a house, and also rich people from the East who get a big kick out of writing the folks back home: "Guess who lives in the apartment above ours? That adorable Sylvia Sidney! Isn't it thrilling!" But I regret to say that it is only thrilling during the first few weeks—just wait until Sylvia starts walking! Then the poor rich people from the East wonder if it hadn't been better after all to take the apartment under the nondescript Joneses, not nearly so exciting, but at least more restful. For that "sublime emotional force," "that flame of genius that burns within"—or maybe it's just those fifteen cups of coffee she drank during the day—will not let Sylvia sleep. So when she can't sleep she walks. Back and forth, back and forth, for hours on end. "I can think of more things I should do at two in the morning," says Sylvia, "so I just get up and walk around the apartment while I try to solve my enormous problems. What problems? Oh, whether I shall call up Walter (that's her boss) or wait and let him call me up. Big things like that." And then she gives you the crinkly smile again.

By the time eight has come along Sylvia has been up so long that she feels that the day is nearly over, orders her lunch, and begins to call up her friends, of whom Gretchen Messer, Paramount fashion editor, is probably the most long suffering. She always says politely, "Did I wake you?" but before you can say, "You certainly did," Sylvia has started chatting away like a debutante at her debut ball.

She also has the amazing habit of suddenly going some place, like Havana, London, or Newark, without telling anyone of her departure. But at five or six o'clock some bleak dawn she will call her friends and inform them of her whereabouts. Last Christmas, for some reason, she went to Quebec. So before sun-up Christmas morn she called up people with dreadful hangovers in Hollywood and gave them this: "Did I wake you? Merry

Christmas, I'm in Quebec. Oh you know Quebec. Canada—Quintuplets." When they got around to asking her what she was doing in Quebec she merely laughed and hung up.

The location at Big Bear of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which was just a pain in the neck to the rest of the cast, was seventh heaven for Sylvia. While the other actors and working crews were snarling and griping because they had to get up before five to get the best results with Technicolor Sylvia would spring out of bed, build her fire, break the ice in the water pitcher, down five cups of coffee and be on the icy set as chipper as a meadow lark. It was on this location that Sylvia spent her honeymoon.

Although she has never been a problem actress—she is adored by studio grips, hairdressers, directors and publicity departments because of her thoughtfulness, cooperation and entire lack of temperament—nevertheless our little Sylvia was definitely a Problem Child. A Problem Child being, of course, a child whom adults fail to understand. She was born in New York City on a humid August morning in 1910.

Her parents lived in the populous Bronx district and just by sticking her head out of the door little Sylvia with her grave green eyes, black lashes and heart-shaped face could have had dozens of little playmates, but it was soon evident to her distressed mother that her child did not care for the friendship of children. Neither did she care for dolls.

"School will fix all that," said Bea Sidney, hopefully, and as soon as Sylvia was old enough she was sent to kindergarten. She spent exactly one hour in a little red chair making pictures with a piece of chalk, then she got up, went to the coat room, put on her hat, and started for the door. "But school isn't over, dear," said the teacher. "I want



Sylvia Sidney with Henry Fonda in a scene from "You Only Live Once."

to go home," said Sylvia (she might have grown up to be Garbo) and home she went. That determination is still a distinct Sidney characteristic. When she wants to do anything she does it.

Of course there were other schools for Sylvia, plenty of them, but she never liked school because she felt she was always being imprisoned. When she was about nine she staged the first sit-down

strike. She had been sent to a private school, to see if that would make her more sociable, and at dinner every evening of course the kids were served bread and butter. Sylvia has never been able to stand the taste of butter, and at home her mother and father never insisted upon her eating it. One of the teachers determined to break her spirit by forcing her to eat butter on her bread, so every evening at dinner she found a new piece of bread and butter added to the portions she had left [Continued on page 65]



# VOICES IN THE UPPER AIR

(Upper right) Jack Benny is head man on the air. (Left) Wallace Beery has the famous seriousness of a comedian. (Right) When Joan Crawford goes on the air her experience gives her poise. (Below) The screen popularity of Clark Gable gives him prestige on any program.



THE greatest performance Joan Crawford ever gave? You movie fans can win bets on that one, because Miss Crawford's outstanding performance wasn't registered on a movie set, or in a night club. She achieved it, this epic performance, in Studio No. 1, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, on Madison Avenue, New York City, and there is an interesting story woven into it, which will give you a fresh slant on the tramping courage of this youthful veteran of the screen.

She had been engaged to appear on the Monday Theatre of the Air program over the C.B.S. network. Harris Kirk, who was then the program director for this particular feature, tells me he didn't know exactly what to expect from the screen's glamour girl. He feared that she'd be temperamental, perhaps a trifle superior to this new medium of entertainment. But, at any event, he looked forward eagerly to meeting her, no matter how unpleasant the ordeal subsequently might prove. To his amazement, Miss Crawford came in somewhat shyly and diffidently. "I don't know much about this," she told him, "and I wish you fellows would help me out." She couldn't have hit on a phrase with more magic in it, because from then on, everybody in the studio was in her corner. What they had learned from experience was hers to be tapped, and I dare say that no broadcast ever went through the C.B.S. channels marked by so much genuine cooperation.

There was only one thing Joan insisted upon. She said that she didn't feel comfortable in her high heeled shoes, and wanted to know if it would be all right to take off her shoes and work in stocking feet. Kirk assured her that this would be perfectly all right, so she walked over to a chair, exposed a dazzling flash of silken calf and returned to the mike. "I'd better get you a rug to stand on," suggested Kirk, but it developed, after the rug was placed in position, that as she shifted her weight the rug skidded on the floor. So Kirk put another rug over it and then crudely stitched them together with the sort of pins you occasionally see in horse blankets, huge things that might easily disembowel a horse, instead of holding his

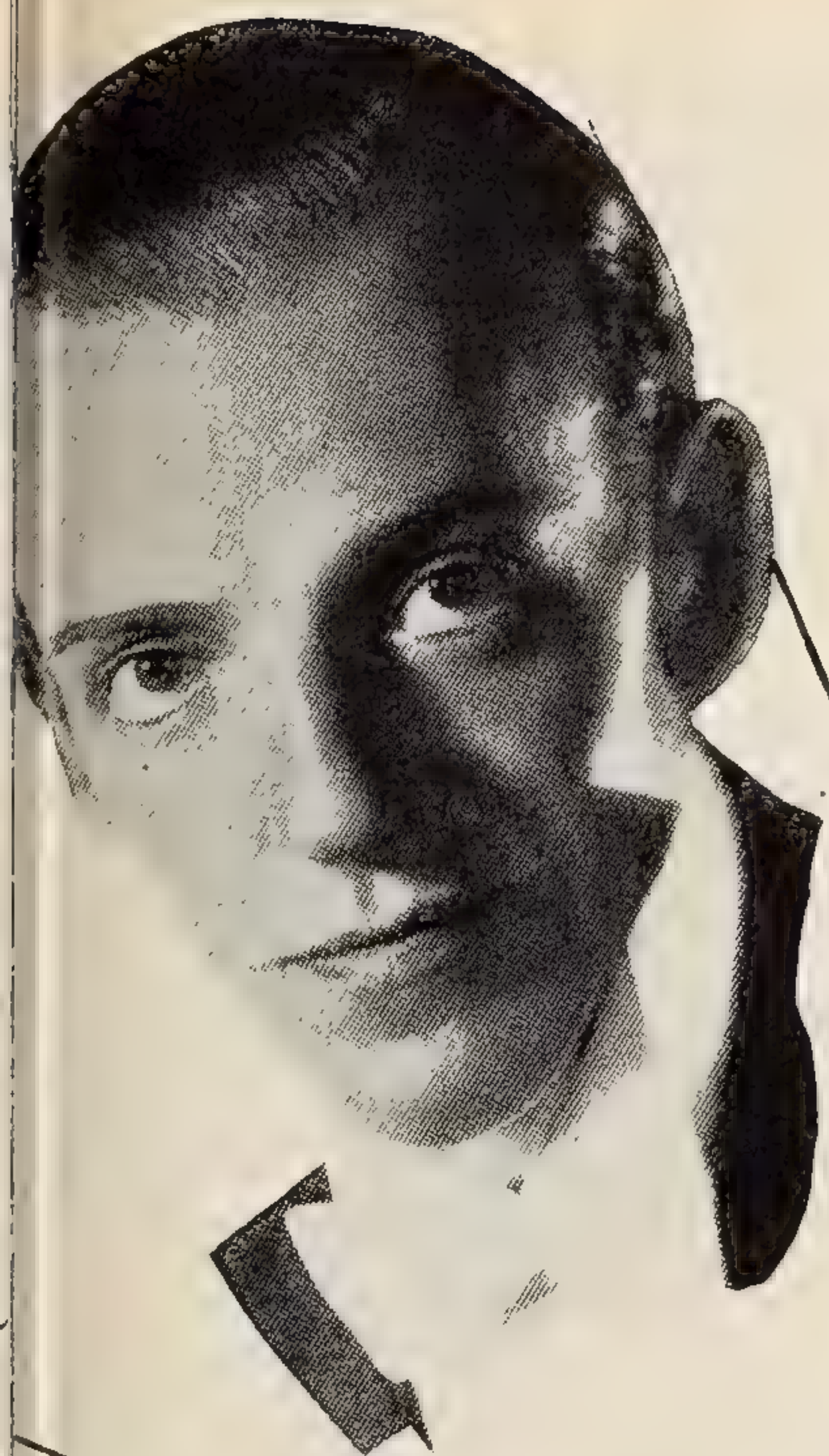


(Above) Edward G. Robinson has a "personality voice." (Right) Lovely Loretta Young broadcasts, but alas, television isn't ready yet. (Upper right) The inimitable George Burns and Gracie Allen, everybody's favorite comic team.



Broadcasting Has To Be Right The First Time, Mistakes Cannot Be Corrected—"Nor All Your Tears Wash Out A Word Of It."

By Ed Sullivan



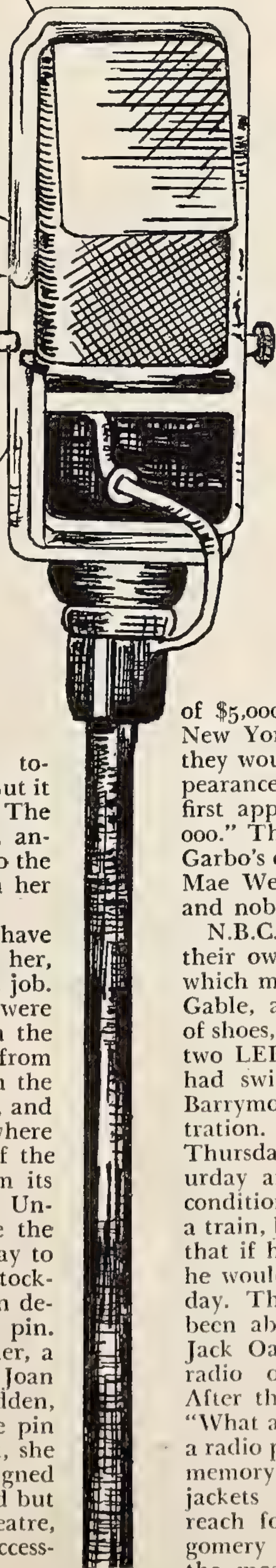
George Raft at a radio mike delivers the goods. (Extreme left) The voice of Fred Astaire rivals the popularity of his dancing feet. (Below) Charles Butterworth, a comedian in any medium!



covering together. But it worked. The one rug, anchored to the

other, gave her a perfect footing in her stocking feet.

The broadcast started. Joan must have felt that everybody was rooting for her, because she turned in a magnificent job. The men in the control room were beaming; Kirk was delighted. Then the script called for her to back away from the mike, so that her voice faded in the distance. Kirk heard a metallic rasp, and to his horror, as he looked down where the noise originated, he saw one of the horse-blanket pins had sprung from its catch, and was directly in her path. Unable to call out a warning because the mike was still alive, and too far away to intercept her, Kirk watched Joan's stocking-foot go up in the air and then descend squarely on the ugly pointed pin. Outside of the quiver that shook her, a physical reflex she couldn't control, Joan didn't express the shock of that sudden, piercing stab in any way. With the pin buried deep in the sole of her foot, she stood there while the announcer signed off, not knowing what had happened but obeying the age-old dictum of the theatre, that the show must carry on to a successful conclusion.



Kirk was at her side the minute they went off the air. Hastily he extracted the blade of the pin, and called hurriedly for a page boy to bring iodine and a bandage. From that moment on, C.B.S. had a new conception of Joan Crawford, and woe betide anyone who steps into any studio where Kirk is working and starts rapping the Crawford girl. He says it was the most thrilling exhibition of courage and showmanship he has ever seen, and radio has seen a lot of famous movie personages and world celebs under pressure.

Radio spends a lot of money to bring these movie stars into your parlor. Clark Gable's \$6,000 fee for a single guest appearance is tops, according to advertising agency men familiar with the money actually paid. Marlene Dietrich and Joan Crawford would rank second, in the neighborhood of \$5,000. I asked one of the bigger New York advertising agencies what they would pay for a single radio appearance of Greta Garbo: "For her first appearance, we'd give her \$10,000." That is an interesting index to Garbo's continued popularity, because Mae West asked \$10,000 from radio, and nobody offered to pay it.

N.B.C. and C.B.S. attaches have their own memories of broadcasts in which movie stars participated. Clark Gable, arriving east with two pairs of shoes, showed up at the studio with two LEFT shoes. Autograph hunters had swiped the right shoes. Lionel Barrymore gave them nervous prostration. Supposed to arrive for a Thursday rehearsal, he arrived Saturday and blamed it on bad flying conditions. His story was that he took a train, but later investigation proved that if he'd taken a train, as he said, he wouldn't have arrived until Monday. The radio moguls never have been able to decipher that mystery. Jack Oakie balked at rehearsals for radio on his eastern appearance. After three rehearsals, he grumbled: "What are you guys going to put on—a radio program or a road show?" The memory of Oakie's loud overcoats and jackets still makes C.B.S. attaches reach for smelling salts. Bob Montgomery is voted by radio veterans as the most entertaining of all studio

guests, a good-natured guy who doesn't take himself seriously. ZaSu Pitts, in order to get in the mood for her broadcast, rode up and down town all afternoon in the subway. All of them react differently but all confess that the microphone terrifies them.

Hollywood stars boldly barge into New York City, unflinchingly face the battery of newspaper cameras, fearlessly sit down at boring dinner tables, gallantly meet the serried ranks of screen magazine scribblers, unhesitatingly dare the Broadway autograph hunters to pull the clothes from their backs—but when they enter the hushed broadcast rooms of the New York Studios of N.B.C. or C.B.S., that tiny microphone, inscrutable and mute, gives them the jitters.

John Barrymore, a veteran performer, was not immune to the microphone fright that overtakes the greatest names and personalities in flickers. He had rehearsed diligently and well at the advertising agency, but when he walked into the broadcasting studio, he took one look at the metallic little filter through which he was to address his passionate speeches, and said: "Gentlemen—I am not a cowardly man, and I have looked into the eyes of cold and sullen audiences in theatres, but there is something so completely impersonal and so sneeringly eloquent about the microphone that I feel an immediate urge for a drink." The studio attendants were not astonished at the request, for the drink was produced immediately. They have seen gamier fellows than John Barrymore bulldozed by a microphone, because these movie stars who are grabbed for a single guest appearance in New York rarely have had a great deal of radio experience.

There is a tension and an unnatural hush in a radio studio that is well-calculated to upset the most poised person. The program director, with his eye glued to the clock and his arm ready to signal that you're on the air, has something of the eerie quality of Robert Elliott, the tall, gaunt man of mystery who periodically visits Sing Sing to pull the switch that electrifies those sit-down strikers who sit in the electric chair. The metallic grimness of the microphone adds to the suggestion that there is deep-seated hostility in the immediate area. The hushed, staring audience that is so unlike any other audience, adds to the performer's uneasiness. The lynx-eyed men in the control room, looking out through their glass windows, as if they were about ready to discharge the bolts of electricity which they subdue or intensify, become fantastic figures if you have a ready imagination. Small wonder that Barrymore asked for a drink.

When the movie stars reach the N.B.C. or C.B.S. studios in New York, they not only are conscious of these physical depressants, but there is a more important reason for their discomfort. The movies, which permit takes and retakes of any scene if a performer falters, is no training ground for radio, which demands that the first performance must be letter-perfect. The radio, unlike the movies, offers no retake. A performer

[Continued on page 73]



# LOVE IN A HIDEAWAY

*Ann Sothorn and Don Ameche play the parts of the impetuous lovers, Millicent and Peter, in this fiction story of "Fifty Roads to Town," a 20th Century-Fox Production.*

OVER a crude mountain road a very pretty young girl with a will of her own was limping on her way out of the frying pan into the fire. Or, to dress an old figure of speech in words more appropriate to the occasion, Millicent Kendall was leaping out of the frigidaire into the wintry blast.

It was cold up around Hogback Mountain. The last leaves of summer scuttled before an icy blast. The last tourists of summer had departed weeks ago. The resort hotels had closed; the summer cabins stood dark and empty. That delightfully rural section of New York state was curling up for its long winter sleep. The road that Millicent traveled was certainly the last one that any girl in her right mind would choose to travel alone, carrying a heavy suitcase tucked under her arm.

She glanced fearfully over her shoulder as she stumbled along. Every snapping twig and strange, sly noise of the forest was a fresh alarm that made her hurry faster. The mud that squashed over her silver sandals was half frozen. The wind lashed about her bare legs and flapped the skirt of a silk nightgown that draped her shivering body. Over the nightgown she wore a sports coat. She had pulled a jaunty soft hat over her lovely hair. That was all the wardrobe she had time to assemble when she ran away from home to marry the man she had set her heart upon.

Millicent's papa was a cyclonic captain of big business. He didn't often say no to her, but when he said she could not marry LeRoy Smedley, a night club manager, he meant it. When Millicent said to him that she was going to marry LeRoy, she meant it, too. When an irresistible force meets an immovable object one is very apt to discover a girl like Millicent limping along a desolate mountain road clad in silver sandals and a silk nightgown and looking anxiously over her shoulder.

What Millicent feared to discover leering over her shoulder was the face of an irate motor cop. He had hailed her for speeding on the state highway. She stepped on the gas. He pursued. There was an unfortunate moment when she knocked his cap off and ran over it. Chased by the cop she darted up a side road. At the end of the side road was a resort hotel just closing its doors. While she tarried to use the telephone and notify the waiting bridegroom in Rochester that she would be late, owing to cop trouble, the irate cop caught up with her and seized the car. Millicent kept on running away, but now on foot.

She was thinking a whole lot less about her romance with LeRoy Smedley and a lot more about her chances of finding a cabin when, suddenly, she found one.

It was a substantial affair built of logs. It had an impressive rough stone chimney from which smoke was pouring. Peering in she could see a fine fire on the wide fieldstone hearth and a room filled with easy chairs and a comfortable couch; walls covered with trophies of the chase, a radio, a phonograph, electric lights. Millicent flattened her cute little nose against the window and heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

Nobody was in sight when she ventured in the door, but the roar of water in a zinc lined shower bath, the gasp and gurgle of a human voice and eventually the joyous caroling of a masculine bather promised her a welcome.

She was hesitating when the waterfall ceased, the joyous caroling ended and a naked young man backed out of the bath, groping vainly for the towel he had left ready on a chair.

Millicent watched anxiously. He kept groping in the wrong direction. Soap had blinded him.

"Right behind you," she prompted and clapped a hand to her mouth, embarrassed by her daring.

The stranger leaped as leaps the wild tarpon when pinged by the harpoon. He snatched the towel and cleared his eyes of soap. When he saw his visitor was a young lady he draped himself hastily, but when he turned about he was holding a pistol and he looked as if he might fire it.

"I didn't expect you so soon. Step over to the fire." He meant business. She obeyed. "You have a legal document," he snapped. "Well, have you?" Now she understood. A detective! One of the pack her father was sure to set on her trail. "Yes," she agreed

faintly, her hand clasping the marriage license she and LeRoy had obtained in New York.

"Put it in the fire!"

She glared at him. She would not! But that pistol meant business. With a sob she tossed her ticket to romance into the flames. "You needn't think you've stopped me," she muttered. "I'll get another one!"

"By the time you get another, I'll be so far away they'll never find me."

"Find you!" What did he mean? As heaven was her witness she had not wanted to find him . . . or ever would. "You're working for my father, aren't you? You're trying to stop me from marrying LeRoy Smedley aren't you?"

His answer was a burst of laughter. "What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"We won't go into that now." His manner was firm.

"Well, now that you've spoiled everything," she said bitterly, "I'll be going . . . and spoil a few things for you."

The pistol waved promptly. "Oh, no you don't," he snapped. "You're staying."

"But why?"

"Because," said the young man patiently, as one who reasons with an inferior intelligence, "because if I let you go, you'll talk. And I'm wanted by the police."

So that was it! He was a gangster! This was his hideout!

Millicent stared about her with fresh understanding. It looked like a luxurious hideout. And he looked like an unusual gangster. Not bad looking. Rather intelligent and with a suggestion of a nice sense of humor which he displayed at the moment. "I'll bet you're hungry," he smiled. "Let's see what there is in the kitchen."

He had been dressing while they talked. Now he appeared from behind the couch. He knelt before the chair where she sat and deftly removed one silver sandal from her foot. "Just so you won't take a notion to run away," he explained sweetly.

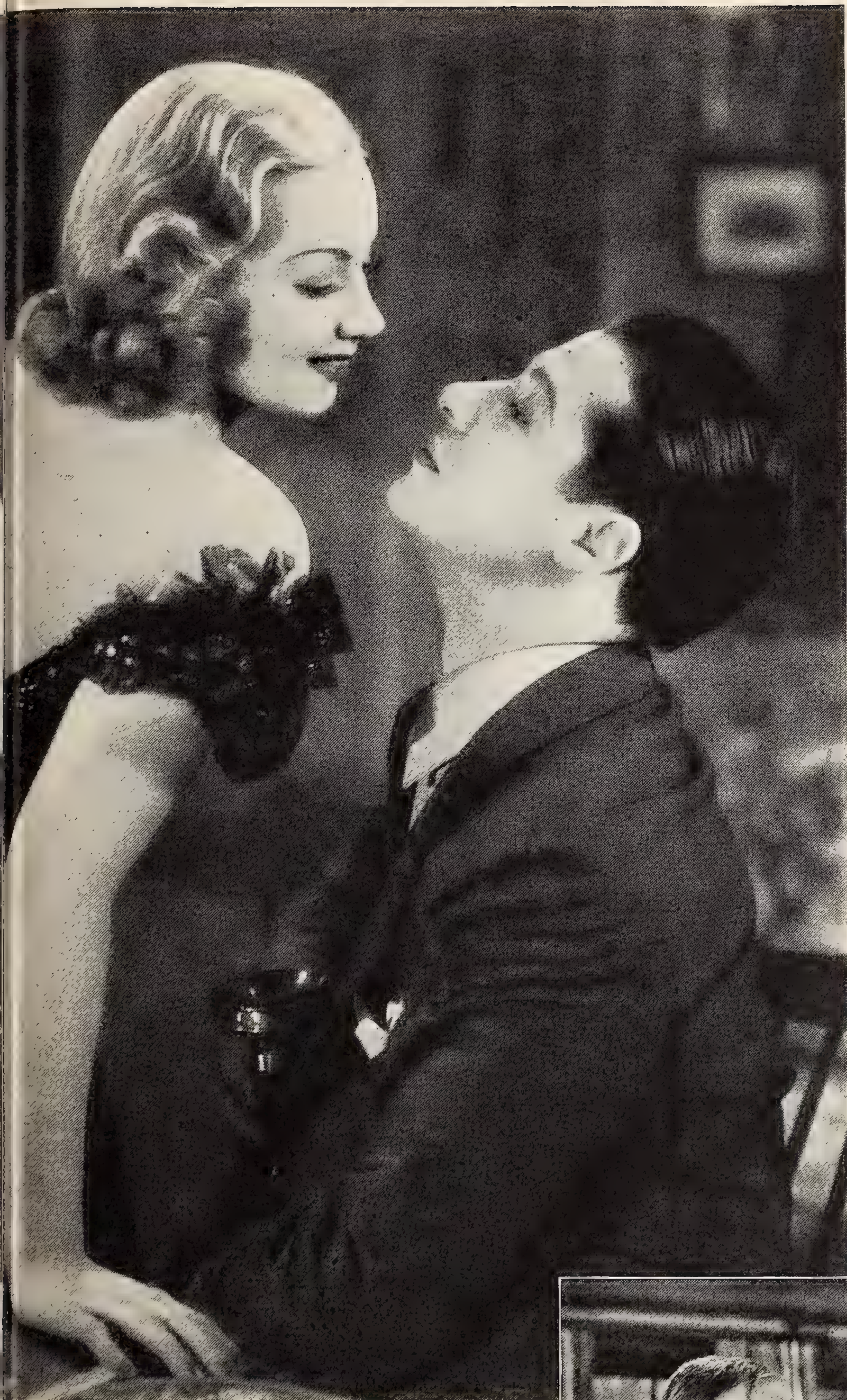
In the cupboard they found caviar, hearts of artichokes and saltine crackers. There was also a carton of tins of rattlesnake meat on a top shelf, but they voted against that.

Peter Nostrand—that was the gangster's name—set the table. The summer camp to which both had helped themselves uninvited contained all the little refinements in the way of china and glassware. The repast of artichoke hearts and caviar looked impressive.

In honor of dinner Millicent changed her clothes at last. In her hurry she had put only an evening dress in her bag. It revealed a great deal more of the original Millicent than the nightgown had, but it was the best she could do and Peter's eyes said that he appreciated it.

**Millicent slipped on an evening gown, daring and smart, and as Peter watched her she turned on the radio and floated bewitchingly before him.**





## The Lonely Cabin In The Mountains Sheltered A Run-away Girl And A Stranger Trapped By Beauty.

By Jack Bechdolt

The roaring fire on the hearth made the room warm, but the blood in her veins was icy cold with terror. Dangerous Dutch Nelson! Suave and well bred he seemed to be, but Peter Nostrand was Dutch Nelson the killer . . . and she was spending the night with him, alone in a mountain cabin!

Dinner was done. Peter looked at his wrist watch. The hours had slipped by with Millicent's company to speed them. Time for bed.

She was stretched on the couch. The firelight flickered on her face, glowed in her dreaming eyes. His voice broke into her meditations. "There's only one bedroom, you know. Tell you what let's do. We'll gamble for it—"

He explained to her the match game. Each player had three half matches. In his hand he hides one, two or three, or none as he chooses. Then each guesses the total number of matches. Peter won.

"I wish you'd take the bedroom," he sighed, "You'll be more comfortable—"

She smiled at him from the couch. "I'm very comfortable here—"

He turned on her with a snap. "Get into that bedroom," he said and to her surprise she found herself rising to obey. "Who'd ever believe an American girl would ever take orders from anyone but a foreigner," she murmured amazed.

He whirled on her. "What are you mumbling about?"

She raced for the bedroom door. He reached it as she did. Just for the moment, lulled by his pleasant manner, his sense of humor, his courtesy, she had forgotten that this was Dutch Nelson, gangster and killer. Now she remembered!

One hand on the door, she turned to face him, a badly scared girl who was trying to look nonchalant.

His face was threatening. His hand was in the pocket where he had slipped the pistol. Now it pressed something into her hand . . . the pistol!

"Take good care of that," he said. "It's the only one I have." He closed the door between them.

Millicent, leaning against the door to regain her normal breathing, heard him turn away at last. "Goodnight," he called softly. [Cont. on next page]

Dinner was a success. Peter Nostrand had exactly what she suspected, a delightful sense of humor and definite charm. Covertly she studied him. And wondered. A gangster? She couldn't believe it.

"I've got a bottle of vodka in my bag." His rising interrupted her speculations. "It ought to go nicely with caviar."

"A little music would help too," Millicent thought. She turned on the radio as he left the room. Suddenly, interrupting a broadcast of dance music, came a news flash:

*Dangerous Dutch Nelson, notorious gangster is believed to have found a hide-out near Hogback Mountain in the Northern part of the state. Police are determinedly searching—*

She heard his step returning. She silenced the radio and moved hastily away from it.

Officers reached the cabin but the two lovers no longer feared the future.





"Goodnight," she answered just as softly.

Morning sun flooded the kitchen of the cabin. Millicent was alone. Peter had deprived her of one slipper to make sure she didn't get away, then had gone rabbit hunting. He was tired of caviar.

She was splashing water over the dishes when she heard the kitchen door open and inquired without looking, "Did the mighty hunter slay any ferocious rabbits?"

"Got one," answered a strange drawl. "But he ain't very fee-rocious."

She whirled about to discover a tall, gangling newcomer in a coonskin cap, mackinaw, overalls and high boots, Ed Henry, a wandering native of the district. He was dangling a burlap sack in which was something. "Mornin' Ma'am," he grinned.

She flew to him, her eyes beseeching. "Will you help me get away from here? There's a man here. He threatens to shoot me if I try to leave. He's a gangster!"

"Feller's got a gun, you say?"

"Yes. He's not here now. He went out to shoot rabbits."

Ed Henry chuckled appreciatively. "He'd better have a license! Sheriff'll give him heck if he catches him shooting rabbits without a license—"

"Will you please listen to me!" she screamed. She poured out the details. Slowly Ed Henry began to take it in. Girl looked like she was scared, all right. Feller was a gangster. And he'd locked her slipper in his suitcase. Ed considered it, got an idea and began to search the suitcase for her slipper, finding a bottle of good Scotch that interested him a lot. He had just found the slipper when Peter returned without a rabbit, but still in possession of the gun.

"I reckon I'd better be getting," Ed said uneasily. "My wife'll be worryin' about me—"

"You'll stay,"

Peter said. "You'll stay until I'm ready to let you go. I didn't ask you to come here."

Baffled and furious Millicent turned on him. "You've just about sold yourself on the idea that you're the seven wonders of the underworld, but I'm through being scared—"

Just then the burlap bag that stood beside her bare feet gave a distinct wriggle. She leaped back with a wild cry.

"I hit it with a stick," Ed Henry explained. "Guess I just stunned it." Out of the open bag hopped a large cotton-tail rabbit.

"The poor little thing!" Millicent cried indignantly. She was cuddling the rabbit in her arms.

"I was figurin' to eat it for supper," Ed

sighed with genuine longing in his voice.

"And so you shall," Peter agreed. "I'm sure we'll all enjoy it."

"But where's the rabbit got to?"

They saw Millicent just emerging from her bedroom. "Where's the rabbit?" they chorused.

She put her finger to her lips. "Shush! It's asleep!"

Ed Henry shook his head in discouragement. "Had my face all set for rabbit," he mourned, "but shucks, when a girl tells you you can't have somethin' in this country, you just got to get along without it!"

Ed was right. They dined again that night on

good view of the proceedings from her couch. It was like watching an agile competitor in a sack race. Peter's perseverance was equalled only by his modest observance of the conventions. He would keep that blanket swathed about him and when finally it landed him crashing on the floor she was obliged to turn her face to the wall to hide her chortles. In furious silence Peter



Scene from Marlene Dietrich's latest picture, "Knight Without Armor." Robert Donat, famous for "Thirty-nine Steps" and "The Ghost Goes West," is co-starred.

arose, sought out a chair by the window and established himself in it, sitting upright for the night.

Quiet descended on the cabin. There was a lovely calm, broken only by the snores of Ed Henry in the bedroom. But still Millicent did not sleep.

She lay on the couch, staring into the dark, wondering about Peter. What a pity he was a gangster!

Peter sat upright in his chair, wondering about Millicent. Planted far across the room as he was, he felt himself much too close to Millicent for proper peace of mind.

Out of the darkness came a soft sigh and Millicent's musing whisper, "I could kill you!"

From the window where Peter's cigarette glowed like a heart beat in the blackness came his soft answer, "I could kill you!"

In New York printing presses roared. Headlines screamed COUNTRY COMBED FOR MISSING HEIRESS. Police teletypes chattered, "Millicent Kendall, daughter of Jerome Q. Kendall . . . reward! . . . Dangerous Dutch Nelson. Racketeer killer. Reward! . . . Millicent Kendall . . . Dutch Nelson . . . Reward . . . Reward . . ."

The county sheriff glued his ear to the telephone. "Up around Hogback, you say? I'll put a posse onto it. And what? Dutch Nelson? Seen up our way! Reckon I'd better put two posses onto it!"

When Peter peered out of his shower bath next morning he was surprised to find Millicent directing the muzzle of the family pistol at him. He had to convince the girl by demonstration that the gun was not loaded before she let him out to dress.

[Continued on page 74]



Jack is a born comedian. He comes by it naturally and his success grows steadily. Laugh that off!

still not quite as sure of himself as he would have you believe from his wisecracking, what-do-I-care attitude. To this day, Jack resents a little having anyone find out what a sentimental softie he is, but I discovered it quite early in the game, so he can't fool

me. I know him too well.

Rummaging around in the old files at the studio the other day, I discovered some things about Jack that even I didn't know. I ran across a questionnaire—one of those biographical sheets each player is obliged to fill out upon being signed to a studio contract. Let me give you a thumbnail sketch of the Jack Oakie you'd never suspect behind all the wisecracks.

His favorite fiction author was Theodore Dreiser and Eugene O'Neill his favorite playwright. Victor Herbert was his favorite composer. "An American Tragedy" was his favorite novel, "The Student Prince" his best-liked musical, and of the operas he preferred "Carmen." Kipling's "If" was his favorite poem and the greatest moment in his life was "when he received a letter from his mother." He also went on to say that he liked a man who looked him directly in the eye and preferred a woman to be modest.

Which strikes me as being a pretty good insight into the character of this tap-dancing comedian upon his arrival in Hollywood—idealistic, homesick but determined. Because even in those days, Jack had only one idea in the back of

his head and that was to be a comedian.

You all know how Jack was fired from his first job as a messenger boy in Wall Street because he "clowned too much." He just wasn't cut out to be a business man. That quick wit and ever-ready quip just didn't go over. In one rapid jump Jack got himself a job back-stage in a theater and was taking tap-dancing lessons so he could team up with Lulu McConnell, which eventually led him to a nation-wide tour of the country in vaudeville, and then to Broadway.

And can that boy dance! I recall one evening when I was dining at the Coconut Grove with a party of friends. Jack was there with his mother. He came over to the table and asked me to dance. And to say I was swept off my feet is putting it mildly. I found myself floating around that floor like I'd never done before and doing the most intricate steps in the bargain.

That reminds me of Jack's mother. Leading the sort of lives they did, what with Jack's father dying when he was just a punk young kid, Mrs. Offield and her boy had been more than ordinarily close. So it's small wonder that Jack missed her so much when he first came to this strange movie world called Hollywood. And the very first thing Jack did, when he was assured that Paramount was going to take up his option and renew his contract, was to send for Mrs. Offield (Jack's real name, by the way). And his very first act, when he got the raise in pay which ensued was to buy her a mink coat for Christmas.

They were really living in very moderate circumstances at that time, having a small, plainly furnished apartment near the studio, but Jack has always felt that nothing was too good for his mother and even though he had to economize for weeks thereafter, her Christmas present was the best money could buy.

Well, time went on and came the advent  
[Continued on page 67]



# KING COMIC

Jack Oakie Rules The Screen  
World Of Humor And Pictures  
Are Better If He's In Them.

By Virginia Wood

MR. OAKIE was in very fine fettle the day I saw him recently. He's so excited about his new radio program, it's very difficult to get him to talk about anything else. Mr. Oakie, I might venture to say, is sitting on top of the world at the moment, with his brand new bride, a lovely new house which sits up on top of a high hill overlooking the Pacific, a new picture contract and his radio work. It's almost hard to visualize him as I first knew him, ten years ago.

It was in Henry's Restaurant, Hollywood's first real restaurant before the Brown Derby, Sardi's, the Vendome and all the currently popular cafes had even been thought of. Henry's started out as a little sandwich stand, but at the time I speak of it had been enlarged several times, with plenty of tables for the fast-multiplying movie colony. Jack was with his agent

(dubbed "flesh pedler" by the Oakie) and he had just come out to Hollywood to take a job at Fox as part of a comedy team known as McNamara and Cohen. McNamara had passed away a few weeks before and the studio had been testing practically every young Irish boy in the country for the part.

"It's a cinch," the agent was telling me. "Oakie is perfect for the part."

But the so-called "cinch" didn't develop. Jack was heart-broken when studio officials told him the bad news. He would have packed up his bags at a moment's notice if the agent hadn't encouraged him to stay.

"They told me you have something all right," he confided to the discouraged boy, "but they think you're more of the heavy type!"

Two years later, I ran into Jack on the Paramount lot. He was still pretty shy—



## The Stars, In Spite Of Their Fame And Funds, Have To Submit To Many Restrictions.

**Y**OU can't talk about politics or go on a trip or play polo—or jump horses. You are requested not to discuss controversial subjects of any nature. You'd be forbidden, for instance, to hold forth your cherished opinions on Mrs. Simpson, the Duke of Windsor, President Roosevelt, the Supreme Court, strikes, or even the state of things in Russia, Spain, or Kalamazoo, Mich.

It is unwise to strike up friendships with casual acquaintances, write letters to strangers except in the most guarded terms, or invite your own close friends to the place where you work.

You can't get married, order lunch, take a drink before dinner, give a party, go on a diet, or even let people know how happily married you are without first consulting half a dozen people to find out if it's all right.

These are not the by-laws of a penal colony or the rules for young ladies in Miss Finchley's School for Girls. They're just a few of the unwritten laws of Hollywood, and all our best picture stars obey them religiously—or else!

Having worked behind the scenes in a publicity office, this writer can tell you that while some of the rules may sound silly, they're dictated by sound common sense. If a producer is bringing out some tough-looking hombre in a gangster role, for instance, he isn't too anxious for the public to find out that he's really a gentle soul—like Boris Karloff, or has the jitters every time a gun is thrust into his hands for picture purposes, like Akim Tamiroff or

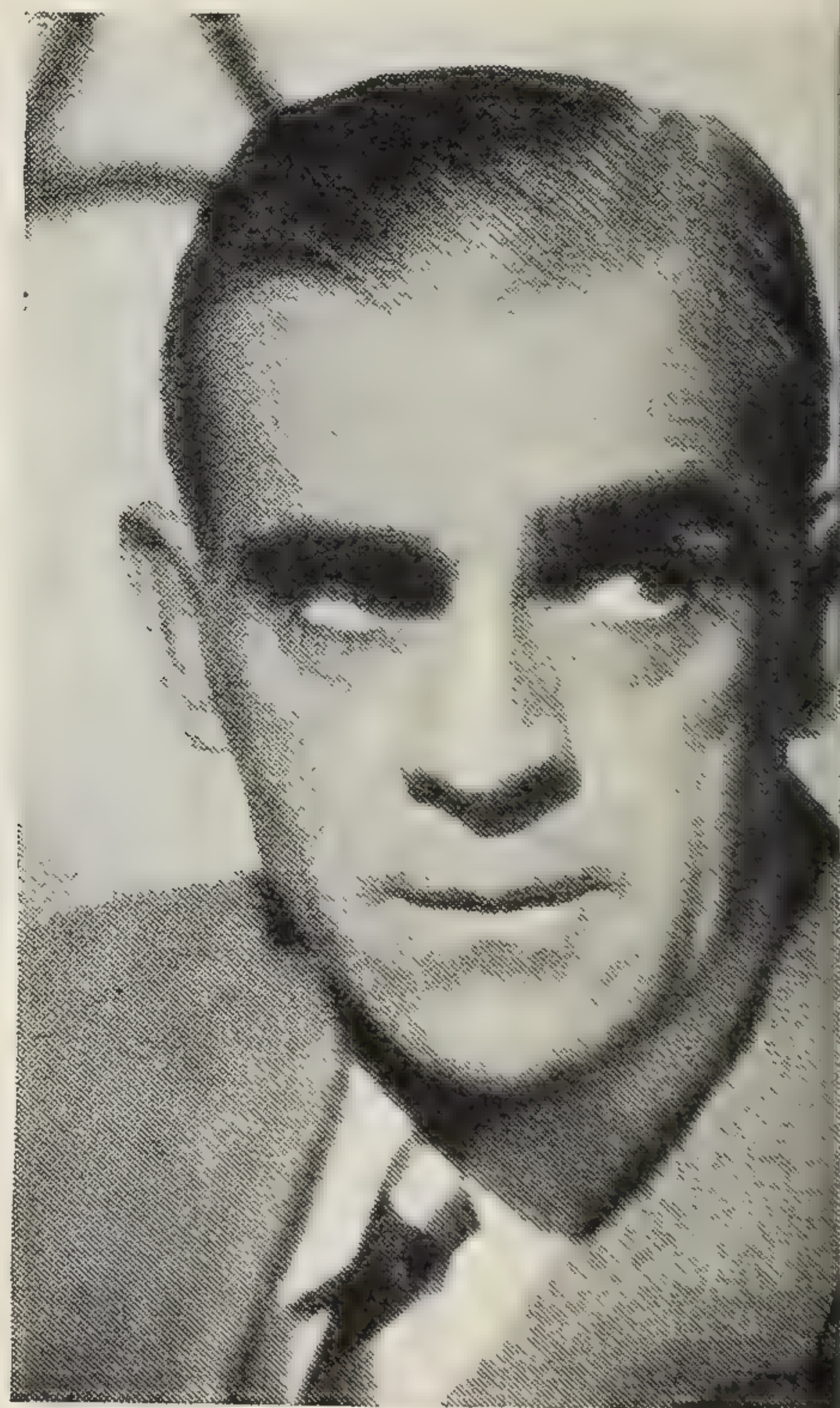
# "YOU CAN'T DO THAT!"

By  
Mark Dowling

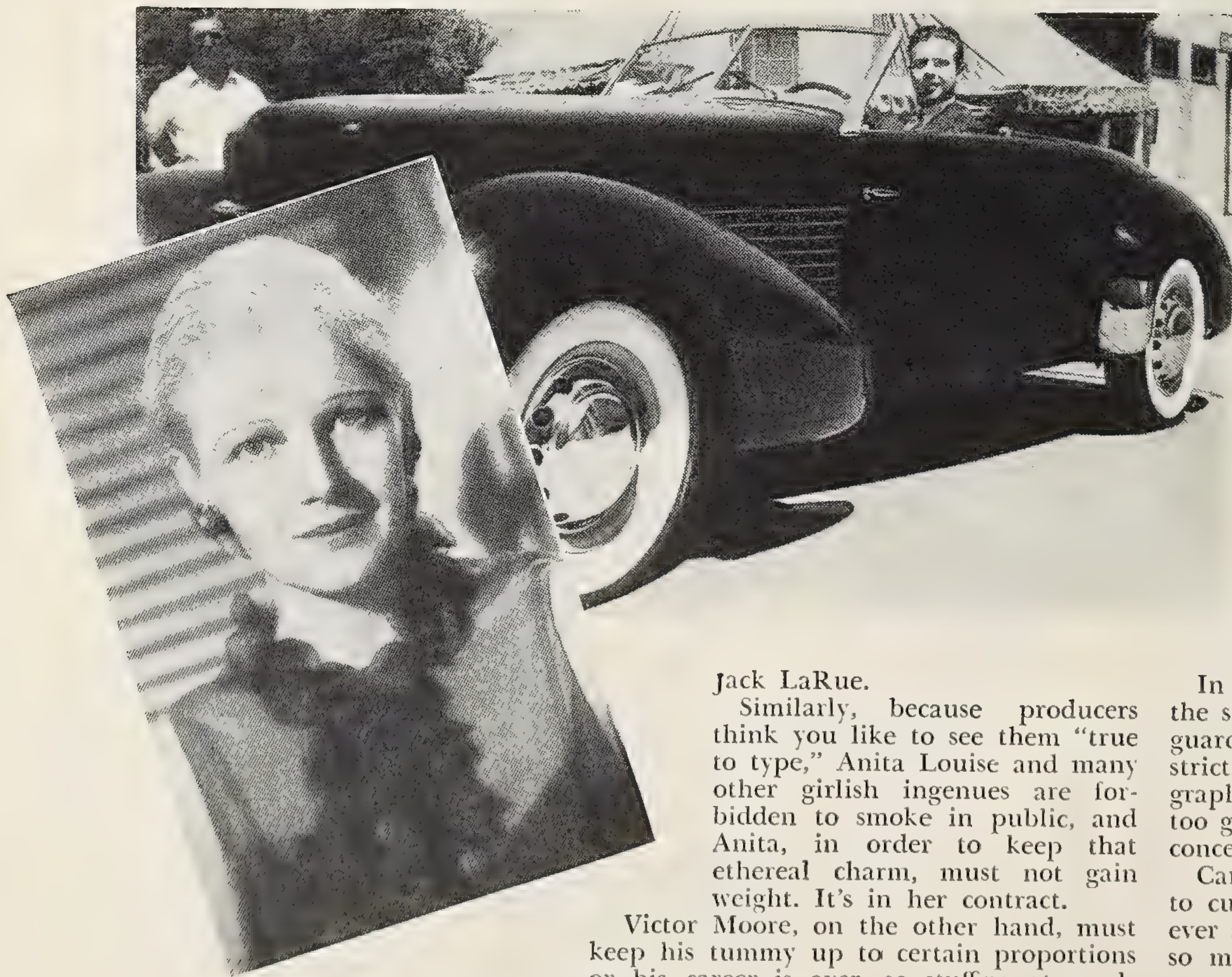
gomery isn't allowed to shave off the mustache he grew for a role in "Thunder." It's becoming.

Feminine stars, in many cases, can't even rush out to a nearby shop and choose any little frock that hits their fancy. Carole Lombard must be dressed by Travis Banton, ace Paramount designer, or not at all. Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow, except on rare occasions, wear the creations of Adrian of Metro.

The soundness of this policy is proved by the case of Ann Harding, whom writers once called "mousey" and even downright frumpy. One interviewer, scheduled to meet Ann outside a certain theater, waited half an hour for the star and then departed in a huff, never guessing that the plain looking woman waiting beside her *could* be a glamorous movie queen! Then the studio



Boris Karloff has a happy home life, but the studio has something to say about that.



Ann Harding always represents the studios, and so they take great interest in her appearance. (Above) Dick Powell may drive a car, but not a pony—it's in the contract.

Jack LaRue.

Similarly, because producers think you like to see them "true to type," Anita Louise and many other girlish ingenues are forbidden to smoke in public, and Anita, in order to keep that ethereal charm, must not gain weight. It's in her contract.

Victor Moore, on the other hand, must keep his tummy up to certain proportions or his career is over, so stuffing at meal times is compulsory for this popular comedian.

Even more drastic are the rules forbidding stars to tinker with their own faces. Jean Harlow staged a near-battle with studio officials before winning the right to go brownette. Douglass Mont-

arranged, as tactfully as possible, for Ann to be gowned in pretties of their own choosing, even off-screen, and she blossomed forth immediately as one of our most effectively dressed women!"

In some cases, the don'ts are dictated by the stars themselves, just as if their official guardians couldn't think up enough restrictions. Gary Cooper will not be photographed in his own living room—it's much too grand, and might tear down the public conception of him as a homespun hero!

Carole Lombard, believe it or not, has to curtail her love of party giving. Whenever she does give one, it's so original and so much is printed about the affair that more than one party a year might make our Carole seem too frivolous for public fancy!

Polo, on the other hand, is strictly forbidden by studio heads because of the danger involved. Paul Kelly can't play any more since one ill-fated afternoon, when he was riding on the same field with Gordon





She won her demand for freedom from a studio edict, and now Jean Harlow is happy and the battle forgotten. (Below) Carole Lombard can't get dressed except as the studio commands.

So now you can understand why several stars aren't even allowed to discuss their own ideas, and, before every interview, they are presented with a neatly typewritten page of opinions which they are ordered to memorize, and give forth as their own.

Freedom of action to most of us, is even more valuable than freedom of speech. And it's just as desirable to those cinema satellites you've been envying. You should have seen Ralph Bellamy's face the other day when he discovered that before visiting his own Raquet Club at Palm Springs over the weekend he had to ask permission of Columbia's director Al Green, producer Riskin, and president Harry Cohn.

In Hollywood, you see, vacations aren't vacations at all. They're "lay-offs," and the studio may terminate them any time at all, without notice. Before leaving Hollywood for any reason, a star must ask permission

Westcott, the rising young actor who was killed. Dick Powell and Gene Raymond also find polo taboo in their contracts. And when it was discovered that Gene likes to jump, too, that was promptly forbidden.

Sometimes the unwritten laws are dictated by policy for the whole industry. Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and others were forbidden to discuss Mrs. Simpson for fear the British public might be offended, no matter what they said. Offend any large group of believers in *anything*—and you lose fans!

Similarly, movie stars are the only Americans denied the right of free speech at election times. Come out for the Democrats (and most of them wanted to) and a lot of Republicans will henceforth avoid your pictures. Yes, there still are a few Republicans. This rule doesn't apply to comedians like Eddie Cantor or the late Will Rogers.

The Hays office, obligingly enough, has compiled huge folders of these "don'ts" for reasons of policy, including such tips to picture-makers as: Don't show gangster films in Nova Scotia. Don't show kissing scenes of more than three seconds in Ireland. Don't send Mae West pictures to Japan. She lowers, according to the Japanese, the prestige of white women in the Orient! Don't show love scenes in the Orient but insert, instead, a few hundred feet of a couple of birds twittering fondly on a bough, whenever love scenes are meant to take place . . . of all things.

Boris Karloff can't make horror pictures for England. They ban 'em. China dislikes pictures that portray military figures as

"barbarous or inhuman." Mexico, originally enough, puts its foot down on movies which "might tend to give the lower middle class a defeatist spirit." You figure out that one—Hollywood can't!

Maybe the rules sound silly, but whenever she breaks them, some little starlet discovers they were laid down for a reason. One lovely actress lost fervor when the public taste turned toward well-curved cuties. She was too thin and Garboish. Consequently a well-planned publicity campaign was started to present her as a lady who had gained needed pounds through an unusual diet of her own devising. Everything went beautifully and fan letters began pouring in—till the star confided to some stray reporter that she "hadn't any special diet at all and hadn't gained so many pounds anyway!" That one misplaced burst of honesty ruined everything.



of at least three executives, and even then he may be called back to work the minute his plane lands in New York.

Bachelor stars find their actions more restricted than any others. Cary Grant, Nelson Eddy and Bob Taylor, to mention a few, can't even autograph pictures to feminine fans unless they use the lady's full name. Photographs signed "To Dorothy from Star" have ended up too often in the clutches of shyster lawyers!


For similar reasons, stars do not give rides to casual hitch-hikers, no matter how kindly their intentions. They refrain from signing autograph books with the same signature that appears on their checks. They don't dare become too friendly with gushing fans who turn out, often enough, to be

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The Charming Frances  
Farmer Has Always  
Had Her Heart Set  
On Acting.

One way to overcome stage fright (which is fear of the audience) is to first work as a theater usher.



# AN INSIDE JOB?

By  
Charles Darnton

**B**URGLARIOUSLY speaking, she's an inside job. That is to say—with all due apology where fair exchange is no robbery—she thinks inside, she feels inside, she acts inside.

Outside, Frances Farmer is the last person in the world you'd take to be an actress. She puts on no airs, and when it comes to putting on clothes the plainer the better. Hollywood hasn't touched her, not even laid an enamelled finger on her. She wears her nails as God made them. Her face restores a slipping faith in soap and water. There's no trace of make-up, no lick of lipstick. She's appallingly clean. And she looks, with all her fair-haired, blue-eyed charm lighted up by clear intelligence, like a business girl.

"I've always worked," she tells you simply.

Somehow, you know this. But there are other things about her you don't know. You can't, for the life of you, associate her with either the faintly purple rowdiness of the dance hall singer or the waxen

purity of the fluffy daughter she played with equal conviction in "Come and Get It." You find her to be just an earnest young woman. But, with hearty remembrance of the first of her dual rôles, you hopefully ask at the cafe, to which she has led you, if she will have a cocktail.

"Would it seem funny," she wonders, "if I had tea and toast?"

Well, it just goes to show you can't believe everything you see in the pictures. Good old *Lotta*, for example, tossing off a drink with one hand and putting a knock-out drop into *Barney's* with the other. Evidently it's all in the day's work. All the more reason, then, to get right down to work.

"We were very poor," she frankly tells you, "so I had to work my way through school. That was all right. I didn't mind so long as I got what I was after, an education. While going to Washington University in Seattle I did all sorts of things. For one, I was a waitress. That meant getting up at six in the morning to get on the job. It made a pretty long day, for at night I was an usher in a movie theater at thirty-six cents an hour. Then there were a few

things on the side that helped out. Occasionally I'd do an advertising skit on the radio and get three dollars for fifteen minutes. Now and then I was also a model. In the summer I worked twelve hours a day at Mt. Ranier as a waitress for twenty-five dollars a month. In that way I kept going."

She pauses to break a bit of toast, while you sit there and marvel at her confirmed industry.

"Oh, that was nothing," she assures you. "The only thing that tired me at all was being a balcony usher, which kept me running up and down stairs."

Still, you imagine, she must have stopped long enough to look at the screen from time to time and possibly get an inspiration for the work she now is doing so strikingly. But she shakes her head, with:

"No. The only picture I remember seeing there was one in which Herbert Marshall asked, 'What is love?' Then he proceeded to answer the question, whereupon Connie Bennett said, 'Thanks for the truth, bitter as it is.' I nearly fell out of the balcony."

Her laugh, quiet as her voice, gets the right-of-way through tea and toast. Choking down your own unholy mirth, you surmise that the observant usher may have

[Continued on page 62]



(Left) Barbara Stanwyck, a modern beauty with a leaning toward strength instead of weakness. (Below) June Lang and Victor McLaglen in "Nancy Steele Is Missing." Good title.

Ward Bond has a gift of masculine menace. He's going places.

Binnie Barnes, resplendent with a corsage of orchids.





# APRIL



Joan Blondell, Alan Mowbray and Fernand Gravet in "The King and the Chorus Girl." (Left) Robert Kent and Patricia Ellis in "Step Lively Jeeves." (Below) A new team, Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, in "Personal Property." A promising combination.



(Left) Sally Eilers and James Dunn, always successful together, in "We Have Our Moments." (Below) Victoria Hopper and Clive Brook in the English drama, "Scotland Yard Commands."



Helen Vinson in "Love in Exile."





# SHOWERS

OF NEW

## SPRING PICTURES

Errol Flynn in the famous Mark Twain story, "The Prince and the Pauper."



(Left) Minna Gombell, Wallace Beery and Warner Baxter in "Slave Ship."  
(Below) Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer in "Toast of New York," a story based on the life of the notorious stock promoter, Jim Fisk.



(Above) Beverly Roberts, Warren Hull and Jean Muir present the modern problem, "Her Husband's Secretary."





# THE ART OF LYING

Cary Grant and Grace Moore in "When You're In Love." It is the unsmiling kind of love that counts. (Below) Joe E. Brown in "When's Your Birthday?" sings with emotion for Suzanne Kaaren, even to his little finger.



(Below) Fredric March and Janet Gaynor in "A Star Is Born." The picture is in color. They use their great skill to tell the story of an ambitious girl in Hollywood.



(Below) Roscoe Karns and Charlotte Winters in "Clarence." Comedy lies close to intensity and Roscoe puckers too much.





ABOUT

# LOVE!

"Men Were Deceivers Ever."  
On The Persuasiveness  
Of Screen Lovers Depends Our  
Belief In The Plot Of The Story.  
Every Adoring Glance Must  
Testify To The Charm Of The  
Leading Lady.

(Left) Henry Fonda  
and Annabella in the  
picture, "Wings of  
the Morning," which  
was made in Eng-  
land. (Below) Ralph  
Bellamy and pretty  
Ida Lupino in the  
merry play, "Weather  
Or No."

**A**CTORS have specialties. Some glower about with baleful and cruel glances, filled with high-powered menace, while others, with grimaces and gestures, register their dumb consternation—all in the interests of comedy. It is the lovers, however, who must reveal the surge through their systems of the ennobling, uplifting and transforming power of *Love*. If the audience does not believe in the sincerity of their passion then all is lost. The most devastating passion seems only mechanical and, alas, kisses smack of hypocrisy.

Every girl comes to understand the charm of a modest maiden yielding, and, thanks to the screen, no gay Lothario whose line is a trifle crude succeeds in awaking the heart of a girl who has learned about love in the temples of the movies.





English girls wear country clothes with assurance and grace, and Nova Pilbeam, the lovely starlet, is no exception. Tan herring bone tweed flecked with color fashions this suit detailed in red suede. The jacket has "shooting" pockets and there is a culotte skirt. Her scarf is a combination of red, tan and brown silk.



(Left) A 1937 version of the tailored suit model which has become a classic in American fashion annals, is worn by Rochelle Hudson. Although the material is pre-war twill, the color is the flattering new stone-blue. Her accessories are in a deeper blue.



(Left) Irene Hervey favors a black crinkled crepe tunic frock, boasting an infinitesimal white satin collar, and belt and buttons of cut steel for her first "without-a-coat" costume. All her accessories are black.



You can't answer the enchanting call of Spring without a new hat. (Above) Mary Carlisle goes a-partying in a beguiling black shiny straw with a "come hither" veil with chenille dots. (Next) Rosalind Marquis' pill box is of black belting ribbon with a nosegay of old-fashioned flowers set at the front, and a sapphire blue velvet band tying in a bow at the back.

NOW that winter has gone with the wind, our thoughts turn to practical street clothes that will take us through days of brilliant sunshine, with just a passing nod to sullen skies, without which no normal Spring would be complete.

When planning your wardrobe it's a good idea to look farther afield and remember that the suits and coats and frocks that are seasonable now, can be put to just as good advantage in late August and early September when summer is on the wane and the chill in the air makes frivolous linens and silks in pastel shades inadequate and lacking in *chic*. Barring the hats, all the costumes shown here would nicely answer this double purpose.



# NT ON SPRING!

How To Greet Those First Lovely Days When The Air Is Like Wine And Nature Beckons With A Smile.

(Below) The "classic" felt, good any season of the year, is sponsored by Barbara Stanwyck in beige trimmed with brown grosgrain ribbon. (Center) Three versions of the effective new sailor hats, which should prove a boon to all girls who loathe off-the-face models. Bette Davis' is of carnelian hue milan, with rhinestone clip and matching velvet band. Carl Hughes and Olivia de Haviland like the turned down brims, the first of black milan with Scarlett Green ribbon trimmed crown, and the second of grey felt with contrasting navy blue ribbon and veil trimming.



(Right) On the lightest pretext via de Haviland is this commodi-utility coat of y and brick-red ely-checked nov-woolen, with k-red accessories. (Center) But Beverly gets a so-isticated thrill en she wears this realist suit with swallow-tail coat grey worsted and ck and grey pin-ped skirt. A tail-ed white satin ouse and black essages go with outfit. (Next) Bille Ball is all for mure in her pine een tweed suit h its box coat and aresting shoulder atment. Her ac-ssories are beige.





Lionel Barrymore studies his lines for the next scene of "Captains Courageous."



Lola Lane rehearsing dialogue with Humphrey Bogart for "Marked Woman."



Shirley Temple finds amusement with her director, William E. Seiter.



# IN HOLLYWOOD THEY CALL IT WORKING

An autograph collector gets to Gary Cooper and asks for a signature, while George Raft looks on and laughs. They are together in "Souls At Sea."

Being Active Before The Cameras Is Only A Part Of A Movie Player's Life



(Left) Buddy Ebsen brings his lunch. His dancing forbids his eating very much, anyway. (Right) Between scenes, Carole Lombard kneels on the floor as she talks with Charles Butterworth.







Cameraman Karl Freund discusses "angles" with Clark Gable on the "Parnell" set.



Producer Balcon (left) and Jessie Matthews at a conference in an English studio.



Dick Powell and Madeleine Carroll read and converse about pictures, pictures, pictures . . . then go back to making one.



Just imagine! Betty Furness knitting on a sweater between shots at M-G-M.

(Left) Henry Fonda getting a supply of the health giving rays of the California sun while the scene is being readied. (Above) A studio wait woos Edward Everett Horton to slumber. (Right) Two hours for lunch, so John Trent takes Ruth Colman to Palm Springs, 100 miles away, for lunch. Pilot Captain Trent brought her back on time.



FEW realize the hours and hours of preparation and rehearsal required to make each scene of a picture. Almost every visitor finds the cast waiting for something. The delay may be due to the cameraman. He may be changing the position of a lamp, or the property man may be checking over details. Usually the cast is patiently waiting the call to go on the set. It is all a part of picture making.



# HOLLYWOOD DAY AND NIGHT



(Top) Virginia Weidler with her scooter and Benny Bartlett on skates play hard and fast.

(Above) Rochelle Hudson on "Silver King," her new bike—it is silver-plated.

(Below) Martha O'Driscoll in a gay printed cretonne swim-suit.

THE making of pictures is not only an art but a job demanding long hours and endless patience. The players have to be fit and in a mood for make-believe, and, of these requirements, good health is most important. Every day the tennis courts ring with the sound of their play, for that is the way to health. They splash in the pools and work in their gardens to keep their beautiful figures always ready for the all-seeing camera lens.

But when night comes the stars and players meet to laugh, to dance and to talk studio gossip.

Day is the time for players to work at pretending and Night is the time for sincerity and friendship.

Judith Barrett wearing a delightful three-piece play-time ensemble. Bluebirds and ships a-sailing! (Below) Eleanore Whitney in a tennis suit consisting of white linen shorts and turquoise blue angora jumper.



(Right) Virginia Bruce in a scene from "When Love Is Young"—it's the spirit of Hollywood's night spots.

(Below, right) Elissa Landi among her roses.





The Curlew Tolls: The Knell of Parting Day—Only in Hollywood It is A Call To The Cray Dinners And Social Gatherings Of Old Friends.

(Above, right) Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Anne Shirley, Harold Lloyd and Irene Herve (Mrs. Jones) at Gene Raymond's party. (Below, right) Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, Jr., attend a premiere of "Camille" in Palm Springs.



(Above) A snack of turkey offered by Paula Stone intrigues Jack Oakie, the gourmet of Pictureville. (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff and Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason at the Brown Derby celebrate the Karloffs' return from England.

(Above) Edward Arnold, Glenda Farrell and Walter Connolly at a Bel-Air soiree. (Below) Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald, Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland make merry.



Candid Camera Shots Taken When The Players Are Out Of Pose.

How do you think Loretta Young gets covered with mud when the script requires it? Simple as rolling off a log.



# CAMERA CATCHES



(Above) California had snow on the orange trees, and even the screen stars were chilly. So-oo the property man fixed up a stove (in foreground). (Right) Virginia Weidler up against a sit-down strike for more bones.



Acme



(Above) Trench do take any ch He is body for Jane W and Jane quite safe happy.





A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!  
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

# TOP OF THE TOWN

BRILLIANT BEAUTY!

GORGEOUS

GIRLS!

SPARKLING SPLENDOR!

## *Busy With Entertainment!*

George Murphy • Doris Nolan  
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff  
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan  
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer  
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors  
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver  
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude  
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

LOU BROCK  
Associate Producer

RALPH MURPHY  
Director

## *Songs You'll Rave About!*

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling  
Coming On" • "There Are  
No Two Ways About It"  
"Blame It On The Rhumba"  
"Fireman Save My Child"  
"I've Got To Be Kissed"  
"Top Of The Town"  
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS Executive Producer



# GOOD PLAYERS NEVER LOOK AT THE LENS

Many A  
P l a y e r  
K n o w s  
W h a t N o t  
T o D o T o  
K e e p I n  
C h a r a c t e r.



Charles Boyer  
and Jean Arthur  
in "History Is  
Made At Night."  
And how head-  
waiters can kiss!



(Above) In "The  
Woman I Love,"  
Miriam Hopkins and  
Paul Muni live over  
again a wartime ro-  
mance. (Right) Wil-  
liam Gargan and  
Wendy Barrie in  
"Breezing Home"  
stop breezing for a  
kiss on the brow.



(Right) Jessie  
Matthews and Robert  
Fleming show British  
control in "Head  
Over Heels in Love."

I N A make-believe world, the actors  
go through vicissitudes and many  
dangers, meeting each new and  
controlling circumstance with the



Good old Jeeves!  
Arthur Treacher has  
made us all butler  
conscious.

appropriate emotion. The feeling of  
reality grows as the natural human  
emotions are registered, and the  
audience comes to believe in the  
genuineness of the incidents as the  
character switches from the boldness  
of frenzy or grief to more subtle  
reactions prompted by emotions less  
obvious. For example, doubt may  
appear to steal into the mind of the  
character if the actor simply turns  
the eyes from side to side slowly.

If the eyes of the actor look into  
the lens, the veil is torn, and  
the character instead of being in  
the setting of the story, suddenly  
seems to be looking right at you.  
Then the illusion is shattered and  
the make-believe ends.





IT WAS night and it was cold; bitterly so. Southern California was experiencing one of those "unusual" climatic sieges that give the chamber of commerce and the populace in general goose pimples.

Nevertheless, motion picture production schedules being what they are—irrevocable unless it rains when the schedule says dry weather—the crew and part of the cast of Warners' "The Go-Getter" were huddled on the bank of the extensive artificial lake that spreads over one corner of the studio back lot.

Busby Berkeley alone seemed to have the ambition to move about in an effort to keep warm. He walked back and forth along the bank, occasionally glancing down the darkened street that led to the studio proper, then consulting his wrist watch.

"Here comes Anita Louise now," said Assistant Director Russ Saunders as a coupe hove into sight.

"Good," replied Berkeley. "Where's George Brent?"

"He's on his way," answered Saunders.

"Good," repeated the director. "Hello, Anita," he added as the blonde actress approached him.

"Good evening," Miss Louise shuddered, "Nice warm weather we're having, eh?"

Berkeley shivered. "Yeah," he agreed. "Lovely. I wouldn't be surprised if it'd snow before the night's over."

"Here's Brent now," sang out the assistant director.

The director and the Irish actor exchanged greetings.

"Well," said Berkeley, "this being our first day, or maybe I should say night, we'd better recapitulate. This is the scene where you and your bride, Anita, have jumped off a China-bound steamer twenty miles out of the Golden Gate. Cappy Ricks wants you back in San Francisco urgently and the captain of the boat refuses to turn back, so you jump overboard and he drops a life raft for you. That's where we pick you up, floating on the raft. You've had a little spat on the steamer, but it's all patched up and you're lovey-dovey again.

"Now this lake is the Pacific Ocean," Berkeley went on, "and there's your raft." He indicated the craft moored to a short pier at the edge of the lake. "Come on now, let's go."

Brent gave the director a sad look.

"Listen, Buzz," he pleaded, "Couldn't we start the picture at the beginning and move indoors where it's warm instead of commencing at the end and freezing out here?"

"Sorry," Berkeley apologized, "but our first interior set won't be ready until tomorrow."



The Gossip Writers Have Told You That Anita Louise And George Brent Are Aflame—But Here Is The First Story Telling You How They Met . . .

By Francis Heacock

"Cut!" shouted Berkeley. "What's the matter, George?"

"It's rough out here," replied the actor.

"Try it again," directed Berkeley.

Brent and Miss Louise repeated the action, but the director wasn't satisfied.

"Once more," he yelled.

Again the players went through the scene.

"Pretty good," acknowledged Berkeley, "but I think we can get a better one. Try it again."

This time the director was satisfied. He told the players to come ashore and they were pulled in.

Wet and shivering they approached the camera while wardrobe men and women wrapped heavy blankets around them. And that was the strange beginning of Hollywood's latest romance.

Brent mournfully shed his overcoat and muffler and followed Miss Louise onto the raft.

Berkeley turned to a couple of workmen who were standing nearby with buckets of water.

"Douse 'em," he said.

The workmen started toward the end of the pier.

Brent saw them coming with their water buckets.

"Hey, wait a minute!" he protested. "What's this." "You can't jump into the Pacific without getting wet, can you?" Berkeley inquired.

"Well, no," agreed Brent. "But couldn't we pretend like we've been sitting on the raft long enough to dry

out."

"Nope. It won't do. Charlie Winninger, who is playing Cappy Ricks, is on his way out to rescue you in a speed boat. You wouldn't have had time to dry out."

"Oh, well . . ." Brent spread his hands in surrender and held his breath while the workmen dumped a bucket of water on him. They were a little hesitant about subjecting Miss Louise to the same treatment but she told them to go ahead and merely gave a little shriek as the previously warmed water struck her.

"O. K. George," Berkeley shouted. "Take Anita in your arms and kiss her. Then look into her eyes for a moment and kiss her again. Then kiss her once more, quickly. We'll flash a light on you like the spotlight of a speedboat then and that will be your cut."

The camera rolled and the scene started.

"Action!" yelled the director.

Brent kissed Miss Louise, looked at her for a moment, then kissed her once more. As he started to kiss her the third time, a big artificial wave struck the raft and he lost his balance.

Complete On This Page



## On The Sound Stages Many Movies Are Taking Form; You Will See Them At Your Theatre In A Few Weeks.

I OFTEN wonder if there'll ever come a time when I'll be lucky enough to find only one picture going at most studios and none at some of the others. I wonder and wonder and a jeering voice from out of the nowhere sneers, "Lucky day!"

Until that lucky day arrives, I can only do my duty and take you with me to—

### R-K-O

INSTEAD of the one picture I had hoped to find going there are gobs of them—but gobs. There is the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, tentatively titled "Stepping Toes," but I'll tell you about that one next month because neither of them are working today.

There is "The Toast of New York," and I'll tell you about that one now, although it's just starting. It stars Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer and Cary Grant. You'll recall the first two in "Come and Get It."

Andrea Leeds is a temperamental French actress and Frances is her maid. Arnold and Grant are both on the make for Andrea. They're always tangling over something—Arnold and Grant, I mean. When she goes out with Cary, Eddie, getting a glimpse of Frances, suggests she put on some of Andrea's clothes and make a night of it with him. After some coaxing, Frances lets herself be persuaded and we pick them up at the Astor House dining room. They're really going to town when suddenly Frances looks up and sees Andrea charging towards them, her face like a thundercloud.

"Here she comes," Frances whispers in terror.

Eddie laughs and reaches into his pocket. "I got some ammunition," he comforts her.

By this time Andrea is at their table with Cary in back of her, grinning like an ape.

"You make a fool of Fleurique, eh?" Andrea screams, snatching a bunch of grapes off the table and drawing back her arm preparatory to letting Frances have them in the face. Cary grabs her arm and takes the grapes away. She gives him a dirty look and returns to the attack. "You steal my clotheeng, eh?" she screams.

But just then Eddie takes another bunch of grapes off the plate and offers them to her. "Throw these," he suggests.

She snatches them out of his hand and is just about to hurl them when she notices a yellow backed bill stuck in between the grapes.

"If you don't want to throw them, eat some," Eddie advises. "They'll cool you off wonderfully."

Andrea can't take her eyes off the money. "I thenk I lend you my gown for tonight," she says sweetly to Frances.

And then Cary takes charge of things. "Well, now that we're all friends, let's get together," he suggests in his best con man style.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"Hey!" Cary yells catching sight of me. "You must have gone out of your way to keep from mentioning me in your 'Medals and Birds' this year."

"The editor must have cut you out," I explain. "I'm sure I gave you a bird."

"Why, you—" Cary laughs snatching up another bunch of grapes, but by that time I am well out the door and on my way to

the next stage.

"The Woman I Love" is in work here. This one stars Miriam Hopkins and features Louis Hayward.

Likewise, and too, this is very near the beginning of



this picture. Hayward is a young officer in the French Escadrille. The night before he is to leave for the front he goes to a Paris theatre. He meets a beautiful young dame who later introduces herself to him as Denis LaValle (la Hop).

A German air raid interrupts the performance. Miriam is knocked unconscious as the audience and players stampede for the basement. Hayward manages to drag her to the orchestra pit where she regains consciousness after a little.

"Are you all right?" he asks.

"Yes," she smiles, "thanks. Where are we?"

He plucks the strings of the harp standing beside them. "From the looks of it, we might be in heaven," he answers. "Actually, we're in the orchestra pit."

"Are you on leave?" she goes on.

"No," he admits after a slight hesitation. "I haven't been to the front yet but," enthusiastically, "it won't be long now. I only hope it won't be over before I get there."

"Would that be so terrible—to miss it all?" she queries, a little mockery in her voice.

"It would have been terrible—if I'd gone up yesterday instead of tomorrow," he answers with a disarming smile. "I'd have missed you."

I wanted to say "hello" to Miriam whom I haven't seen since she returned from

abroad but you can't go busting up to a girl who's just been tromped and knocked unconscious so I say "hello" to Hayward instead.

On the adjoining stage I find a picture going called "Wings of Mercy," featuring John Beal, Jane Walsh and Phil Huston.

"Get off my set," Beal yells catching sight of me.

I know Johnny is kidding but the company doesn't and they all stand gaping at me. "If you can't come to see my bride and me in our home, you can't come on the set," he shouts at the top of his voice.

"Sssh, Johnny," I shout back. "Somebody will overhear you."

"Everything was very quiet and peaceful around here until you came on the set," Lew Landers, the director, butts in. "Why is there always turmoil wherever you are?"

"I guess it's because I have such a dynamic personality," I admit modestly.

## PICTURES ON THE FIRE

By  
S. R. Mook

Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea in a story concerning the drama of the medical profession, "Internes Can't Take Money." (Below) Scene from "Waikiki Wedding," Bing Crosby's next picture, with Shirley Ross, Martha Raye and Bob Burns.





"Well, park your personality in that chair, will you, so we can get on with this scene."

So they start the scene. It is an operating room. Dr. Beal is performing an operation for appendicitis on Phil. They're old friends so he only gives Phil a local operation and Phil watches with a great deal of interest—as you can imagine. Both of them are smiling at something John said in the last scene.

"How am I going to hold this pose if you make cracks like that?" Phil asks.

"You should see the crack I just made in you," John comes back.

"How about my taking a look?" Phil wants to know because he would probably be the first man who ever saw his own insides.

"You can admire yourself later," John tells him.

"I only wanted to see if you'd carved your initials on me," Phil explains in an injured tone.

"I tried to carve a picture of a propeller," John informs him.

"Well, anyways, I know now how a Thanksgiving turkey feels," Phil grins.

"I don't know why I should have to listen to complaints about our service," John squelches him. "How do you want this—hemstitched or buttonholed?"

"What! No zippers?" Phil mocks.

"There's a neat piece of embroidery," John says, handing the needle and thread to the nurse. "Take good care of this guy and no matter how much he yells, *don't feed him steaks.*"

"Yes, doctor," she smiles.

"Cut!" Lew orders.

"You know, Mr. Beal" the nurse, who is on loan from one of the hospitals and who is

making her picture debut and finale in this one scene, suggests, "when you hand me the needle if you'd look at me instead of Mr. Huston I could get a better re-action when I say, 'Yes, doctor!'"

And she's serious, too!

John explains politely that the director has instructed him to look at Phil.

"The movies are sure wonderful," he says to me. "When the Group Theatre produced 'Men in White' they studied for months how to hold the knives before they would give a performance. I had a 9:00 o'clock call this morning and by 9:10 I practically had Phil's appendix in a bottle."

"How many times have you removed it so far?" I query.

"This was the third," John tells me.

Next we come to "China Passage." This features Constance Worth (an Australian actress making her American debut in this opus), Vinton Haworth, Leslie Fenton and Gordon Jones. It's about a diamond theft. Most of the action takes place on board a liner going from Shanghai to San Francisco by way of Honolulu. There are more murders than you can shake a stick at. Jane is a customs agent working incognito and Haworth is a soldier of fortune who had

cabinet and her eyes widen. The door to the cabinet is open and inside can be seen a tray with one glass on it. "Tommy, go to Captain Williams and explain everything," she orders, suddenly businesslike. "Have him round up Dr. Feng Tu, Anthony Durand, Harvey Dinwiddie and Philip Burton. And I want you here, too."

"What do you want me here for?" he asks suspiciously.

"I just couldn't get along without you," she replies evenly.

He looks at her peculiarly, turns and quickly leaves the cabin. She goes to the liquor cabinet, picks up the highball glass, using a handkerchief to avoid blurring any fingerprints that might be on the glass. She holds it up to the light. Faintly visible are a set of fingerprints!

"For Pete's sake!" a voice at my elbow hisses.

I look around and there's Gordon Jones. "Look," he says, "how about going down to San Diego with me for a couple of days when I finish this picture. I know a lot of people there and we can have some fun."

"I don't think I'd better," I object. "I'm on the wagon and you know how it is when you go visiting."

"Invitation's withdrawn," Gordon snaps.



Miriam Hopkins and Louis Hayward in "The Woman I Love." Paul Muni is co-starred with Miriam.

"You're bad enough when you have a couple of drinks but you're worse when you don't."

"Gosh," I whine. "I try so hard to make everybody happy and all I get is abuse."

The expletive Gordon shot at me is not one he learned at home—nor in the Hays office either. As I said before, this is not my day at R-K-O so I wend my way to—

#### Columbia

FANMAG FANIA is in rare form today so my spirits begin to lift a little and when I learn the first picture we're to see is "Weather or No" featuring Ida Lupino and Reginald Denny they lift some more. But alas and alack, when we get out to the set there is a sign, "Positively no visitors on this set."

"Hmm," Fanmag Fania murmurs. "It says 'Positively.' That's bad. But you wait here and I'll see."

So she goes in and presently she comes out again—all smiles. "Come on," she says, "Miss Lupino and Mr. Alfred Greene, the director, are making a special dispensation for you."

"Miss Lup— Mr. Greene are—," I start sputtering. Me, being kept off one of their sets! Ha!

We get inside and pretty soon Ida and I

[Continued on page 76]

been hired to deliver the missing diamond to a Chinese war lord. I can't give you the entire plot but another suspect has just been found dead—poison in her whiskey glass—by Haworth and Miss Worth.

"Why don't you give it up, Jane?" Haworth turns soberly to Constance, "before something happens to you. Your drinking theory sounds pretty wild, anyway."

She seems to find something peculiar in his attitude. She glances toward the liquor





## There Are Some Players In Pictures Who Avoid Swank And Are Happiest When They Can Go Hunting.

THE virile streak has hit Hollywood's star set! The screen's fashionables, forever looking for fresh thrills, have all of a sudden discerned that they've been suppressing a fundamental instinct all along. They've found the peerless hobby is hunting.

It's bye-bye to the blasé Boulevard, with the great outdoors spectacularly in. Dawn is again the start rather than the end of the perfect day. Boldly stalking wild beasts and birds is more of a kick than a dozen Tom and Jerrys. Encourage a Hollywood male and he'll bring home a specimen of nature in the raw. Airplanes whisk the ambitious afar; Fred Astaire flew to Mexico for a deer and returned with—a turkey!—his only kill.

Now the better heart-throbs fit custom-made guns into the curve of their shoulders, instead of pretty profiles. Jaunty expeditions are begun immediately after a picture is previewed. A glamor girl who plucks a duck—when skinning it is the latest method—is passé, Franchot Tone tips Joan Crawford. Because Hollywood is always so delightfully dizzy, Wallace Beery hunts in tremendous style while Clark Gable, the parlor panic, rattles out of town in an old Ford. Wonder of wonders, Taylor is no longer the only trophy the local ladies think of. Yes, even the movie women are out to prove what a man they are!

I find Lombard, the luxurious, roughing it. She has stopped collecting sapphires; jewels reek of last month's artificialities. Carole is fast becoming a crack shot with the gun Gable brought her specially from New York. He and Beery are teaming up for the big timbers of Idaho shortly, to bag more mountain lion. Carole, not to be outdone, swears that when she finishes her next epic she's going to pack up Fieldsie, her loyal Girl Friday, and stage a safari to Idaho that'll be a sensation. Gable can't call her a sissy! She needs a divine bear rug for her boudoir—black, because all white is common, don't you think? And, by gum, she'll shoot it herself. (I have secretly advised Fieldsie to tuck in a cannon, just in case.)

The tall tales you hear in Hollywood of the village's mighty hunting spree have been duly sifted, the clique graded. Unquestionably Wally

The explosive  
whir of a game  
bird is music to  
the ears of Dick  
Foran.



# SHOOTING STARS

By Ben Maddox

Fred Stone is an ardent hunter. He is delighted that he did not shoot his dog.

Beery and Fred Stone are matchless. Gary Cooper and Clark Gable are Numbers Three and Four, Gary being the one actor who's plunged into Darkest Africa.

If you want a superb duck dinner, invite Robert Taylor himself. He'll actually bring the duck, personally grounded. Bob is a novice, but he's caught on zippily. It's wise to join a duck club. Who do you suppose showed him the ropes? None other than Clark Gable, who can be this regular even to his closest rival. "Clark took me to his club in the Antelope Valley," Bob says. "I thought he was very irked with me when we got behind the blinds to shoot. He kept calling, 'Get down!' Every time he yelled, I'd crouch

more; I was practically ready to settle on my stomach and I felt a fool when we quit to go inside for hot coffee. I apologized for being so dumb and Clark gasped, 'Why, I wasn't bawling you out. I was hollering at that stupid guy who kept standing up and scaring the ducks away!'"

The more time and money you have, the higher your rating is liable to be. Wally Beery has lengthy vacations between films; he never drinks or gambles or parties and so believes he's justified in spending what he pleases for the finest in hunting equipment. After his most recent characterization was on celluloid he was gone six weeks. He flew to Boise in his own new airplane, and his chauffeur had been sent on

ahead to meet him there with his tony station-wagon. In it were groceries, balloon-silk tents that withstand snow, a portable electric plant for light at night, and Wally's favorite guns.

A splendid shot, Wally scorns fancy automatics. He never traps, incidentally. The two of them adventured up the Salmon River to almost unexplored districts. When he returned, aglow with renewed vigor, happy as a kid, he had a mountain lion, a bear, and an elk and a moose. Since then he's purchased a couple of hundred forest acres there in Idaho, replete with wild game. This patch of primeval paradise is a three-day journey by mule pack from the nearest road; Wally will be able to fly directly to his own landing field in seven hours, clear from Hollywood.

It's not true that Mrs. Cooper objects violently to Gary's hunting. She merely figures that the eighty trophies he garnered in Africa, plus his reminders of his youthful excursions into the woods of Montana and his relics from his later lion hunts in the Kiabab Forest of Arizona, shouldn't be mounted in every room in the house. So Gary has given in and consolidated, as it were.

I never tire of listening to his African experiences. He won't talk about love, but he will open up on this great chapter in his life. He regained his health when he made that trip.

"I stood on a hill and looked over the Serengeti plains, the most marvelous hunting grounds in the world. There were herds on all sides towards three horizons, a hundred thousand wild animals literally within sight! I flew four thousand miles up the Nile from Cairo in four days, the guest of friends who have a farm on the very border of the wildest country. A quick glance down at the pyramids and King Tut's tomb and further on we skimmed over wild elephants. We hunted in autos—that was surprise one. In Africa horses are at a premium.

But there aren't highways by any means; we simply jogged over trails. There were five white folk and twenty blacks, and I had seven guns. I bagged an oryx, a lesser-kudo, and two gazelles before I began to be lucky with lions. To my amazement, I came upon one lion in the act of eating a lion cub it had killed. Fortunately, when it charged at me I got it within [Continued on page 59]

(Left) Paul Kelly experiences the tense joy of the hunt 9,000 feet up in the Sierra Madre Mountains. (Center) Both Clark Gable and Gary Cooper delight in skeet shooting when work keeps them away from the game trails of the jungle and mountain heights. (Below) Evelyn Knapp and Milburn Stone ready for the day's sport in Imperial Valley.





# REVIEWS

## OF PICTURES SEEN

### THE GOOD EARTH

A FILM THAT DIGS DEEP INTO THE ROOTS OF CHINA—M-G-M

AT LAST, after many months of arduous preparation, "The Good Earth" is ready for release. I am happy to report that the picture brilliantly embodies all the elements which made Pearl Buck's story of China a much beloved best seller of the last few years. If you loved the book, and it seems that every one did, you will go quietly and pleasantly mad over the picture, which was conceived and produced by the late Irving Thalberg, and stands as his greatest achievement.

You will be thrilled to the core by the superb photography and sound effects—the swarming of the locusts is so terror inspiring that it surpasses the earthquake in "San Francisco." Then there is the exodus of the famine stricken people of the North to the fertile fields of the South, there is the frenzied revolution in the city followed by the hysterical looting of the rich palaces, and the great winds and rains that lash the wheat and rice, bringing agony to the hearts of the farmers.

Photographed in sepia and magnificently directed by Sidney Franklin, all these scenes are unforgettable. And unforgettable, too, is the beautiful performance of Luise Rainer in the role of O-lan, the self-sacrificing Chinese wife and mother—we don't have to look any further for next year's Academy Award. Rainer's emotional portrayal of O-lan will simply tear you to pieces by its very sincerity and honesty. She has managed to do what few Hollywood stars ever do, she has completely submerged her own glamorous personality in the character of O-lan, and for this she deserves the greatest praise. Deserving of raves, too, is the distinguished performance of Paul Muni as Wang, the farmer, a performance you will long remember. Credit, too, Charlie Grapewin as the old father, Walter Connolly as the amusing and lazy uncle, Tilly Losch as the exotic second wife, Chingwah Lee as Wang's close friend, Keye Luke as the elder son and Roland Lui as the young son. It is a production you will not want to miss.

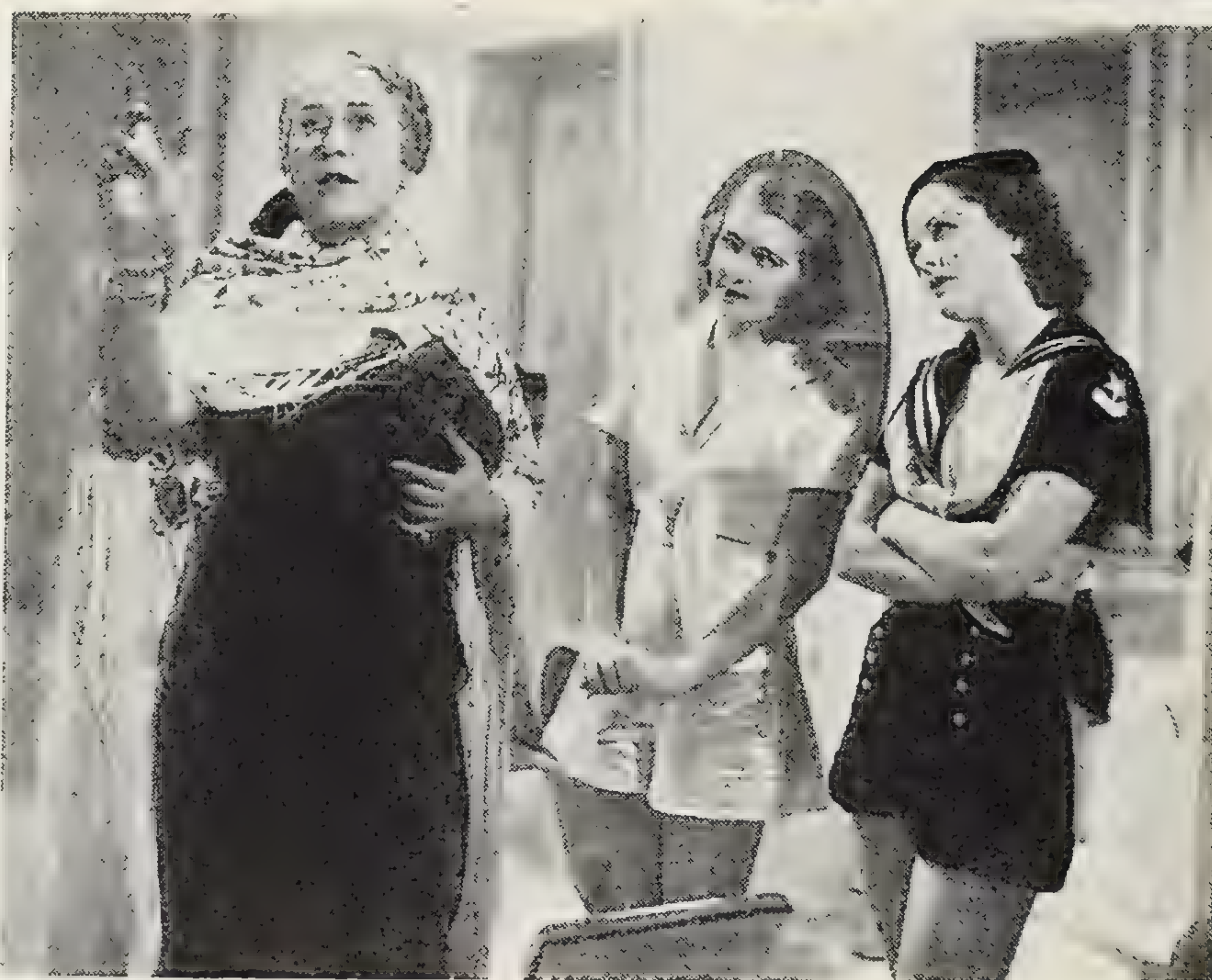
### MAID OF SALEM

A BIT OF OLD NEW ENGLAND—Paramount

IN CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S new picture—and it has been much too long a time between Colbert pictures—she is romantically teamed once more with Fred MacMurray. Handsomely produced and directed with sincerity and honesty by Frank Lloyd, this picture tells the thrilling story of witchcraft in Salem in 1692, when Cotton Mather was number one rabble rouser in America.

As every school kid knows from his history books innocent people were actually hanged as witches on hangman's hill in old Salem, and with gripping authenticity

Ruby Keeler and Carol Hughes are enthralled by the burlesque recitation of Louise Fazenda in "Ready, Willing and Able."



the story relates the events leading up to this frenzied mob hysteria.

Claudette plays a beautiful Puritan maid who loves a bit of lace on her bonnet and a gavotte in the woods with a handsome man even though the elders of the church disapprove heartily. In a friend's fishing shack she meets Fred MacMurray, a gay, devil-may-care rebel from Virginia with a price on his head, and it is in loyalty to him that she cannot save herself when she is accused of being a witch. During her nerve-wracking trial scenes Claudette proves once again that she is a great dramatic actress, and her emotional plea for justice will tear you in pieces.

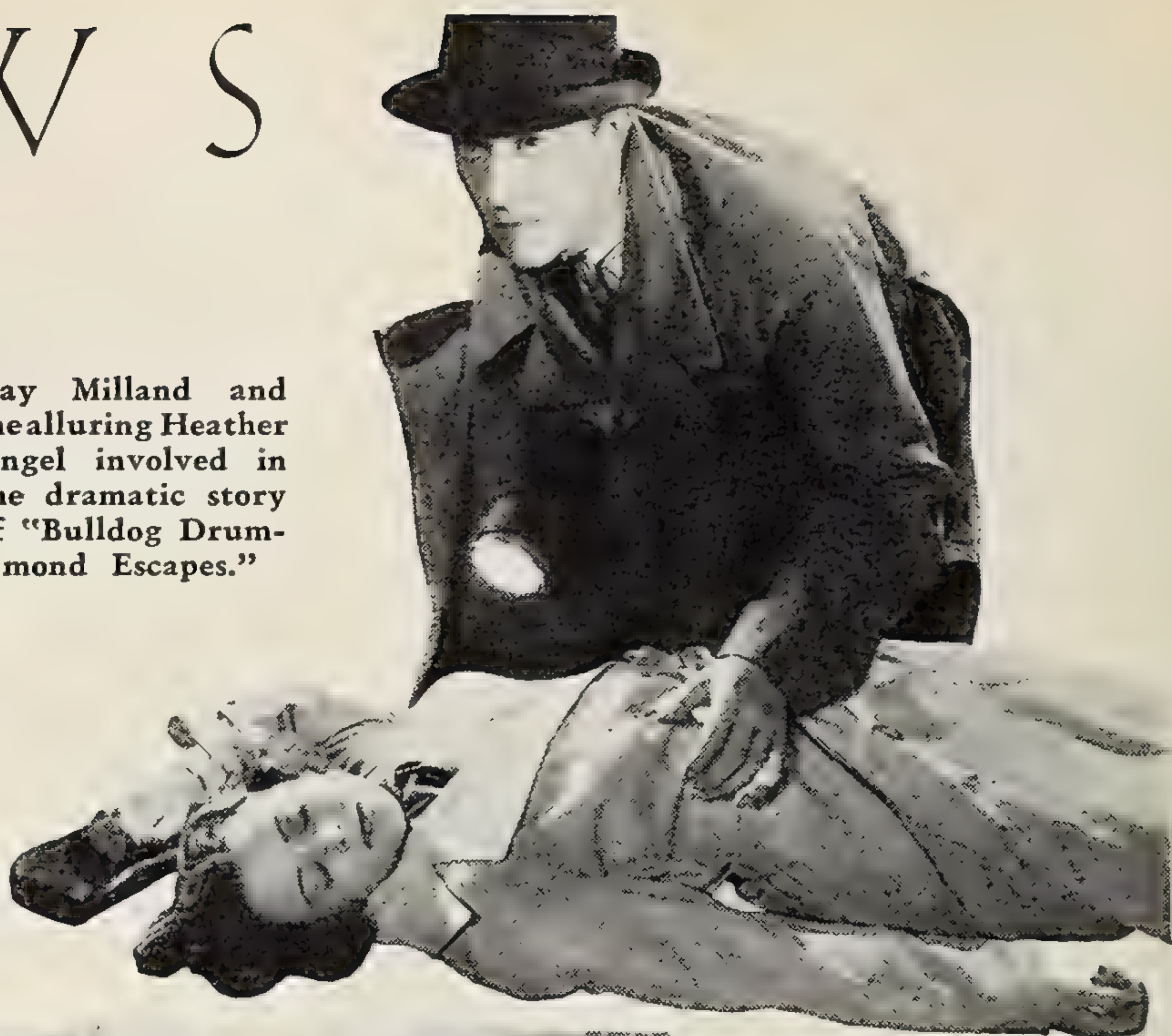
The supporting cast fairly crackles with fine performances. Bonita Granville plays again a malicious, neurotic child whose lies start all the trouble. Dominated by her are little Virginia Weidler and Bennie Bartlett. Giving authentic portrayals are Madame Sul-Te-Wan as a negro slave, Harvey Stephens as the village doctor, Gale Sondergaard as his jealous wife, Beulah Bondi as the frustrated wife of stern elder Edward Ellis, Sterling Holloway as a conceited suitor, Pedro de Cordoba as a fanatic instigator, and many others.

### WINGS OF THE MORNING

THE SPORT OF KINGS—20th Century-Fox

HERE'S a treat for you horse-lovers! The English Derby (and don't forget to

Ray Milland and the alluring Heather Angel involved in the dramatic story of "Bulldog Drummond Escapes."



say darby) done in Technicolor for the first time. And there are no doubts about these "locations" being authentic for the picture was made in England and Ireland, and that beautiful countryside for once in its life isn't Chino, California.

The story concerns the intermarriage between a gipsy queen and an Irish nobleman. The husband is killed and the gipsy wife goes to Spain to reappear fifty years later with a beautiful great grand-daughter. The rest of the very charming and casual plot relates the romance of the grand-daughter with a young Canadian interested in horses.

Henry Fonda plays the Canadian and looks mighty handsome in

Technicolor. (It was while he was in England making this picture that he met and fell in love with the present Mrs. Fonda.) A Latin star named Annabella, who is quite easy on the eye, plays both the gipsy queen and the great grand-daughter.

### OUTCAST

A SPLENDID DRAMA OF MISDIRECTED REVENGE—Paramount

THIS picture carries on the good work started by "Fury" and followed up recently by the powerful "Black Legion." It, too, hits hard at bigotry and intolerance and never once pulls its punches.

Warren William plays a young doctor who is falsely accused of the murder of his best friend's wife. It is proved that she died of an over-dose of a sedative and he is acquitted, but his friend still believes him guilty and in revenge ruins his career.

The doctor then settles in a western town and becomes the close friend of lawyer Lewis Stone. He again works up a good practice, when suddenly the sister of his former friend appears to carry on her brother's revenge. But, after talking with lawyer Stone and doctor William, she finds that she has done the doctor a great wrong—and they fall in love.

Then an ignorant and hateful woman (Esther Dale), who becomes jealous of her



# Plain Jane



# Pretty Girl



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small son's love for the doctor, in a moment of fury tears out the breathing tube which has been inserted in her boy's throat by the doctor to keep him alive. The boy dies, William is blamed, and rabble rousers begin their dirty work.

The picture is thrillingly tense here, as the mobs gather to lynch William and his sweetheart. The lynching is averted at the last moment by Lewis Stone's magnificent pleading with the mobsters for the life of his doctor-friend.

Produced by Emanuel Cohen, it is a highly dramatic picture that will rouse you right out of your lethargy. Karen Morley is splendid as the girl who falls in love with Warren William, who, incidentally, gives his best performance in this picture.

## BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES

OUR FAVORITE DETECTIVE DOES A COMEBACK—Paramount

**B**ULLDOG Drummond's back again. And that's good news to all the mystery story lovers who like to have their sleuthing done with a bit of British finesse. This time Ray Milland, debonair and likable, plays the English detective who knows not the meaning of the word fear.

Driving along the moors one foggy night Drummond hears the last gasp of a murdered man, and meets a damsel in distress. With his pal and co-worker (Reginald Denny) and his impeccable valet (E. E. Clive), Drummond defies the police and Scotland Yard while he captures one of the cleverest crooks in England.

Heather Angel is lovely as the damsel in distress and Porter Hall (I have never forgiven him for shooting Gary Cooper in "The Plainsman") makes a first rate menace all done up in a villainous beard. Sir Guy Standing plays the police commissioner with delightful humor.

## A DOCTOR'S DIARY

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION UNMASKED—Paramount

**I**NTRODUCING John Trent, who once piloted a TWA plane from Kansas City to Los Angeles for a living and who was "discovered" several months ago by Producer Ben Schulberg on one of his plane trips East. And, judging from the raves of the studio, John Trent is definitely "grounded" now and well on his way to becoming the next Gable.

For his celluloid debut Trent is cast as a poor resident doctor in a very rich and hoity toity hospital, where it seems that physicians' false ethics and money grabbing take precedence over the welfare of their patients, particularly their charity patients. An operation, delayed three days because of the silly whim of a wealthy patient, causes a child violin prodigy, a charity case, to lose the use of his right arm.

His frantic mother sues, and Doctor Trent sick to death of hospital chi chi offers to testify for her. It's a lovely scandal, but it is all straightened out in the end when Trent bargains with the hospital heads to change his testimony if they will allow him to return to the hospital to continue his experiments on a serum for infantile paralysis. And another operation is performed on the child prodigy, successful this time, so that everything comes out right.

There's a love story, of course, with Doctor Trent throwing over his rich benefactor's daughter in favor of a nurse who got fired for speaking her mind. Helen Burgess is excellent as the nurse and so is Ra Hould, another Freddie Bartholomew, as the youthful violinist. George Bancroft and Sidney Blackmer are splendid as doctors. Yes, we of the Hollywoods think that Mr. Schulberg has really found something

there in the personable John Trent. But what the medical profession will think of Mr. Schulberg's exposé is something else again.

## MAMA STEPS OUT

ONE LAST FLING—M-G-M

**H**ERE'S the antique one about the middle-aged wife who wants one last fling and takes her Dodsworth husband to Europe to absorb old world culture. Guy Kibbee plays the husband who loathes art and culture and can hardly wait to get back to Fort Wayne.

Alice Brady is the fluttery wife and of course she gets swamped in gigolos and is pretty glad to get back to Fort Wayne, too. Betty Furness and Stanley Morner, as a couple of typical Americans, look after the love interest. Heather Thatcher, Ivan Lebedeff and Gregory Gaye are the decadent Europeans. The last time you saw this plot it made a better picture.

## READY, WILLING AND ABLE

A MOST ENTERTAINING MUSICAL—Warner Brothers

**A**NOTHER of the famous Warner Brothers musicals all dressed up with delightful, singable music and excellent gags. The dance routines are better than usual though I don't like dancing on typewriter keys (where will they dance next?) even when Ruby Keeler does the dancing.

The story concerns a couple of impoverished young song writers who finally manage to get backing for their newest musical comedy provided they can get Jane Clark, a popular London torch singer, to play the lead. Ross Alexander and Lee Dixon, the song-writing team, then go out for her and through the bungling of a chiseling agent get her name on a contract. But it turns out to be another Jane Clark, an American girl returning from Europe. The backing is withdrawn when it is learned that Jane Clark isn't the Jane Clark, and the rest of the highly hilarious picture deals with the efforts of all involved to get the real torch singer to come to America and play the part.

Ruby Keeler, as the American Jane Clark, is prettier and more animated than ever before, handling her comedy lines extremely well, and dancing beautifully. Ross Alexander, as the song writer who falls in love with Ruby, is excellent and his loss to films is indeed most regrettable. Louise Fazenda, who has a scene in which she does her Shakespearean repertoire, will have you in hysterics.

## YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE

A TRAGEDY WITHOUT GLAMOROUS TRAPPINGS—United Artists

**P**OOOR Sylvia Sidney, she never gets away from the Big House—either she's behind bars or else she's in love with a guy behind bars. This time it's the latter and the guy is Henry Fonda, and he has been sent to prison three times thru no fault of his own.

On his third release he and Sylvia are married, and he gets a job and is determined to go straight. But Fate is against him. He is framed in a daring bank robbery and the murder of eight men. Sentenced to the chair, he contrives an ingenious jail-break, and in getting away kills his only friend, the prison chaplain.

Sylvia joins him and they live like hunted animals for weeks. Mercy, how they suffer. Sylvia has a baby and Henry broods over the death of his friend. They are both shot down as they reach the border.

This is what is called a strongly emotional drama of legal injustice—but I think you will agree with me that Director Fritz Lang (he who directed "Fury") piled it on a bit thick this time.



# Shooting Stars

[Continued from page 55]

seventy yards of myself!

"But," grins Gary, blue eyes a-twinkle, "my supreme moment wasn't with those cats. It was with a nastier customer that likes to pop out of the tall grass, a rhinoceros. The first thing you learn about hunting is to be certain the wind blows from the animal towards you; otherwise it'll sniff you and you're It. Well, this rhino caught us short and flashed thunderingly at the tree behind which I jumped. Afraid? I'll say! I couldn't budge! But it miscalculated and snapped the tree, four feet from me, in two. A rhino on a rampage is speedier than a race horse, but it required a quarter of a mile to slow down and realize it had missed!"

Errol Flynn has a reservoir of anecdotes, too. Often he had to hunt to exist when he was larking it in New Guinea. I prefer his episode of the stolen wild sheep. For two days he and four companions hadn't eaten; the cut-off through the mountains had been a serious error. Then some one of them shot a tiny wild sheep—they cut for it and Errol drew the high card. He skinned it and hung it up, then big-heartedly sallied forth for half an hour to assist the others who had a notion wild pigs were in the offing. When the famished Flynn got back a wild animal of unknown residence had devoured his dinner.

Hollywood victory has allowed Clark Gable to hunt. Until he was a success in pictures he was too busy searching for jobs to have the opportunity. Now he even has a coat from a caugar he shot! He has a hideaway in an isolated sector of the

At a premiere recently Deanna Durbin received star honors.

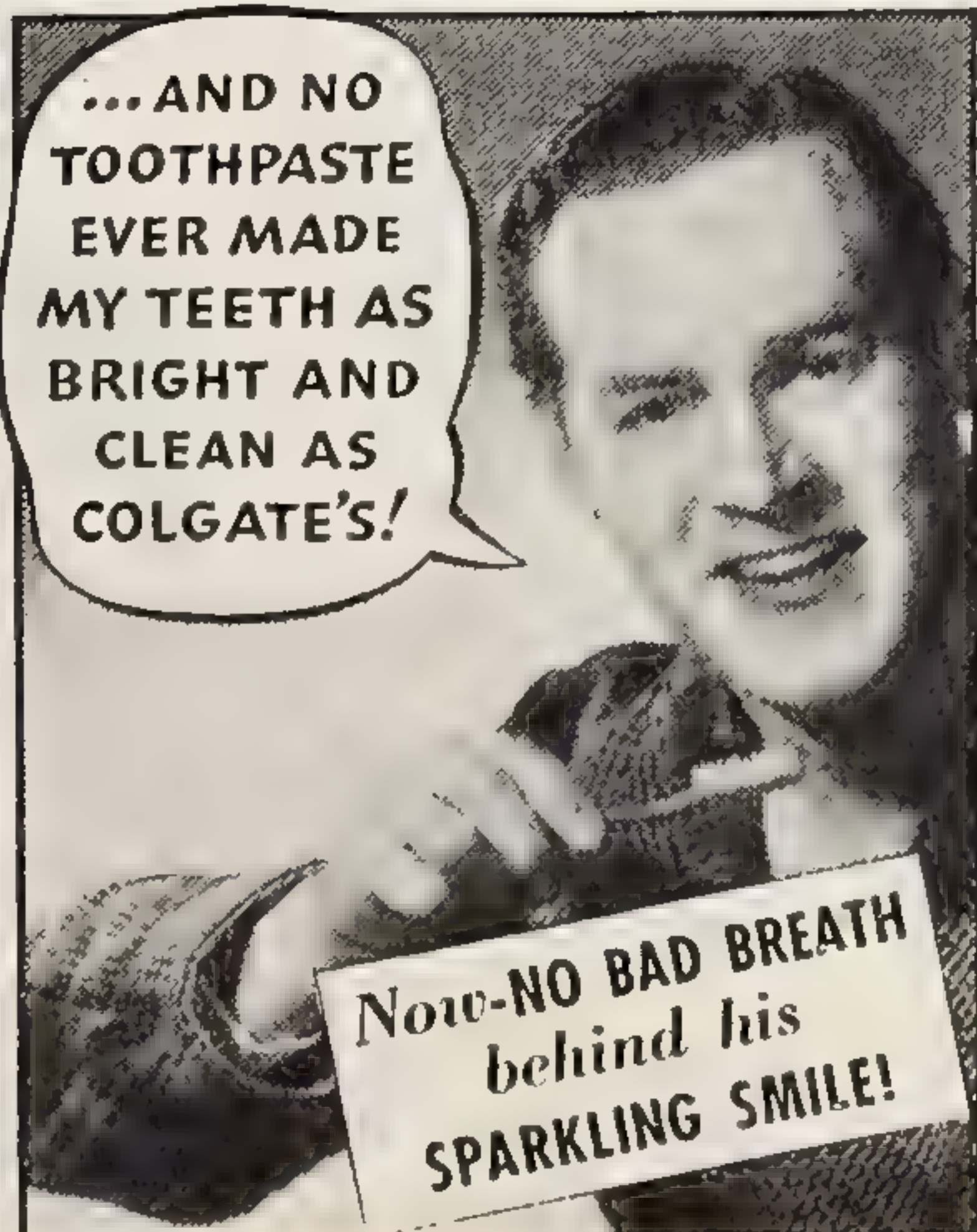
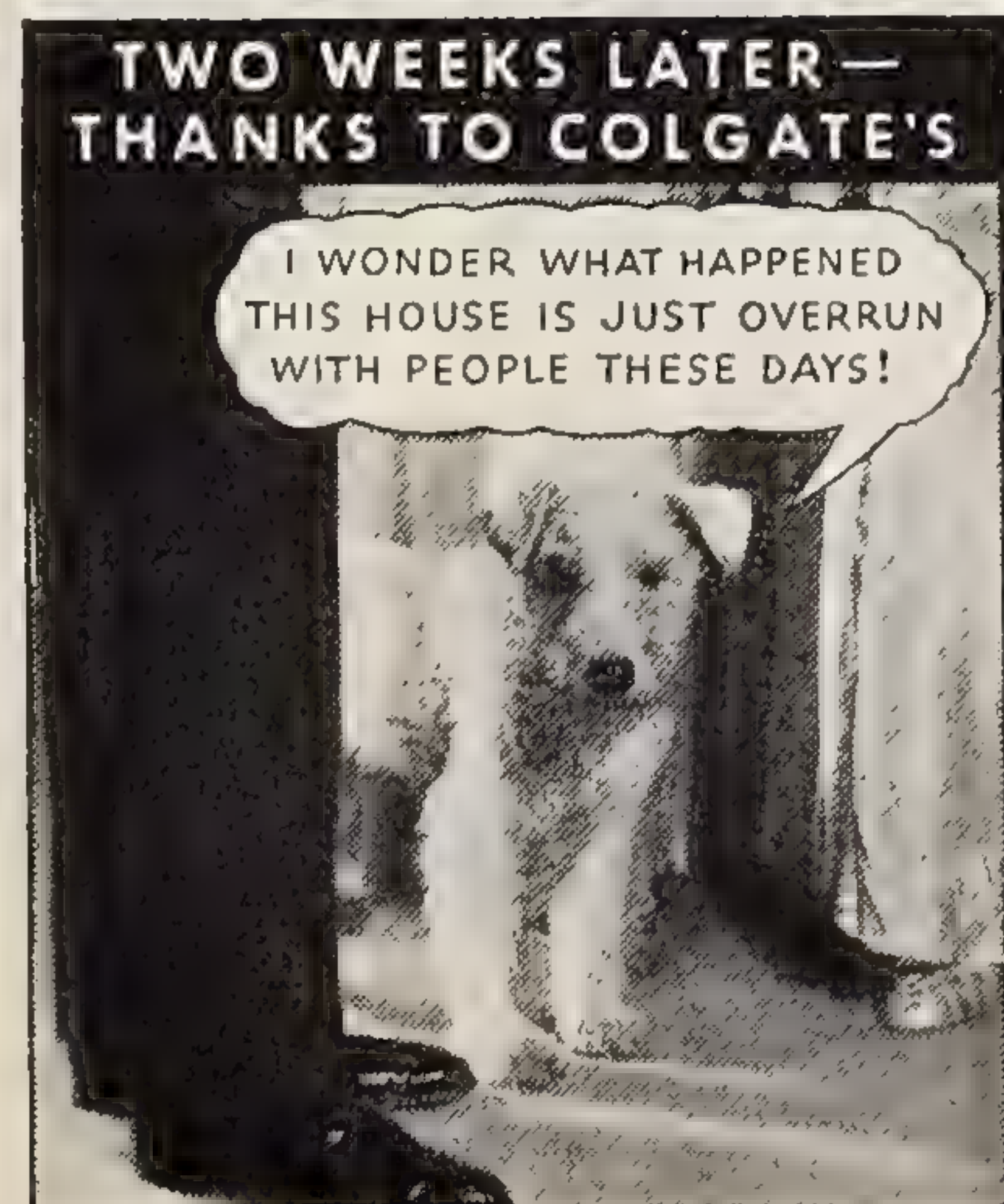
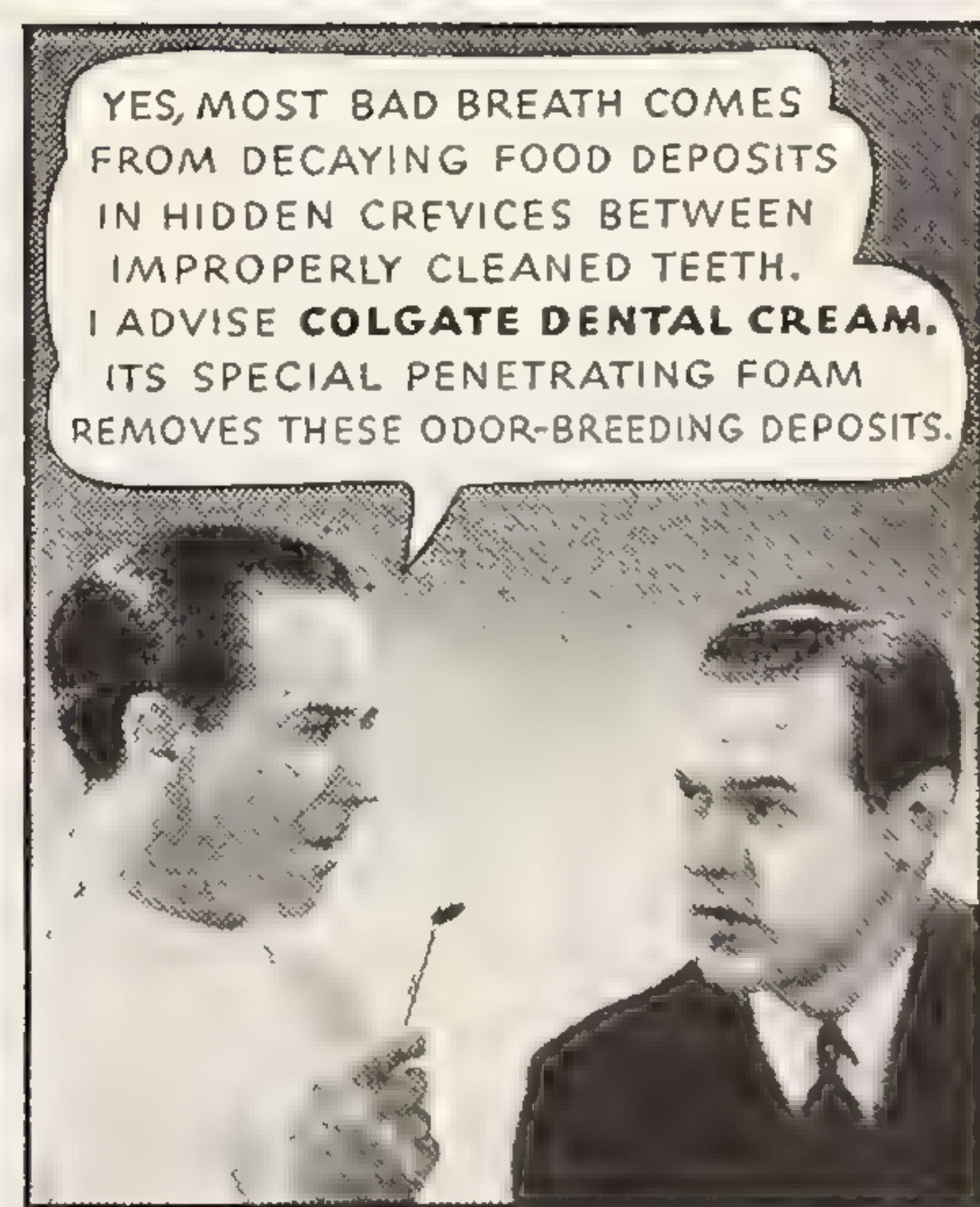
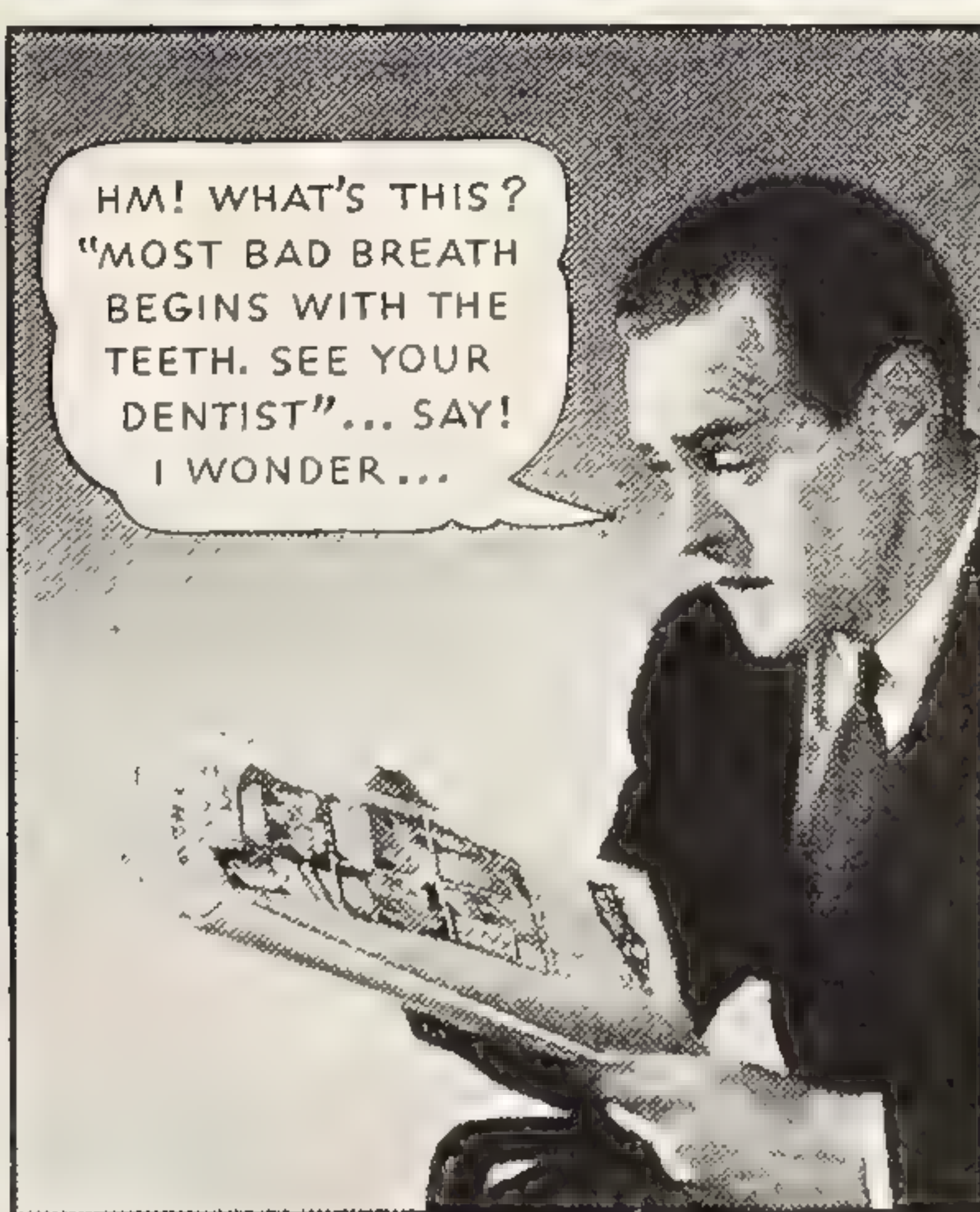
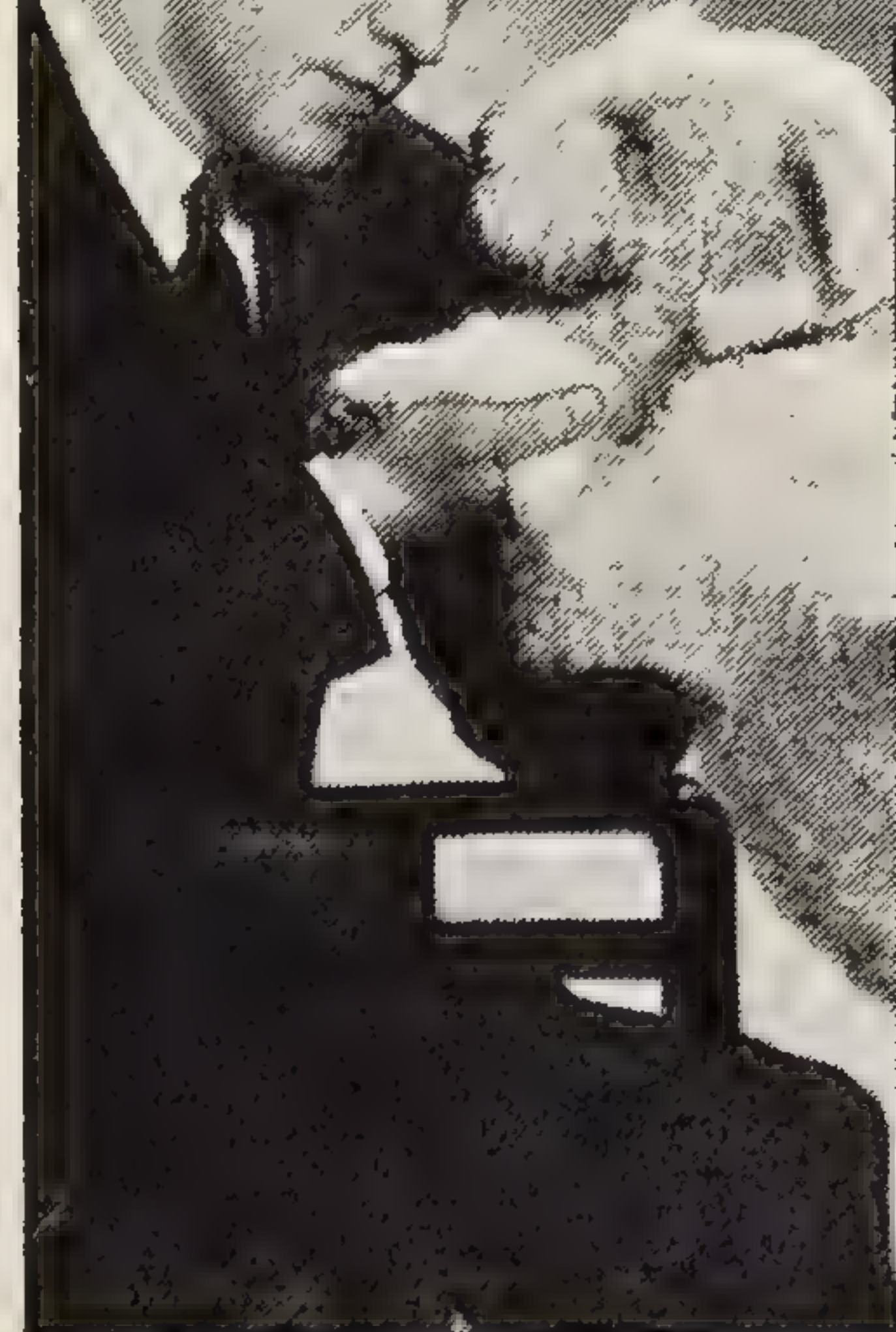


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Arizona mountains, bunking there with a backwoods family in their log cabin. They don't dream he is a celebrity and pappy democratically steers the genial visitor from the city to the most fruitful ranges. Clark's had his last year's Valentine reconditioned (the white Ford roadster of ancient vintage that Carole Lombard gave him) and, painted an inconspicuous black, it's good enough for him. A buddy who runs a garage has shown him what to do if he has any mechanical calamities among the lone pines, and so in the rumble seat he totes an assortment of spare parts. He asked an M-G-M prop man to accompany him on his most recent trip.

Of course, target practice is the initial move towards becoming one of the gang now. Dick Powell has propped bull's-eyes against his hedge and is scoring notably. Ruby Keeler is being taught how to hold a rifle so it won't knock her silly. Paul Kelly has invented two systems which work, for they've turned his wife into a veritable Annie Oakley. He can hold dove shoots right on his home farm, which is colossal convenience, and so he's concocted a dove throw, a trap which tosses an imitation dove into the air. Also, he's designed paper deer screens of true size and these he frames with bushes. "Most deer are killed within a hundred yards," he explains after

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SU47

you jokingly inquire if you're to be blind-folded and advised to pin a tail on to his pseudo deer. "By standing over there and practicing you're preparing for the real thing!"

Irvin S. Cobb and Leo Carrillo are sailing next month for Singapore to go lion hunting with the fabulously wealthy Sultan of Johore. A Danish doctor has insisted that Gable be his honor guest on his game-filled estate. But studio schedules are the reason for the popularity of handy quarries. Guns are taken on location if there's a possibility of sniping in spare hours. There are wild boar on San Clemente Island, two hours' yachting distance from Hollywood. Deer are extremely plentiful in California and within easy drives. But deer hunting is different in that the hills are covered with mesquite and scrub oak and you use binoculars from a height, to spot your deer, rather than tracking them. And if you've decided venison is too dry you're not taking it off the stove soon enough. Chalk that up to Glenda Farrell. Evalyn Knapp dons shorts and a bra top when she goes after a covey of quail in the warm Imperial Valley—putting S. A. into the sport!

The first time you tog out eager for action you may have unanticipated thrills. Victor Moore escorted his young son to a duck festival in Mexico. The child bagged the limit and daddy, funny man, got one. However, Victor won a rattlesnake, in his bed in camp. Carol Hughes, on the verge of pressing the trigger at an elusive quail, had a hunch. She dropped her eyes. A rattlesnake was poised to strike at her! But she had a boy-friend in tow and it all demonstrates that a maid should not venture forth alone. Carol's ambitious for cougar, but Bette Davis, who accompanies her husband up into the High Sierras, promises to scream fiercely if a lion so much as materializes across the widest canyon and the deepest river.

Craig Reynolds is back from duck-deviltry in Montana. Wading up a stream with a chum, he happened to turn around. His pal was stock still, obviously terrified. Craig ran to him and then stared up at the bank, too. A huge black bear (you could have snagged this one easy as anything, Carole Lombard!) was on his hind feet, his paws up for a spring. With no shot of bear caliber, the lads ran like you-know-

what and—praise be, this was an indifferent bear.

"Buck fever" attacks amateur hunters. The appearance of a buck momentarily paralyzes them and they haven't enough sense to shoot. Donald Woods invested in the swankiest of outfits and hied North to Mount Lassen. He was so shocked when a big buck paused for a bow that he stepped backwards hastily, and onto a skunk. Warner Baxter can beat that, however. A movie magazine scribe inspired him about the deer in Colorado. So Warner remembered his trap-shooting prowess, bought all the equipment everyone suggested, and then when he saw his deer he became so excited he not only didn't shoot but he slipped between two boulders and broke his leg! He had to be carried for miles and is just recovering from limping.

Sceptic Hugh Herbert, who'll take a Morris chair any day, was pestered by Guy Kibbee about this hunting craze. Eventually Hugh weakened, though he didn't feel he should. A day and a half's driving and four of them were at June Lake. It was freezing. It thundered outside and in the cabin the three jolly hunters snored so that Hugh couldn't get a wink of sleep. Early in the morning he crept out and paid an idle boy \$75 to drive him to Hollywood that very instant.

Be sure you secure your hunting license before you follow in these famous footsteps. An average gun will cost around \$45, but one built to your measure by a master gunsmith will be about \$150. And remember I told you: if you're charged by a rambunctious lion, Gary Cooper says to aim just back of his shoulders.

Should you flop and have to fool your friends, be smarter than Ralph Bellamy. He rose at dawn at Palm Springs day before yesterday and drove a hundred and fifty miles to an asserted quail paradise. He was willing to give this gag a whirl. He fired away four hours—in vain! But he had eighteen illustrious guests waiting to dine with him; wearily he sneaked into a butcher shop in the desert town and bought eighteen quail. He ordered his cook to sprinkle a few bits of shell in the birds, casually. He'd thoughtfully scooped up a pocketful of buck shot. There was considerable huzzahing for Ralph's prowess until several stellar guests bit into samples of shell in their mashed potatoes!



Acme

Whenever they see a camera they have to live up to their reputations. Ethel Merman and Pat O'Brien in good-natured tomfoolery.



# Eluding Stardom

[Continued from page 21]

Gahagan who is now my wife. It is characteristic of Helen, it is indicative of the fact that we are akin, that she married me when she did, against Belasco's advice, knowing, as she did, his dislike of his stars marrying while in production.

"Then, a little later, I made 'Tonight or Never' for the screen, with Gloria Swanson. This play, then, was my debut into matrimony and also my debut on the screen.

"Both Helen and I feel exactly the same about life and about the way it should be lived. Neither of us will do what we do not believe in doing. Neither of us care for fame or money so much as we care for our own integrity. We have a young son, Peter Gahagan Douglas, aged two, and we want to make his future secure, of course. But not too secure. We want to give him a heritage which is more valuable than inherited wealth—independence, the right to carve out his own destiny with his own hands and brain.

"We believe that living life vitally and deeply is more important than walking any treadmill, even an ermine carpeted treadmill for a princely wage. The richest tapestries are woven of many threads and many colors. We want to make our life that kind of a tapestry.

"We get, Helen, and I, a kick out of many contrasting things. We both have a reverential admiration for the late Eleanora Duse, for instance, but we also admire profoundly the antics of W. C. Fields and Jimmy Savo. We're keen about Shakespeare (and read him aloud to one another) but we admire him not because he's a 'classic' and should be admired but because he's lustful and eloquent and alive, though dead. We follow the 'Skippy' cartoons faithfully. We're mad for symphony concerts and nut sundaes. We read Dostoevsky and Shelley and The New Yorker. We play tennis and bridge and Michigan rummy. We like to live in New York, Hollywood, Northern Italy, Pekin. We don't want to own a home anywhere. People don't own homes, the homes own them. We have two dogs, a Scotty and a Cocker Spaniel and they are our only real responsibilities and ties. We have to 'arrange about them' whenever we want to pick up and go. Peter, of course, gets picked up and goes with us. He and I are going to fly to New York at any moment now, to visit Helen.

"We see all the good pictures and study performances. I like old coats and trousers and can't stand conventional suits that 'match.' I always notice the hands and the eyes of people I first meet. They tell the tale. I have to have seven hours' sleep a night to feel fit—it's a good life, this, smiled Melvyn gravely, "if you squeeze it hard enough and get out the essential juices.

"When I first came to Hollywood I made too many pictures in too brief a space of time. I wasn't satisfied with what I was doing. I had a good contract with good figures written upon it. I tore it up, figuratively speaking, and went back East. I did a play or two. I directed Helen in 'Moor Born,' a play about two Bronte sisters. When I've 'disappeared' or 'run away' I have, really, only disappeared from the Hollywood scene.

"I've made a few pictures I've liked. But I've left Hollywood after those pictures because there were, at the time, no other pictures available that interested me. I could have 'made pictures.' I could have made money. That isn't what I am after.

"I have signed a contract with Metro-



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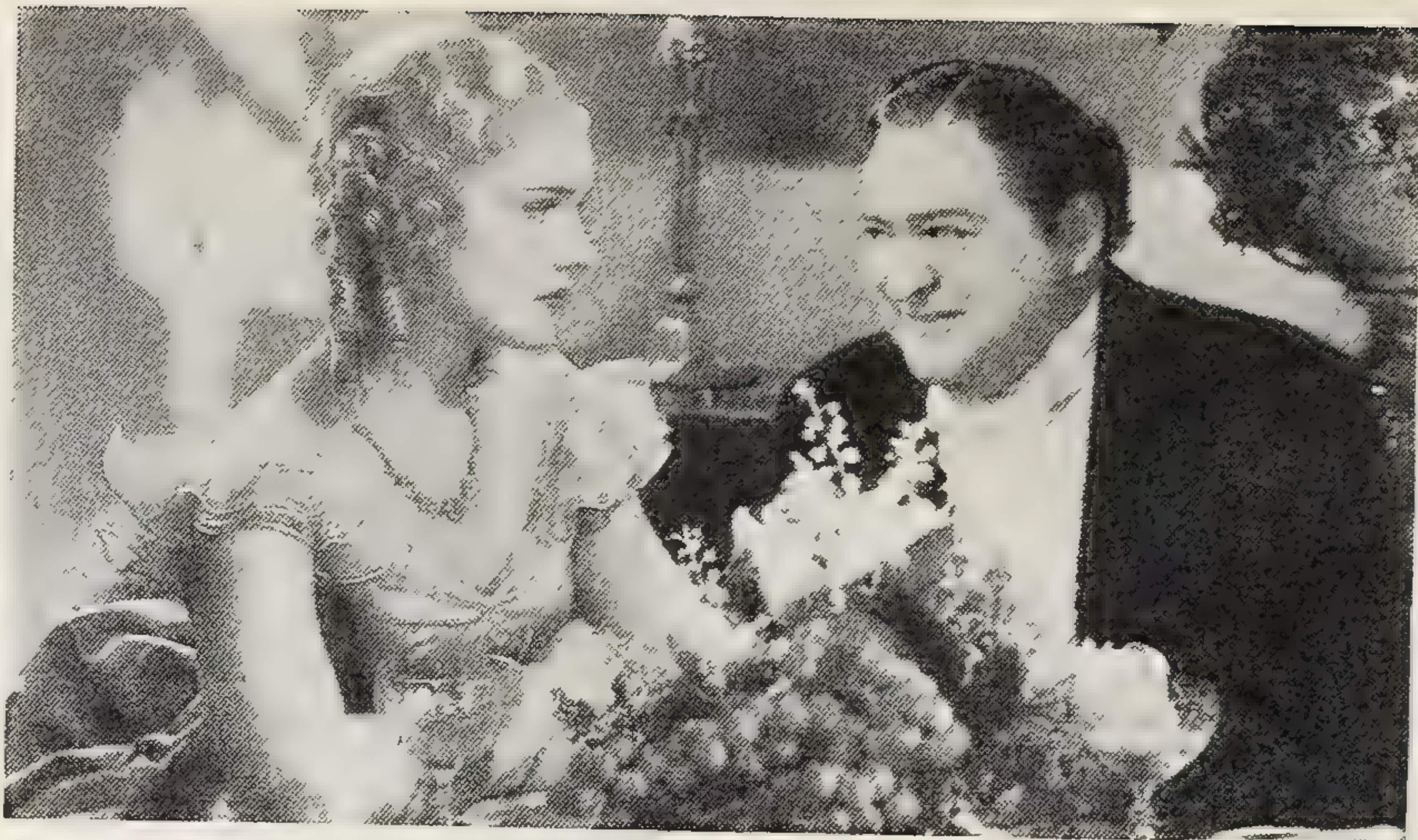
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Goldwyn-Mayer. I signed it after a long period of contract-postponing on my part. Because I've never felt that contracts were my meat. I'm also under contract to do two or three pictures a year for Columbia when and as they want me. I hope it works out. It all looks good. If it is, I remain. If not I shall seek release from contracts and Helen and I will take another of our belated honeymoons. We've had one or two already.

"I think, really," said Melvyn over the last of our cigarettes and tea, "I think that I've performed vivisection upon myself, taken myself apart so that you may see how I 'tick.' The 'mystery,' you see, is really no mystery at all. For, reduced to simple terms, I am merely a man who will do only what satisfies him, that's all."



A scene from Frances Farmer's latest picture, "The Toast of New York," with Edward Arnold.

## An Inside Job?

[Continued from page 34]

noticed reactions of audiences which since have proved of value to her as an actress. But again her head goes horizontal and her words follow suit:

"When I started going to the university my mind was made up to be an actress. I majored in drama and took part in debates just to get used to an audience, more or less. I always thought of it in relation to the stage, never to the screen. But I was in deadly fear of an audience from the time I took part in a school play. Most kids began with elocution lessons, but I started right out of the blue. What I was afraid of was being mediocre. Before my first attempt I had hysterics for six hours.

My state of mind was largely due to my experience as usher in a movie theater. There I developed a complete hatred of audiences. Their comments made me realize that to them playing on the screen was not at all a matter of acting, but wholly one of personality. I never heard them speak of anything but the looks and the clothes of the actors and actresses.

"As I was interested in acting, their remarks made me feel utterly hopeless so far as the screen was concerned. I've always had a reverence for the theater. It never entered my head to make any money out of acting. As a matter of fact I was almost horrified, when I got my Paramount con-

tract, at the thought of being paid for something I had always wanted to do."

You are puzzled at Miss Farmer's financial indifference, in Hollywood of all places, until she explains:

"If it were only for money I wouldn't be in the picture business, because money in itself doesn't mean anything to me. Once a girl gets into pictures she may feel this to be the easiest way to make money, provided people like her personality, and maybe it is. But what she's doing isn't acting, it's merely cashing in on her personality. The same is true of a man. But a woman is emotionally equipped from birth for acting—which a man isn't. This makes such a

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MASQUERADE -  
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ASK ME TO DANCE



4 WEEKS LATER

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IN THE LAST LABEL - I  
CAN'T WAIT TO GET THAT  
ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE  
BOOK. MY, I'M GLAD  
RITA GOT ME TO  
EAT YEAST



IT FIXED  
YOUR FACE  
UP FINE -  
I'LL SAY!

FEW DAYS LATER

RITA - COME OVER QUICK -  
THE DANCE BOOK'S COME  
AND IT'S TOO MARVELOUS!



I'LL BE  
RIGHT OVER  
DON'T YOU  
LEARN  
ANY MORE  
TILL I  
GET  
THERE!

YOU SURE KNOW ALL  
THE LATEST STEPS  
ALL RIGHT



DOESN'T SALLY  
LOOK GORGEOUS  
TONIGHT -



I KNEW YEAST  
WOULD CLEAR UP  
THOSE HICKIES SHE  
HAD



big difference that it seems to me a man has to work harder to get anywhere on the screen. To a woman exhibitionism—in itself really a part of acting—is natural. If she is paid for it she's just that much ahead. But this doesn't mean she's an actress. It simply means she gets a break."

Granting as much, you assume that this most candid young woman across the table from you had to get a "break" before she could get her heart's desire.

"Mine was an accident," she discloses. "In Seattle I happened to win a newspaper contest which gave me a free trip to Russia. Most of my six weeks there I spent at the Moscow Art Theatre seeing acting such as I had never seen before. It wasn't acting, it was reality. Real people were doing real things. I shall never forget one actor. Through a long scene, with others talking, he sat silent at one side of the stage, almost in the wings, just staring at a letter which had brought him tragedy. Yet he seemed to be the only person on that stage. Now *that* was acting. It was acting from inside, with thinking and feeling behind it, the only kind of acting that really counts. But I don't think it could be done on the screen, with all the distracting cutting back and forth of scenes. It needs, most of all, the warmth and feel of flesh-and-blood. Yet, curiously, it was through that Russian's acting that I got into pictures. In New York, on my way back, I told a friend about it. My enthusiasm captured his interest, so much so that he arranged to have Paramount make a screen test of me. Odd how things come about. If that hadn't happened I don't know what I'd be doing now."

What you know is that Miss Farmer is doing more than any other comparative newcomer to the screen, especially since her flesh-and-blood *Lotta* in "Come and Get It."



Phil Huston and Anne Shirley enjoy regular pool plunges. Anne is starring in "She Sang for Her Supper."

"I've known women like that, worked with them," she tells you much to your surprise. "But it took me some time to find just the right one. Finally, I found my model for *Lotta* in a Hollywood beer parlor. Unless you go to places of that kind you can't believe that people of that sort exist. One night I went with my husband (the singer, Lief Erickson, likewise in pictures) into a place on Highland Avenue—and there she was! I knew she was right the moment I spotted her. Then she spotted us. We were so busy listening to her song and watching her gestures, both

suggesting an amateur Mae West, that we hadn't ordered anything. Noticing this, she came over to our table, asking, 'What's the matter with you poor kids, broke?' Just to see what she would do, we let her think so. 'Don't let it worry you if you're down on your luck,' she said. 'Even the sun has its ups and downs.' Slithering into a chair, she called to a passing waiter, 'Hey, Siegfried, bring three beers—and don't let their collars choke 'em to death!' She was pretty tight, but a good sort, and I liked her immensely. When I told her we were married she was touched by the romantic idea of husband and wife being out on a lark together.

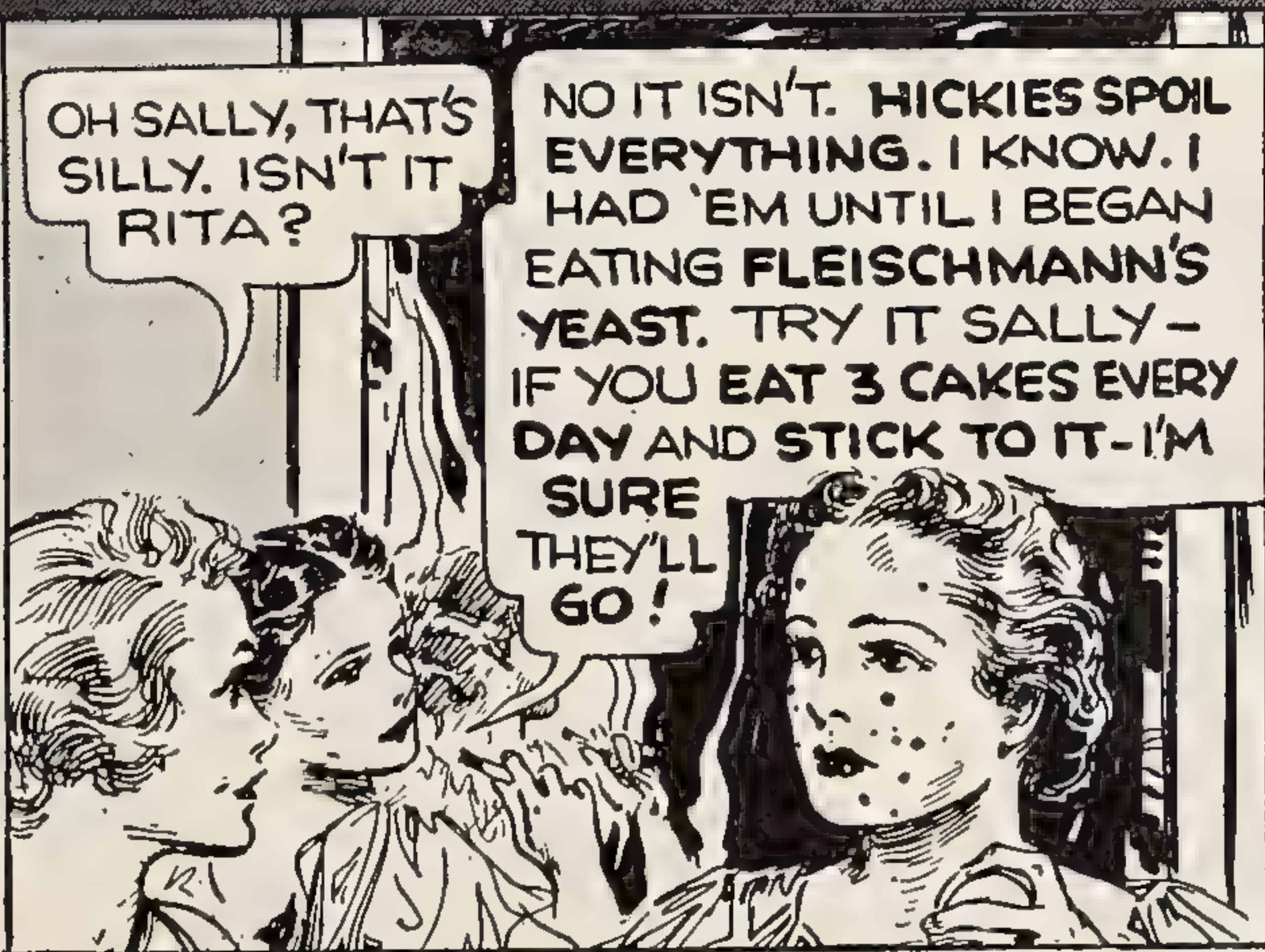
"I didn't tell her it was work that had brought me there. In her sentimental mood she began reciting poetry. Then she said she wrote poems herself, and reaching into the neck of a pathetic evening gown she drew out several scribbled on the backs of bills of fare. They were like Eddie Guest's, all about the home. She asked if we were keeping house and, told that we were, gave me several recipes—good ones, too. I gave her our telephone number and address, and she said she was coming up to the house and cook dinner for us. But I never heard from her. Sad, those people."

Sad as the *Lotta* taken bodily from that beer hall and brought to the screen, years and all. But putting years on for her or taking them off for the daughter apparently had meant nothing to Miss Farmer, whose age might be . . .

"I'm twenty-three," she lets you know. "I imagined *Lotta* to be between thirty and thirty-five, and her daughter about eighteen. It was the mother who interested me, not the girl. And in playing her the important thing was the woman's background. It must have been rather like that of the Hollywood beer parlor singer, whose old-fashioned name seemed to have come out of

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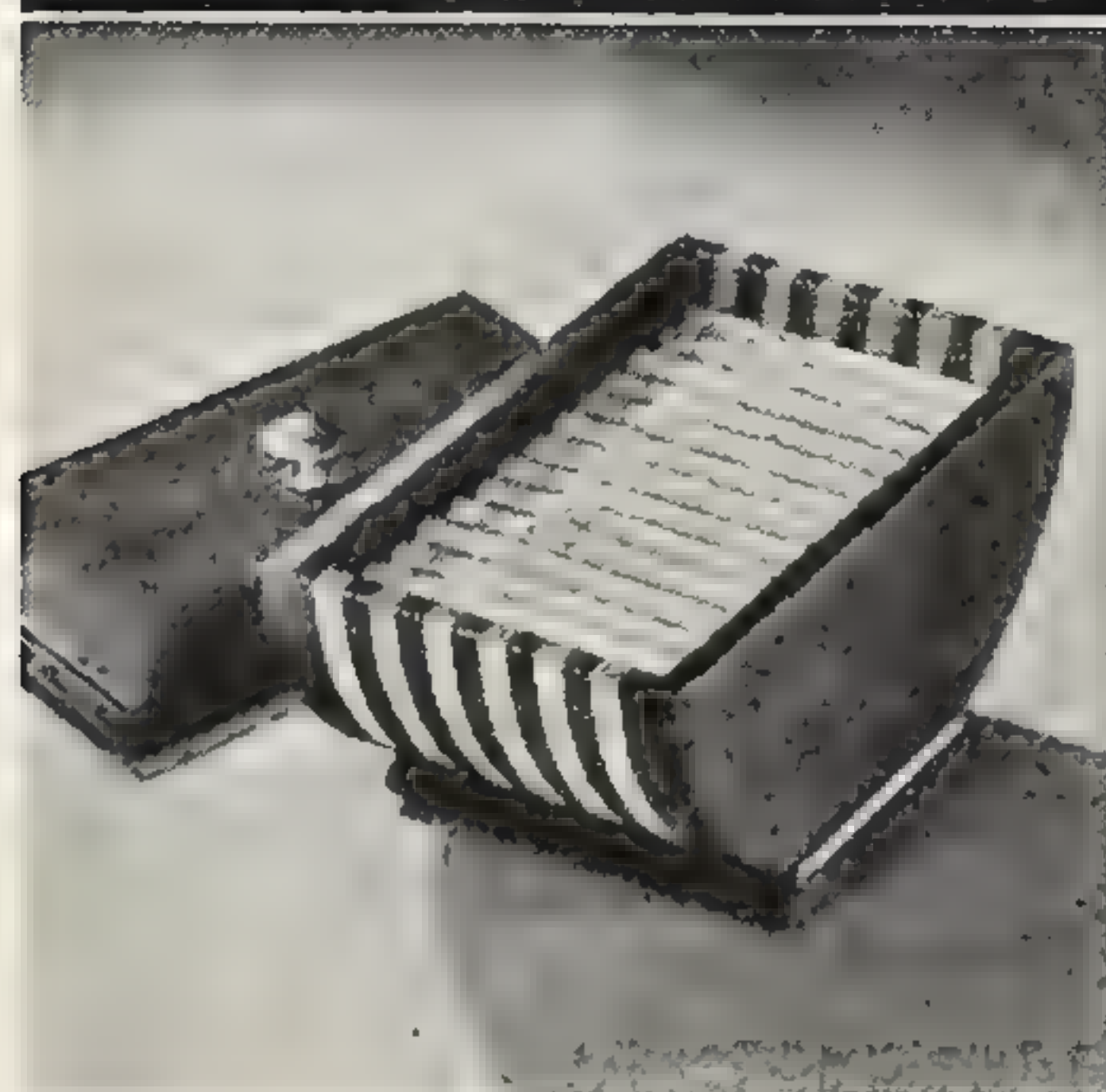


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lavendar. When she told me it I wanted to cry. Of course, women of her type change, so I was careful not to play *Lotta* too much on the sentimental side. I had to keep in mind the life into which she had drifted, for all her reactions depended on it when she was told that *Barney* had gone away to marry another woman. Now it struck me that the natural thing for her to do in that situation would be to get drunk. But Samuel Goldwyn wouldn't allow it. To him all women in pictures are virgins, no matter what their environment, and he solemnly assured me that it wouldn't be nice for a virgin to get drunk."

She smiles indulgently, then adds:

"So that part of my work went for nothing. But I'm not discouraged. I'm going to keep on trying to do real things. I want to do them on the stage when I've finished my six-year picture contract. In the meantime I realize I must make the most of my Hollywood work."

And, taking her at her word, you realize this Farmer in Hollywood is making hay while her sun shines.

Frances came to our attention first in "Rhythm on the Range" and, in spite of the fact that her rôle was slight, made a forcible dent in our memory, so that when she came along a little later as the tragic *Lotta* we already knew and liked her. Now, when we see her again as "The Toast of the Town," it will be like welcoming an old friend. Considering that she's a comparative newcomer to the screen, her record is—to use an old Hollywood bromide—*phenomenal!*

## "You Can't Do That!"

[Continued from page 33]

originators of various types of blackmail plots.

Some stars may—and do—suffer from restrictions forbidding the cup that cheers, especially in public places. This includes visits to night spots and other gay hang-outs, and applies especially to Hollywood's younger generation.

For the glamour queens, on the other hand, sophistication is sometimes compulsory. Bette Davis, nothing if not original, taboos for herself anything smacking of domestic science. Neither she nor Loretta Young can let their public know anything about their activities at home, or in the kitchen.

Children, marriage, and happy home lives were once forbidden for glamorous stars, but Norma Shearer courageously smashed that taboo when she had a baby and still retained popular favor. But even now, such male stars as Joel McCrea, John Boles and others prefer not to have their youngsters photographed.

Strangely enough, too much emphasis on a happy home life is now taboo for such stellar lights as Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone and Lili Damita and Errol Flynn. If divorce comes along, and we've learned to expect it from even the most devoted couples, the lovey-dovey stories would backfire and make Joan and Lili look foolish.

Taboo-makers were thrust in a quandary when Hollywood acquired a brand new race track at Santa Anita, right in their own back yard. Should gambling be banned? Joe E. Brown worked out the problem for himself. He owns race horses, but minimizes the betting angle. Nobody cares how many stories are told about his Sunday visits to his four-footed pals with pockets laden with



sugar, but Joe E. keeps mum on his winnings or losses when Nellie and Dobbin leap from their starting posts. Any mark of sophistication is "out" for Joe E.

Probably the most embarrassing "can't" for picture players is the one that forbids inviting their best friends to watch them on the set. We're thinking of one lovely opera star and her vitriolic remarks when her house-guests, a Lord and Lady from abroad, were forbidden to visit her dressing-room on the set after she personally invited them. "No visitors on Sound Stages" is an iron-clad rule. Even a titled nobleman may sneeze—and ruin the sound track!

These are just a few of the restrictions placed upon the thoughts, actions and speech of your movie favorites. Hundreds of others could be mentioned, proving the life of a screen sweetheart is just one "don't" after another. Even celluloid villains must be "men without countries," since the tiniest foreign lands grow indignant when unsympathetic characters are represented as being of their nationality.

And even when she's retired to the privacy of her own boudoir, a glamorous star still suffers under a taboo as she reviews the doings of the day. Can you guess it? Of course! She is not permitted to keep a diary!



Una Merkel and Anna May Wong attend a Hollywood party given for the benefit of the flood relief fund.

## Projections

[Continued from page 25]

from evenings before. Finally she felt that she was being walled in by bread and butter, suffocated by it, her fury increased, her mother was called, and Sylvia went back to public school. She still doesn't eat butter on her bread, or on anything.

When she was fifteen, and a pupil at a Brooklyn high school, Sylvia decided that she could wait no longer to start that career that she had planned for herself ever since she was old enough to know what a theatre was. Her parents had realized for five years that they had a talented daughter, so when Sylvia announced quite definitely that she was through with school



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# Kleinert's

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her father gave her a check for a hundred dollars, the enrollment fee in the dramatic school of the Theatre Guild.

With a hundred and fifty others Sylvia began studying stage technique, which included everything from lighting effects to selling tickets at the box office. At the end of eight months there were only twenty left. Winthrop Ames was the directing genius, and the organization listed as sponsors such brilliant and progressive names as Helen Westley, Philip Moeller, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

Sylvia was given the title rôle in "Prunella," the Guild School's graduating play, which proved the delight of the 1925 Broadway season. The play was sent on tour with Winifred Lenihan in charge, and naturally Miss Lenihan had to have discipline, and naturally our little Miss Sidney couldn't take orders from Miss Lenihan any more than she could from her former school teachers. Sylvia stayed out till past eleven one night and Miss Lenihan fired her from the troupe.

"I don't care," said Sylvia to herself and knew she was lying, "I can get jobs by myself." But no one would give her a job. At sixteen she decided she was a failure, and was wondering just how to end it all, when to her surprise she landed a job in "The Challenge of Youth," for which she was supposed to receive a weekly salary of one hundred and fifty dollars. She decided that instead of poison she would buy herself a leopard skin coat. The play ran exactly two weeks, and Sylvia had an unpaid for fur coat on her hands.

Sylvia's plays after that had a habit of opening and closing rather abruptly. She attracted a deal of attention in "Crime" in which she played a whimsical rôle. "Crime" you may recall had in its cast several other young people who were destined to become famous in Hollywood—Kay Francis, Chester Morris, Kay Johnson and Douglass Montgomery.

Then came stock in Denver where she played opposite Freddie March for fourteen weeks. From there she came to Hollywood on a Fox contract but her first picture, "Through Different Eyes," was far from being successful. Deciding that she was a failure once more, Sylvia returned to Broadway in the dumps. Soon afterwards she was cast as the girl in "Bad Girl," opposite Paul Kelly. The play was a hit and Sylvia was an overnight sensation. Movie scouts were hunting like mad for new faces (particularly faces that could talk) at that time, so it wasn't long before B. P. Schulberg had signed Sylvia on a Paramount contract to replace Clara Bow, the "It" girl, who was retiring from the screen.

When "City Streets," her first picture on her new contract, was released Paramount discovered that they did not have another Clara Bow, but an entirely new personality, a dramatic star of great emotional ability. At twenty-one Sylvia Sidney's name was on the marquee of nearly every theatre in the world. Acclaim! Renown! Wealth! Adoration! So what? So Sylvia continued to lead the same kind of life she had always led, calling herself a failure one minute and a success the next, depending upon her mood, making few friends because she only wants a few friends, working hard because it is part of her, and rebelling against all forms of imprisonment, chi chi conventions, and people with bird-brains. She is now under contract to Walter Wanger, has re-

cently completed "You Only Live Once" with Henry Fonda (no pun intended), and is looking forward to appearing in "Wuthering Heights" with Charles Boyer.

Along with that butter phobia (which also includes milk and cream) Sylvia grew up with an allergic to the color red. Red would throw her into a frenzy at a moment's notice. But lately she claims she has been able to overcome her aversion to red. "I don't know why. I just discovered that things looked prettier with a dash of red."

As mentioned before, she often drinks fifteen cups of coffee a day, smokes incessantly out of a long holder and wonders why she is so nervous. She never drinks, except a little wine occasionally on anniversaries, adores early morning horseback rides, and when she is making a picture she knits continuously (which is fortunate; indeed for the studio, else she would shred the sets). She swears she doesn't bite her nails, but she does.

She loves a choice bit of gossip, as who doesn't? And generally gets it at the hairdresser's, as who doesn't? But she only likes to gossip with people who are free souls, like herself, who do not salaam to Wealth or Name or Position. She has discovered that the hairdressers in Hollywood are the freest of the free souls. So when she feels like an honest talk with an honest person she has her hair waved. As soon as she gets back to her apartment she goes to the bathroom and with a wet comb completely combs out the wave. As she goes to one of the best "beauty salons" in town her honest talks are rather expensive. But honesty, dear reader, is a rare thing in Hollywood. Sylvia Sidney isn't the only one who knows that.

Although her gags and pranks are not publicized as those of Carole Lombard are, Sylvia in her quiet little way is one of our better pranksters. Yes, that "lonely child of sorrow" can think up some very embarrassing jokes to play on people. We have no space to go into them here but there is a dignified vice president who received a pig in a gay box at his bank one morning, not long ago, who is sitting up nights now trying to figure out some way of getting even with Miss Sidney.

Two things are always guaranteed to make her furious. (This might be a tip to the banker.) She cannot bear to have her picture taken by a candid camera photographer and a mutterer drives her insane. She has a very fine temper which flares up at the most unexpected moments, but being a swell gal she never takes it out on anyone else. She usually kicks a door or smashes something, and then she feels better. "I keep telling myself," says Sylvia, "that I have my temper under control, but it isn't true at all."

In October 1935, much to everyone's surprise, she eloped to Arizona by plane and married Bennett Cerf, popular New York publisher. But by February 1936 she had applied to the California courts for a divorce—which was effective this past February. Sylvia is now free to marry again and her name is being linked with B. P. Schulberg, producer, and with Norman Krasna, writer. "Just friends," says Sylvia. And I think she means it. Naturally Sylvia had too much sense and too much good taste to give out interviews on why she divorced Bennett Cerf, so Hollywood is still speculating and gossiping in the Hollywood manner, but it seems that not even the hairdressers know.

DOING his bit to aid the state motor vehicle department to cut down speedy and reckless driving, Gene Raymond has put a governor on his car which will not permit him to travel on the highways faster than thirty-five miles per hour.



## King Comic

[Continued from page 31]

of talking pictures. Jack became more popular than ever. He was rushed right from one picture to another, "mugging" his way to fame. And as he progressed he had one idea in mind—to be a good comedian. Unlike most comics, Jack has never aspired to do serious roles, although Ernst Lubitsch has always maintained that he would make a marvelous tragedian. With which expert opinion I heartily concur. But no one has ever been able to convince Jack himself that he should do "dramedy," as he calls it.

"A touch of dramedy here and there is okay," he'll tell you. "But can you imagine Oakie killing the people in black tights, whiffing 'Wherefore goest thou, big boy?' That's swell for a lean and handsome guy like Leslie Howard, but not for Mrs. Oakie's favorite son."

Funny thing about Jack. You're always discovering things about him. Of course, it's only recently that anyone has ever been able to get him to say a serious word about anything at all. I remember spending a whole afternoon on the set with an interviewer several years ago, trying to get him to seriously answer one question. We had a lot of fun and he gave out plenty of wisecracks, but he never did answer that question.

During this interview we were sitting up at the bar in the new Oakie home, currently referred to as "Sloppy Jack's Joint." Jack stood behind the bar, mixing drinks and drinking coca cola. That's his favorite beverage, nowadays. There was something different about Jack, it struck me. For one thing, his sweat shirt of the old days was gone. In its place he wore a good-looking



A scene from "Stepping Toes" with William Brisbane, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. What? No dancing!

white polo shirt, brown tweed coat and tan trousers. A white carnation was in his buttonhole—out of the garden, we were informed. Incidentally, it's his favorite flower.

"I was just wondering about how you study your lines," I began. "Do you really study them at home, or what's the procedure?"

"Well, you know," he said thoughtfully, "I've always found I get along better if I never see a script until I get on the set. All I want them to do is tell me what the scene is about and I say my own lines spontaneously. It seems to me the trouble

with most people is that they're afraid to be natural on the screen. Of course," he grinned, "the script girls have a lot of trouble with me. They never can find out where I'm at because I don't say the things they've got written down there. But when a director knows me, he usually lets me say what I want. Sounds better to him than something they've written for me. I can act better when I can be myself. Just toss the lines out to the audience and let 'em fall where they may. When you study them too much or take them too seriously, you lose that spontaneity."

# What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative...

SOMETIMES a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—even in minor matters.

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will give any laxative their approval, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, "Does my laxative qualify on every point?"

The doctor says that a laxative should be:  
Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should not:  
Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

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Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you'll find it so mild and gentle. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Its easy, comfortable action leaves you feeling better—*looking* better—with a greater zest for enjoying life.

Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are *doubly* important to a child.

And Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. . . . At all drug stores—10c and 25c. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S47, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

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Extra creaminess to make lashes look silky,  
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THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

"What about dramatic scenes, like in 'Fast Company' when they pull that dummy mike on you when you're talking to your mother?" I wanted to know. "And the time in 'Stolen Harmony' when you find that Judith Allen is in love with Bing Crosby instead of you and the swell scenes in 'Shoot the Works' and 'Call of the Wild'—didn't you rehearse them, either?"

"Nope," said my favorite dramedian firmly. "I just got 'em to tell me what the scene was about and then did it. 'Bring a lump to their throats and make 'em cough it up with a laugh,' I always say."

We got to talking about Jack's latest picture, "That Girl from Paris."

"That Lily Pons—she's swell!" Jack enthused. "See that picture up on the mantel she gave me? Gosh, it was swell working with her. She didn't care how much we gagged in the picture. Remember that line of mine—'Kill the People'? Well, she wanted to know what it meant. When they were shooting the scene where she leaves the

show to go to the Metropolitan they were stuck for a line for her to say. I suggested my line—just for a laugh. So she said it—and boy, did it get a laugh when she said 'Keel the pipples' with that funny accent of hers!"

Just then Venita came in—you know, the new Mrs. Oakie. She'd been shopping. Buying moulds for frozen desserts and an apron for the cook.

We walked across the lovely red brick patio, overlooking a swimming pool, and into the sun room.

I sort of hated to leave. They're nice people, those young Oakies.

"Did you see my Christmas present?" Venita called after me after I had said goodbye. "Look at it as you go out. It's in the driveway."

And sure enough, it was. A long, slim black car with white sidewalls on the tires. Nice enough, if you ask me. But probably not any too good for the Oakies at that, if you ask me, too.

## Girls They Won't See Again

[Continued from page 19]

nothing more. If you give it any other interpretation by wild protestations then you can put down the results as your own fault.

And that isn't my opinion. That's what the most popular bachelors in Hollywood say about it.

Erik Rhodes loathes a girl who likes to gossip. "The type that pans *more* attractive girls is found in every town," he told me while nonchalantly tapping his boots with a riding crop (and it wasn't a prop either for Erik is a real horseman) "but it seems to me, particularly in Hollywood, there are dozens of little stock actresses who sit at a table and give the works to all the celebrities present.

"You should hear that type. 'Look at that old battle-ax over there,' she'll say. 'Why, my dear, her face is so wrinkled they have to photograph her through a Navajo blanket.' That gets me down.

"But I certainly don't want a ga-ga girl. That 'mama-what-is-beer' stuff is out with me. I like a certain amount of sophistication, but I mean real sophistication and not the superficial kind.

"What I try to do is to pick the right girl for the right place. If it's a dressy affair I take a girl who shows off well and looks grand. If it's a party where there is going to be a lot of liquor I take a girl who knows how to drink and when to stop. No man in the world can stand a woman who gets really tight.

"But the thing I can't take is the girl who puts lip stick on and then smears it off her finger on the napkin. Somebody else can date the girl after that—not me."

By the way, Katherine DeMille is Erik's idea of a swell girl who behaves exactly right under all circumstances.

You've probably seen candid camera shots of tall, dark and handsome young Johnnie Downs beaming such glamor belles as Eleanor Whitney and Marsha Hunt. There's usually a big smile on Johnnie's face but that's a prop for the cameraman. Actually, figures are running through Johnnie's head and they're not the figures the girls he takes out are cutting.

"For," said Johnnie, and he was more serious than he's ever been in the movies. "to date a girl today means parting with too much hard earned cash. I don't blame the girls, I blame the system. They're victims of it, but we men are worse victims.

"Did you ever stop to figure out what it costs a guy to spend an evening in a girl's

company?"

I said no, I hadn't.

"Well, it's between ten and twenty-five bucks. I ask you, isn't that too much?"

"So I say give me the good old fashioned girl who still labors under the impression that a good time can be had without all the modern trimmings heaped on by scheming merchants. If a date means anything to a girl then cabs, flowers, expensive hotels for dancing and food shouldn't be necessary."

Young Owen Davis, Jr., is content if the girl friend just doesn't make a scene in public.

Owen is a swell kid. Ask Anne Shirley whether that's right or not. He lacks Bob Taylor's intensity and ferociousness when he's on a subject about which he feels deeply, but he has the most winning smile in Hollywood and a sort of boyish timidity that does things to the Great Mother Heart lurking in every woman from seventeen to seventy.

"If a girl can't dance," Owen confided. "I just crack a joke and say—well, I guess I'm pretty terrible myself and how about sitting this out and have a few laughs watching the other dopes. Gee, nothing matters much if you can have a lot of laughs."

"And doesn't anything make you mad?" I prodded.

"You bet!" (Oh, the lads have their opinions, make no mistake.) "It makes me sore as a sick cat to have a girl start a scene about the location of the table or the service we're getting—or something like that. I think some girls do it to show how clever and sophisticated they are. What they really show is just bad breeding. And anyhow, if something is wrong it's the guy's job to do the bawling out. It makes you feel like a dope in front of a head waiter for your girl to complain. Say, you're supposed to be the big he-man.

"Anyhow the whole idea of a date is just to have fun and be natural. And if a girl is smart and wants to be dated again she'll fall in with the man's mood. She'll watch to see what he likes and what isn't making a hit with him.

"Oh, I get along with most girls. I have a swell time."

They called him on the set just then. He was almost before the cameras when he came running back. "I forgot," he said breathlessly, "there's another thing that drives me nuts. I can't stand having a girl



talk about her animals—you know, going on for hours telling me what cute things her dog or her cat did. That's when I get bored . . . Yes, I'm coming."

Owen has had his share of dating experience. Before Anne Shirley, there was Florence Rice, Mary Rogers (Will's daughter), Miriam Hopkins, Margaret Callahan and Virginia Fields—to name a few.

Over on the Paramount lot I had to fight my way through a crowd of girls to come within shouting distance of Tom Brown. And if I gave you the list of lassies he's squired hither and thither there wouldn't be room for another word of this story.

He didn't say whether or not every girl he goes out with is his ideal but he expects a girl to be vivacious, natural and attractive. Besides she must dance well, be up on the new shows and know something about the business he's in.

"I've gone out with a lot of girls,"—and that, dear reader, is rank understatement—"but one of the best scouts I ever dated was Anne Shirley. I hate anybody who isn't a good sport. By good sport I mean an unaffected, sincere girl who always seems to get a kick out of being asked out whether it's the Coconut Grove or just a hike in the hills.

"I can't stand girls who use too much make-up," continued Tom, "and I hate them when they get that—you know that 'startled fawn' attitude. Or girls who give the ritz to old friends.

"But don't get me wrong. I'm not crazy about the home body type. I think a career for a girl is swell. A girl can be ambitious and interested in her work—Anne is—and still have a grand sense of humor and be a pal. But if a girl gets sulky and disagreeable on a date with me it's good-bye and I'm picking up my hat. They don't interest me by being sophisticated and bored."



International

Friendly families—Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Ross (Jean Arthur) and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer (Pat Paterson).

Young Eric Linden is a different type from Bob Taylor, Erik Rhodes, Owen Davis or Tom Brown. The Hollywood night spots can go fall in the middle of a De Mille set for all Eric cares. His idea of an amusing evening is the Ballet Russe (and Eric knows how to pronounce it) a symphony concert or an intense discussion about books, poetry, music. Yet he knows how to order a dinner perfectly and never forgets to be gallant and courteous.

If you went out with Eric there's one thing you would have to be—and that's intelligent. And the thing you couldn't be

—and ever get another date with him—is a petty gossip. Let a girl be catty toward another girl, let her repeat to him the latest hot rumor that has the town ablaze and—well!—her telephone may ring again but Eric won't be at the other end of the wire.

So there you are, girls—a little lesson in popularity. And it occurs to me that you boys should organize a small vote-of-thanks club for your Hollywood brothers who have been honest enough to give some silly girls the sort of straight-forward talking to they deserve.

## SHORTCUT TO BEAUTY

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YOU CAN... for here's Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup, a blended harmony of face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara. It's makeup tailor-made for you, for it's keyed scientifically to your own personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

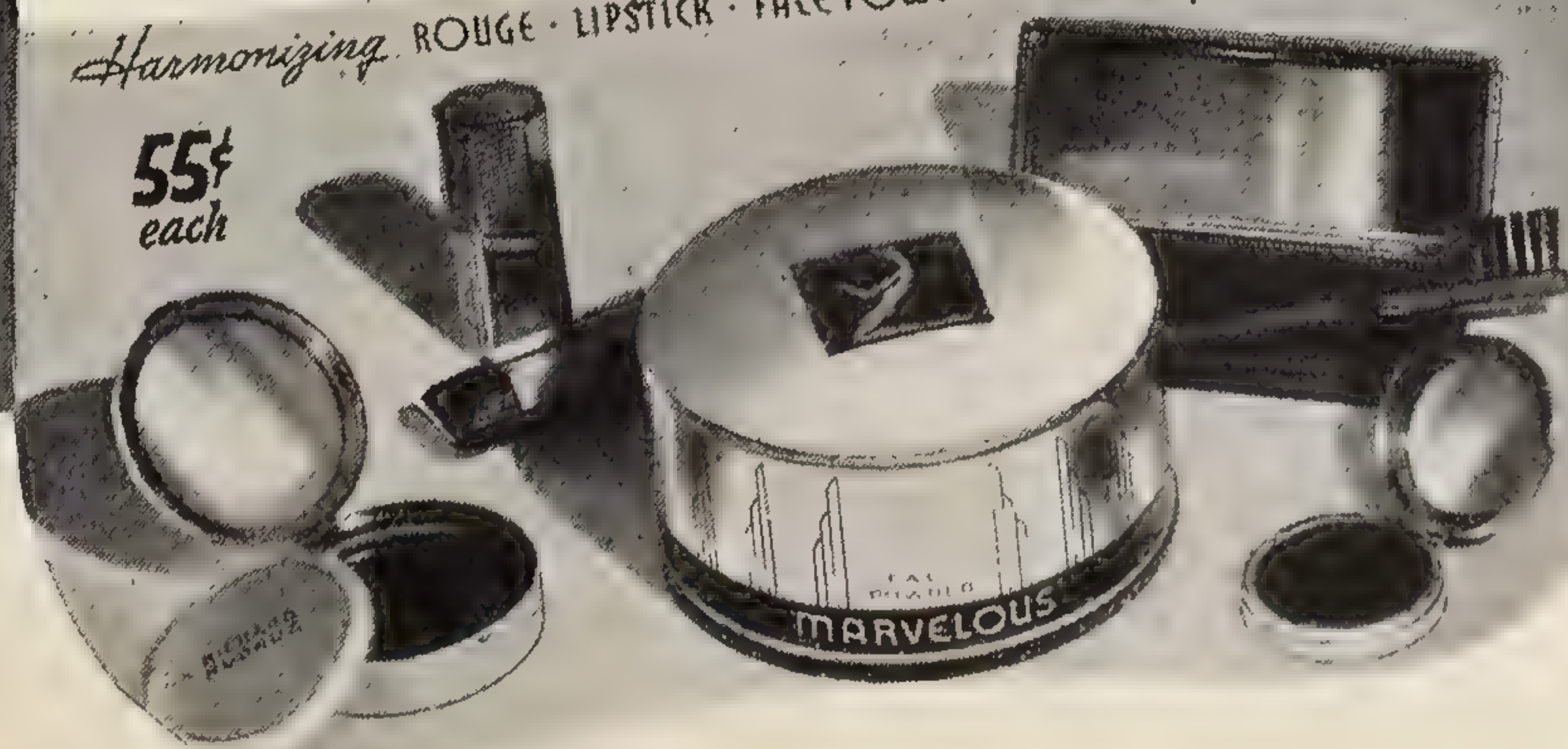
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# "Oh Mother!

## I'VE LOST MY JOB!"



**T**HE job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know *why* she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid — with Mum!

**Quick and easy to use.** Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm — and you're safe for the whole busy day.

**Harmless to clothing.** You can use Mum any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

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**Doesn't prevent natural perspiration.** And another important thing — Mum doesn't interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly odor of perspiration.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

**LET MUM HELP YOU IN THIS, TOO.** Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.



### MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

## Cream of the Crop

[Continued from page 23]

and after six idle months Doris returned to New York. Along came Al G. Woods who gave her the big boost by putting her in the leading role of "The Night of January 16th," which opened at the Ambassador Theatre, in New York, September 15, 1935. Her success was immediate and the play became one of the season's big hits.

Again tested for the screen, she signed with Universal, and the day after her arrival in Hollywood she started her first picture, "The Man I Marry," and was off on her swift race to fame.

Blonde Sonja Henie, who comes from Osla, Norway, via ice-skating championships, invites extravagant superlatives. She's a real find.

Sonja's story is thrilling. Balancing herself on skates for the first time on Christmas day, when she was six, she has spent the intervening years mastering the intricate figures. Now, at twenty-two, she stands at the very top of this art, being ten-times world ice-skating champion and three-times Olympic champion. Her unprecedented success in her first picture, "One In A Million," is one of the season's triumphs. Her new film, "Hans Brinker and The Silver Skates" will be a dazzling encore, with the little queen of ice miracles entering a world of fantasy in which her blonde loveliness and skill will be given full play. So, Sonja joins the preferred group who will add to cinema history.

Slim, Viennese Tilly Losch scored in her first film, David Selznick's Technicolor production, "The Garden of Allah," where her native dance in the Arabian cafe, flaming with sensuous beauty and intensity, became one of the high spots in the desert love drama. So vivid and vital was she that the late Irving Thalberg took one look at the picture and signed her for the role of Lotus, youthful sweetheart in "The Good Earth." "It is an ideal part for Tilly, one that is bound to sweep her to fame.

At the age of five she began taking ballet lessons, making her debut in the Vienna grand opera while still in her teens. She has danced in all the European capitals and was brought to New York by Max Reinhardt. Now she has a seven year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and her next picture will probably be a talking version of the early Garbo sensation, "The Flesh and the Devil," with Clark Gable and Robert Taylor. In this Tilly will forsake her dancing and emerge as a dramatic actress. She has no regrets, as she feels she has gone as far as she can with the dance, while the dramatic field will never be fully explored. Tilly has carved a niche all her own. She's mysterious, baffling. She is romance—and dynamite!

It's goodlooking, twenty-two year old Wayne Morris who is the white hope at the Warner Brothers studio. A few months ago he made his film debut in "China Clipper." He clicked so definitely that he was put into "King of Hockey," then, "Don't Pull Your Punches." Viewing this latter film, the studio executives saw Wayne's skill in dealing wicked right-hand punches and they arose as one man, to give him the title role in their big production, "Kid Galahad." This definitely puts him among the stars.

A native son of Los Angeles, yet Wayne didn't reach the studios until he had put in long, hard years learning to act. He has a record of more than forty stage plays at the famous Pasadena Playhouse, which pays in honors and experience rather than checks. Through a remarkable singleness of purpose and downright grit, he won a contract with Warners.



Admitting he's a bit breathless over his sudden success, he told me, "My chief reaction is *gratitude*. I realize I got the breaks, I was in the front line when opportunity came, and it so happened that each picture built right up to 'Kid Galahad,' which I've just finished. It couldn't have been planned more perfectly. I've a long way to go but believe me, nothing is going to stop me!"

The sixth on the list is the luscious Dorothy Lamour, born away down in New Orleans, a real southern heartbreaker. It was when she was five that she first proved a trouser, for she won a basket of groceries at a neighborhood theatre's amateur night, doing a song and dance number.

Her climb to success has been a hard one. There were beauty contests that brought no rewards, there were months working as a model and also as elevator girl at Marshall Fields' Department store in Chicago. Then, because she had a voice, she won a chance to sing at a popular hotel's celebrity night, and Herb Kay, the well known orchestra leader, immediately engaged her to sing with his organization. She remained with it for three years, then married Mr. Kay, to continue the contract for life. In the meantime, she became a radio star with the National Broadcasting System, singing on the Shell hour. It was when her outlet over NBC was changed that Dorothy came to Hollywood, where Paramount scouts signed her to play the leading role in "The Jungle Princess."

Her unique beauty, with its mysterious, haunting quality, illuminated this Malay drama and she was hailed a star. Despite the hardships she encountered, such as wrestling with tigers and monkeys, jumping into icy lakes, living for weeks in a location camp in the high mountains, and walking some five miles a day in her bare feet, Dorothy's enthusiasm for acting never waned. She'll be seen next playing a prominent part with Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard in "Swing High, Swing Low," which will reveal more and more of the glamorous Lamour's abilities.

With a piquant face, a body beautiful, a certain sex appeal, a sweet femininity and a voice of unusual charm, Dorothy is on her way to garner many laurels.

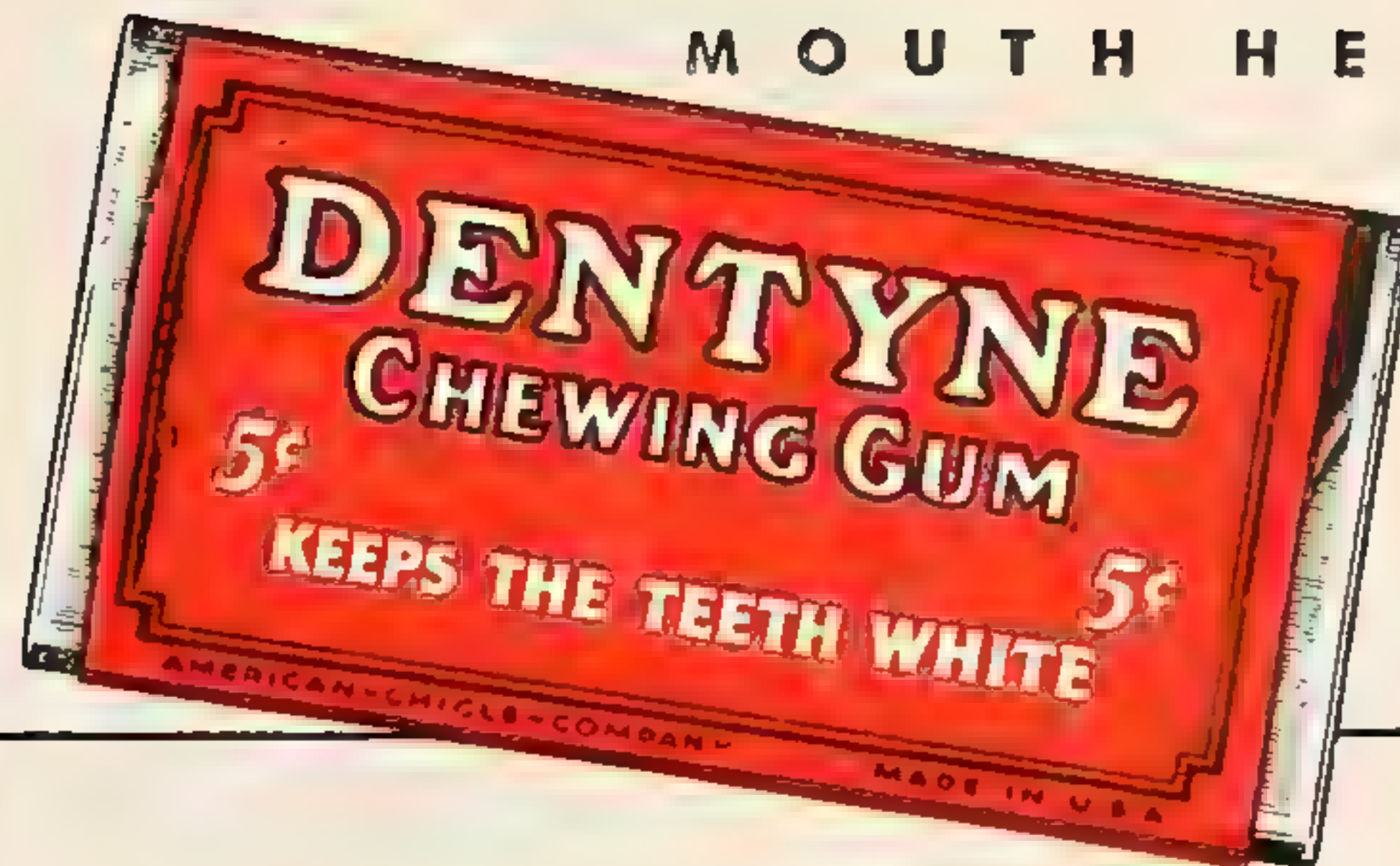
So here are the six whom I believe will become topnotchers during the coming year: Tyrone Power, the lad who inherited a famous stage name, Sonja Henie, the Norwegian skating champion, Tilly Losch, a dancer from old Vienna, Doris Nolan, the determined, Wayne Morris, with his vibrant youth and infectious grin, and the radio singer, Dorothy Lamour. Each brings an intriguing, a "different" personality to view, each has the stuff from which stars are made. This is what the screen is crying for!



Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are making a picture for Grand National. It is called "Two Shall Meet."

KEEPS TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY



*She ~~HAD~~ HAS her Mother's smile*



### DENTYNE WAKES UP LAZY MOUTHS ...PEPS UP HALF-HEARTED SMILES.

You may still have your mother's charming natural smile. But today's soft foods may rob you of the fine healthy teeth and gums, the natural, easy smile of her generation, with its hard foods that gave the mouth the exercise it needed. You can keep that mouth-happy smile the way other smart moderns are doing it . . . by chewing Dentyne. Its special consistency helps keep the teeth white,

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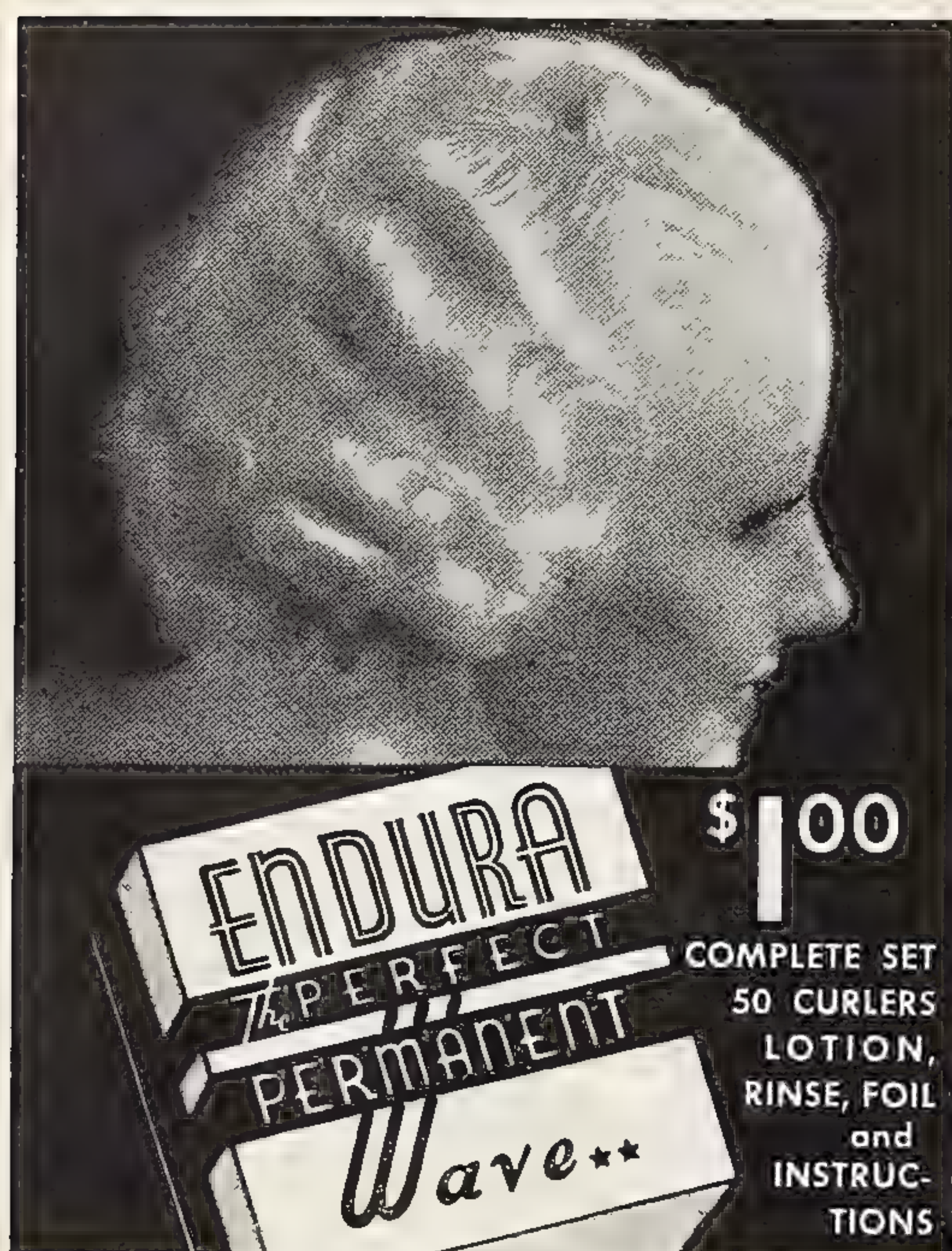
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**BOTH MEN and WOMEN AMAZED**  
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## The Big Moment

[Continued from page 17]

unraveled clues.

After "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" Jean was naturally the hit of the town. And then it happened. Cecil B. De Mille and Paramount were in a huddle over "The Plainsman"—it seems that there was only one person in Hollywood who could play Calamity Jane, and that was Jean Arthur. And, too, Paramount was quite naturally eager to team Jean with Gary again, after their terrific box-office success in "Mr. Deeds."

Jean Arthur was in a swell spot. The studio that had once dropped her without even so much as a "Pardon us" was now figuratively on its knees begging her to come back. Being human, Jean got a big thrill out of it. I do not know the financial deal she made with Paramount to do the picture but there are rumors to the effect that not only did she save her wounded pride, but she did all right towards salving her bank account. And wasn't she swell as Calamity Jane?

"The biggest thrill in my life," Bette Davis told me as she caught her breath between "takes" of "Marked Women," "was the night my mother called me long distance from New York and told me about the opening there of 'Of Human Bondage.' She told me how the audience had applauded at the end of the picture, and little scraps of conversation she had overheard, and how proud she had felt to be my mother. Then she read me the reviews from the early morning editions of the New York papers. I drank in every word. As I realized that I had made a definite impression with my characterization of Mildred, a new world seemed to open to me.

"Leslie Howard, when I was cast in the part, threw up his hands in despair. 'Can any American manage that peculiar cockney accent necessary for that type of English girl?' He assured me that he had confidence in my ability to act the role, but he had grave doubts about the accent. And if Mildred had a phony accent the picture would be completely ruined. I made up my mind I would master that Cockney dialect

if it was the last thing I ever did.

"I asked an Englishwoman, familiar with the way such girls as Mildred spoke, to live in the house with me and watch my accent. Morning, noon, and night I worked on it—I even answered the telephone with it—and naturally I nearly drove my family mad. Poor Ham (Bette's husband, Harmon Nelson) walked out of the house more than once and swore he'd never come back until I stopped being Mildred. You have no idea how my family suffered. But Mildred meant everything to me. I was to sink or swim with Mildred.

"It was worth it, though, when I found that I had mastered the accent sufficiently to win the praise of those most interested, and Leslie was the first to congratulate me and to say that he was sorry he had doubted my ability. So, when the critics accepted me so graciously, and my mother read me some of the New York notices, I can truthfully say that up to that time nothing had given me such a thrill of sheer happiness—and nothing is truer than that sense of happiness which comes from acknowledgment of work that you believe to have been well done.

"Mildred was such an odd character—everything seemed wrong about her—and she did not seem to have one redeeming quality. People said I was a fool to want to play her, but she was a challenge to my imagination. I was fed up with the type of stories I had been doing and when the chance came to play such a character I jumped at it. I knew if I failed it might be the end of my career. That is another reason why I felt the thrill of a lifetime when I knew that I had run the risk of badly denting my career and had come out with flying colors.

"If you want a second big moment in my life I think it was recently when I returned from that rather eventful trip abroad. After those awful months of fighting in the English law courts I found myself nearing New York harbor. I felt a wave of happiness surging over me, and a sense of great peace."



Anna Sten gives a surprise party in a cafe and uses the microphone to greet her guests, while Ben Bernie provides the musical setting.



## Voices in the Upper Air

[Continued from page 27]

must put everything he has on one pitch and trust that it cuts squarely across the plate. The movie star is acutely conscious of this when he steps before the microphone, and he or she is not prepared for it. Radio has no private cutting-room. Whatever shoddy work is done is exposed to every living room in the country.

Loretta Young, when she broadcast in New York, was pretty nearly a nervous wreck. Only a telegram from her kid sister saved the day, a telegram that was delivered just before Loretta went to the mike: "Youth of country listening in, Toots," gaily wired the kid sister, "keep it clean." The humor of the warning to keep it clean stripped Loretta of all her nervousness and she turned in an excellent job. Fred Astaire, now a radio star in his own right, made his first radio appearance on the Rudy Vallee hour while he was playing in "Band Wagon." He and Adele Astaire sang, and the tremolo of nervousness was so pronounced in her voice that you could picture her mental distress at the ordeal. Lupe Velez made her first broadcast on my program some years back. As she finished her song, Lupe stepped back and quite unaware that the microphone could pick up her voice as she retreated from it, said: "That was lousy." There was a horrified silence from the C.B.S. engineers as the frank ad lib spattered out on the air, coast to coast.

Quite a few of the movie stars made their debut in radio under my sponsorship. Jack Benny, today the top man on the air, made his first appearance at C.B.S. on a program I was master of ceremony-ing for Gerardine. Benny, in that first program, used the same type of self-kidding humor that is the hallmark of his work today, so don't ever believe those who tell you that his radio success was the product of a script writer's cleverness. In his first program with me, he indicated the route he'd pursue.

Sonja Henie impressed the broadcasters as a nice-fat-cheeked girl. She showed up with her parents and they followed her all over the studio. Roland Young won a rating as a "right guy" in radio by his treatment of Donald Dickson, a new singing find. Dickson never had read lines on a broadcast. Young took him aside and coached him in delivery for twenty minutes. Radio marked him down as a 100 percenter.

George M. Cohan was so overcome by emotion when he was broadcasting his "Song and Dance Man" that the program ran one minute and thirty seconds beyond its allotted time. He evidently saw in the play a parallel to his own life and he was weeping openly when he came to the nostalgic passages. Jimmy Durante made his radio debut on my program; so did Jack Pearl and Alice Brady. I don't remember anything particularly significant about these occasions, save Miss Brady appearing just one minute before we went on the air. She explained casually that she had stopped to buy a cute dog she'd seen in a shop.

Gracie Allen, of Burns and Allen, doesn't have to be funny off the screen. On her last trip east, an autograph fiend halted her for an autograph as she was leaving the broadcasting studio: "Sign your name please, Miss Allen," said the girl, opening a book to two blank pages: "Which page will I sign?" asked Gracie seriously but the girl believed Miss Allen was cracking a joke: "How do you like that?" giggled the youngster. "She doesn't even know what page to sign." This information, relayed to the other autograph seekers out near the elevator, produced

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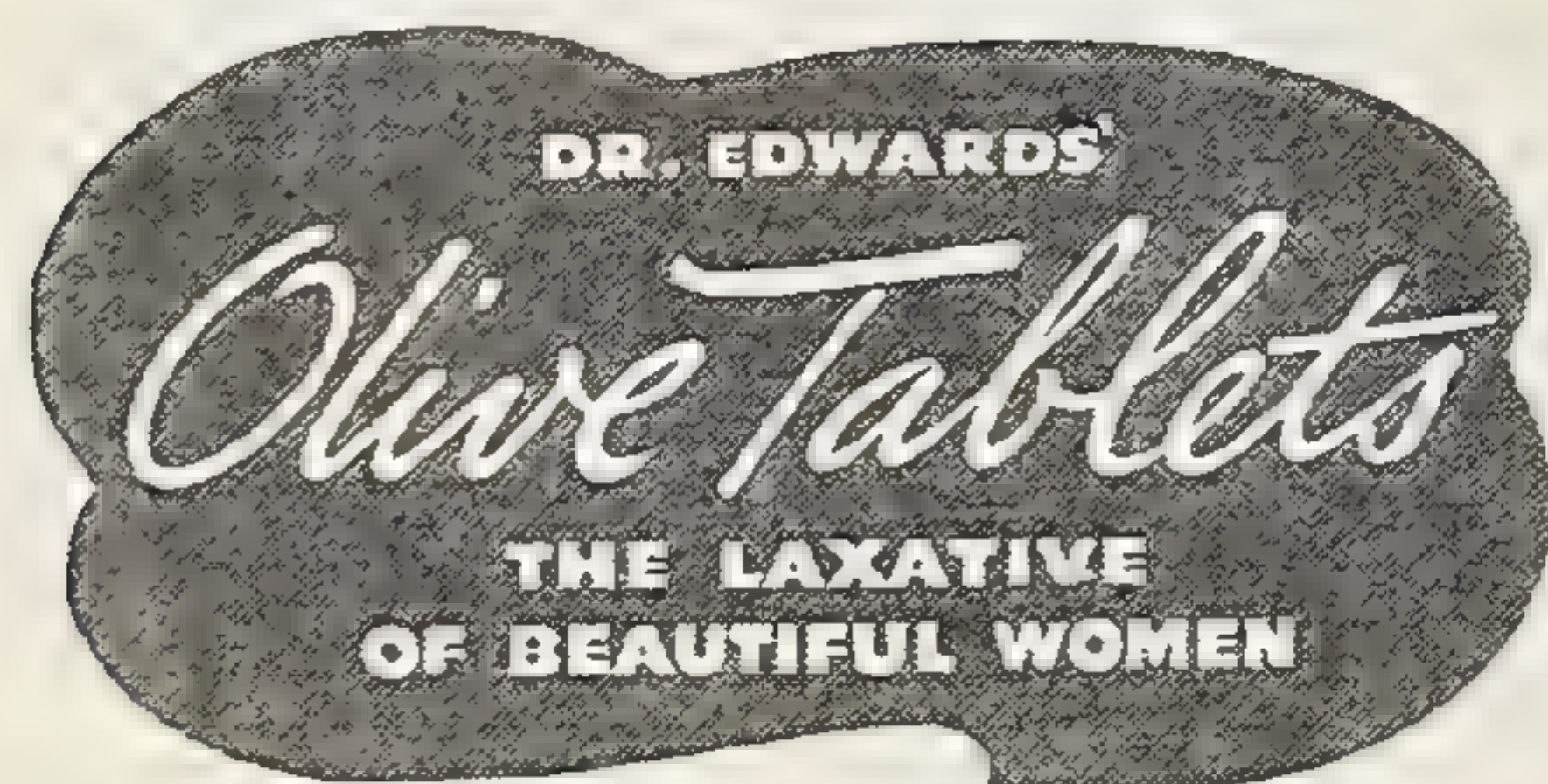


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**KEEP YOUR WEIGHT DOWN!**

spasms of mirth: "Boy, she's a card," said the elevator operator. So convinced are they that Gracie is dopey that anything she says innocently is seized as support for that conviction.

Edward G. Robinson appeared with me on one broadcast. I was impressed with the serious manner in which he went over the script, changing a word here, altering a phrase there. Each change he made was shrewd and showmanly. Georgie Raft, on one of my programs, was ill at ease when pinned down to a script. He talks much more freely when he is permitted to ad lib. Raft knows exactly what the public likes to hear a movie star say. That night, he based his appearance on Wilson Mizner's warning to "Be nice to the people you meet on the way up, because they're the same people you must meet on the way down." It was tremendously effective in its modesty.

Radio, of course, is an old chore to Eddie Cantor. Most amusing sidelight in the Cantor broadcasts from New York is what goes on before a program. He headquarters at the Warwick Hotel, and his suite is overrun by song pluggers, song writers, gag men, friends of a friend of the family, agents—in fact, so vast is the volume of foot traffic in his suite that it is difficult to find Cantor.

Wallace Beery surprised the radio pundits by being very quiet and reserved. Charlie Butterworth is the same away from the radio as he is in the actual program, droll, oddly awkward in speech and gesture. Leo Carrillo is best remembered by New York radio stations because he invited everyone he came in contact with to visit him on his California ranch. If all the people he invited actually accepted, he'd need a ranch as huge as San Simeon to accommodate them.

However, the radio studios, convinced that movie stars definitely have the glamour that the networks need, are shifting more and more to the west. C.B.S. already has opened a Coast broadcasting station. WOR-Mutual has joined the Don Lee stations to its web, and N.B.C. shortly will have a big station outside of Los Angeles. The onrush of television makes it imperative for the big chains to be on the ground in Hollywood, to take advantage of the stars who headquarter there, and, as a result, fewer and fewer movie star programs are originating from New York. The Rudy Vallee program, the Joe Cook program—these are about the last of the big guest star features which are holding out against the new trend to the western celluloid coast. But, though the radio empire is moving westward, the movie stars have left a lot of memories for the N.B.C. and C.B.S. boys in New York, who worked with all of them on their eastern trips.

## Love in a Hideaway

[Continued from page 30]

"Why did you start our morning that way?" he wanted to know.

"Because I realized how dangerous it would be to spend another night here." Her candid eyes grew confused. "I mean," she added hastily, "the weather. It's liable to snow. Snow is serious. You heard what Mr. Henry said last night—"

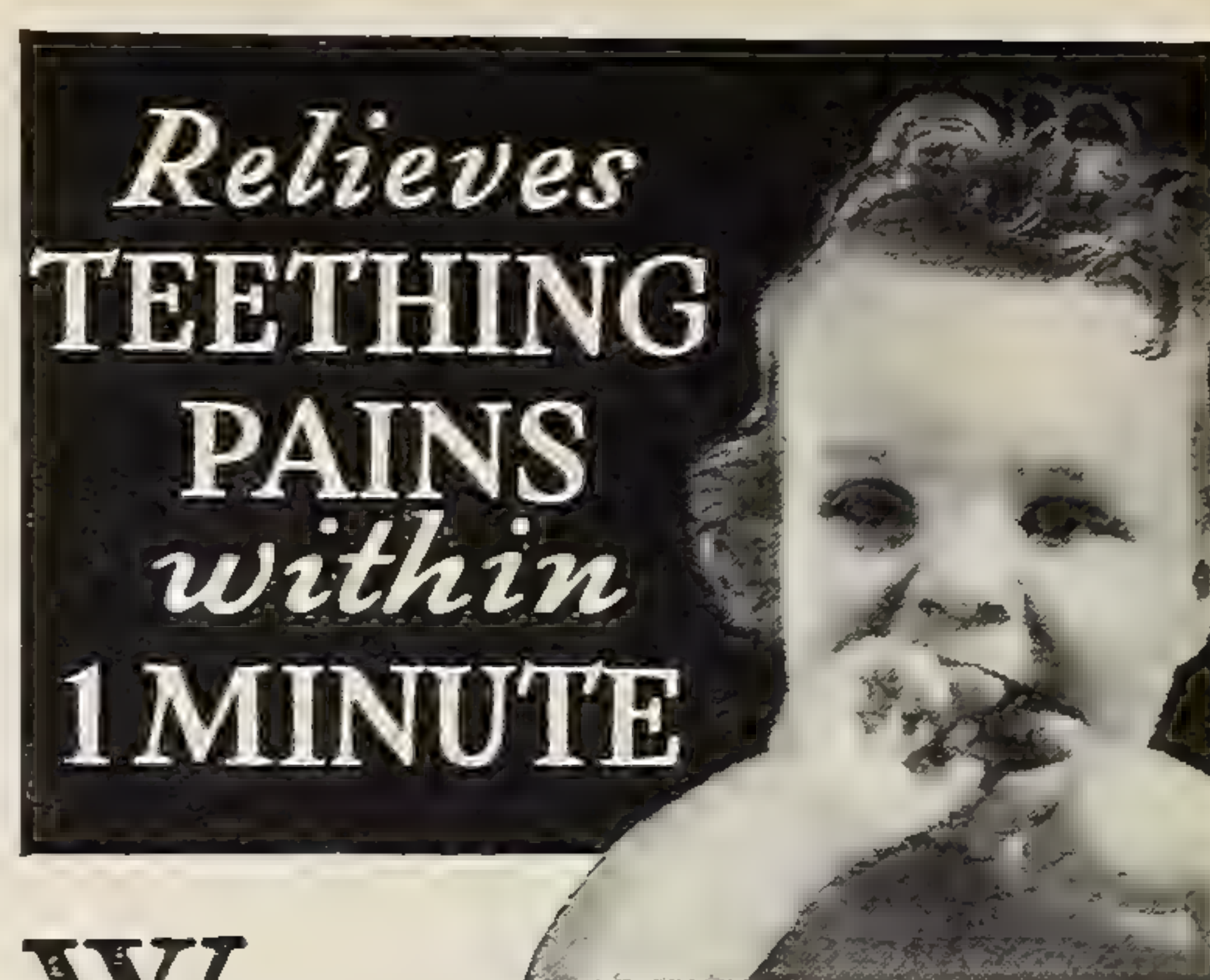
That reminded Peter of something. "Mr. Henry's keeping remarkably quiet this morning!" He strode to the bedroom and opened the door. "He's gone!"

"Yes," said Millicent calmly. "I sent him for the police. Would you like a cup of coffee before you go?"

"But I thought you were hiding out from the police yourself?"

She shrugged. "All they can do is return me to my family. I choose to be returned. What about the coffee?"

In dour silence he gathered up his gun and his suitcase. At the kitchen door he



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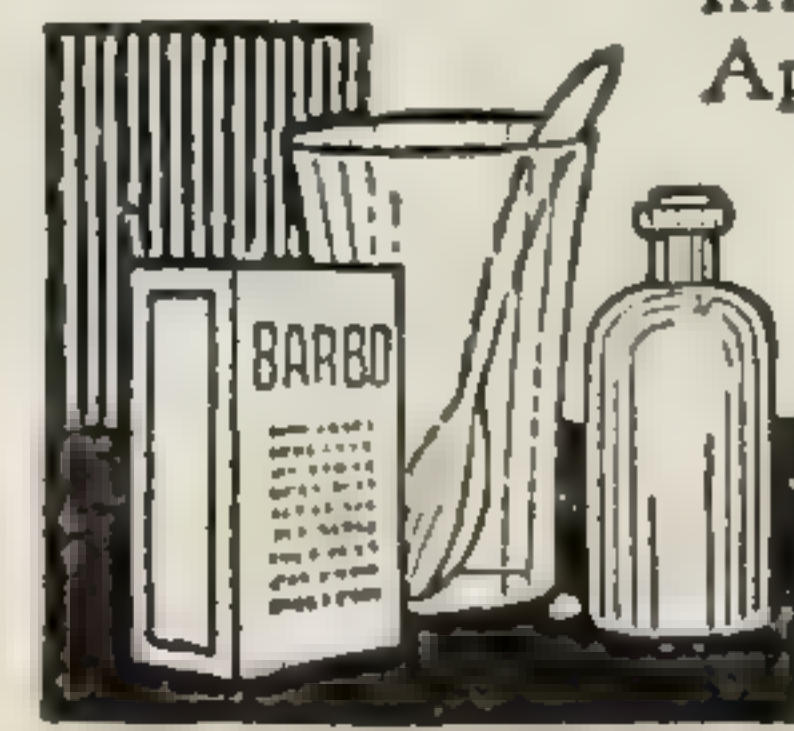
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Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.





paused to growl his answer, "I don't want any of your coffee. I don't want any of you!"

He meant it; he was leaving her alone. In vain she followed him to his car, begging for a lift as far as the state road. Peter was mad. The car shot away down the mountain trail.

Millicent went back into the cabin. She felt lonesome without Peter. She wished she hadn't been so smart about sending Ed Henry for help. Maybe Peter was a gangster, but still . . .

She heard a car returning to the cabin. She smiled. Peter was coming back. She waited for him in the cabin, smiling to herself. The door opened. He came in.

"Forget something?" she inquired airily.

Peter didn't answer. No wonder. This was not Peter. This was a short, barrel shaped man buttoned into a heavy winter coat, a hat brim drawn across his eyes. "Where's the mug?" he inquired in a voice like the creak of a rusty hinge. Dutch Nelson had dropped in for a visit.

The gangster planted Millicent on the couch while he searched the cabin. In the midst of that search another car was heard. The door opened again. Peter walked in. He had returned to offer Millicent a lift back to town.

"This looks like a good hideaway," said Dutch when explanations had been made. "We're all gonna stay here."

Peter began to laugh.

"What's funny, Mug?"

"Your picking this place for a safe hideout when there's a flock of cops on the way!"

Dutch thought it over. His car stood near the kitchen door. He fired two bullets into the gas tank.

"Now pack me up some grub," he ordered. "I'm taking *your* car. Make it snappy."

Millicent and Peter carried the carton of tinned rattlesnake meat to his car. He was welcome to it. Dutch had the engine going. He left without a word of farewell.

Night had returned to the cabin again. The police Millicent sent for had not come. It looked now as if they might never come for winter, long threatening over Hogback Mountain had loosed a blizzard that howled a fiend's chorus about the cabin and piled the drifts up to its roof.

Peter glowed about the firelit room.

"What do we do about dinner?" he demanded.

"If I see caviar again tonight I'll scream," Millicent moaned.

"If you see it again . . . if I see it again . . ." He turned on her, hard with resolution. "I'm sorry, but the rabbit has got to go—"

Mildred sprang to defend the bedroom door. Her lip trembled piteously; her eyes were moist. "No . . . please . . . don't . . ."

"The rabbit has got to go!" Peter re-

Fictionization of "Fifty Roads To Town," Comedy Drama, Produced by 20th Century-Fox and Directed by Norman Taurog. Screen Play by William Conselman and George Marion, Jr., From the Novel by Louis Frederick Nebel.

#### THE CAST

Millicent Kendall . . . Ann Sothern  
Peter Nostrand . . . Don Ameche  
Sheriff Dow . . . John Qualen  
Dutch Nelson . . . Douglas Fowley  
Henry . . . Slim Summerville  
Henry's Wife . . . Jane Darwell  
Percy . . . Stepin Fetchit  
LeRoy Smedley . . . Allan Lane

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But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as your face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood part of you.

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Yet for each of these girls and women—for you, too—there is a *right* shade of face powder. It won't subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No! This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatter you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new "you" that you never dreamed you could be!

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*wrong!* You aren't a type. You're yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alight—you'll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(32)

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iterated, his voice like the crack of doom. Gun in hand he swept open the bedroom door. On the floor lay the rabbit and about her clustered fifteen small bundles of cottony white—fifteen little rabbit strangers.

Peter put away the gun with a sigh. "A triumph of Mother over Menu," he groaned.

There was a long silence. Peter stared gloomily at the caviar and the plate of saltine crackers and the tinned hearts of artichoke. Millicent watched Peter. She said at last, softly "Peter, why are you hiding from the police?"

He shrugged. He was going to tell the truth. "I'm running away from a divorce case."

She stiffened. "Your own?"

"No! Just a witness. The two people involved were friends of mine. I didn't want to have to testify."

"So you were the *other man*!"

"Yes," he sighed. "But quite innocently. One night, *very* late, they had a terrific quarrel. She came to me for advice. And the husband came after her!" He sighed. "I'm the sort of fellow who stops to watch two other fellows fighting and winds up in the hospital while they are shaking hands." He rose to put another log on the fire. Millicent's eyes followed him. Her eyes were amused—and tender.

"Did anyone ever tell you you're pretty swell?" she whispered.

"Huh?" said Peter, deafened by his own wood chopping.

"Nothing. Skip it."

The snow had stopped. Dawn was breaking, a pallid, chill, gray light that showed the snowbound cabin and the leafless woods and shadowy figures of men sneaking all about it.

The Sheriff whispered to his chief deputy, as they waited for daylight in a shack a short distance from the cabin. "This feller might try to use the girl as a shield. Be careful not to hit her. But if he shoots

first, let him have everything we've got . . ."

Later Peter peered from a window. He had a glimpse of a figure darting behind a tree. "Hey!" he shouted. "Millicent, it's a hunter or somebody! We're saved! I'll signal him."

He pointed the pistol skyward and fired rapidly. From outside came a prolonged rattle like coal going down a shoot. Window glass burst. Pictures dropped from the walls. Wood splinters filled the air. Above the clatter of destruction came the demoniac whine of flying lead. A machine gun went into action and began carving designs on the front door. Tear gas bombs rained against the cabin and their noxious fumes drifted back into the forest to choke the men who threw them.

Millicent staggered from sleep, still wrapped in rugs and blankets. Peter grabbed her and hurled her to the floor. He threw himself flat beside her. Around them dishes continued to shatter, tinware crashed from the shelves. Sixteen frenzied rabbits galloped back and forth across them as they pressed their faces to the floor.

Her lips close to Peter's ear so that she could be heard, Millicent demanded, "What is this?"

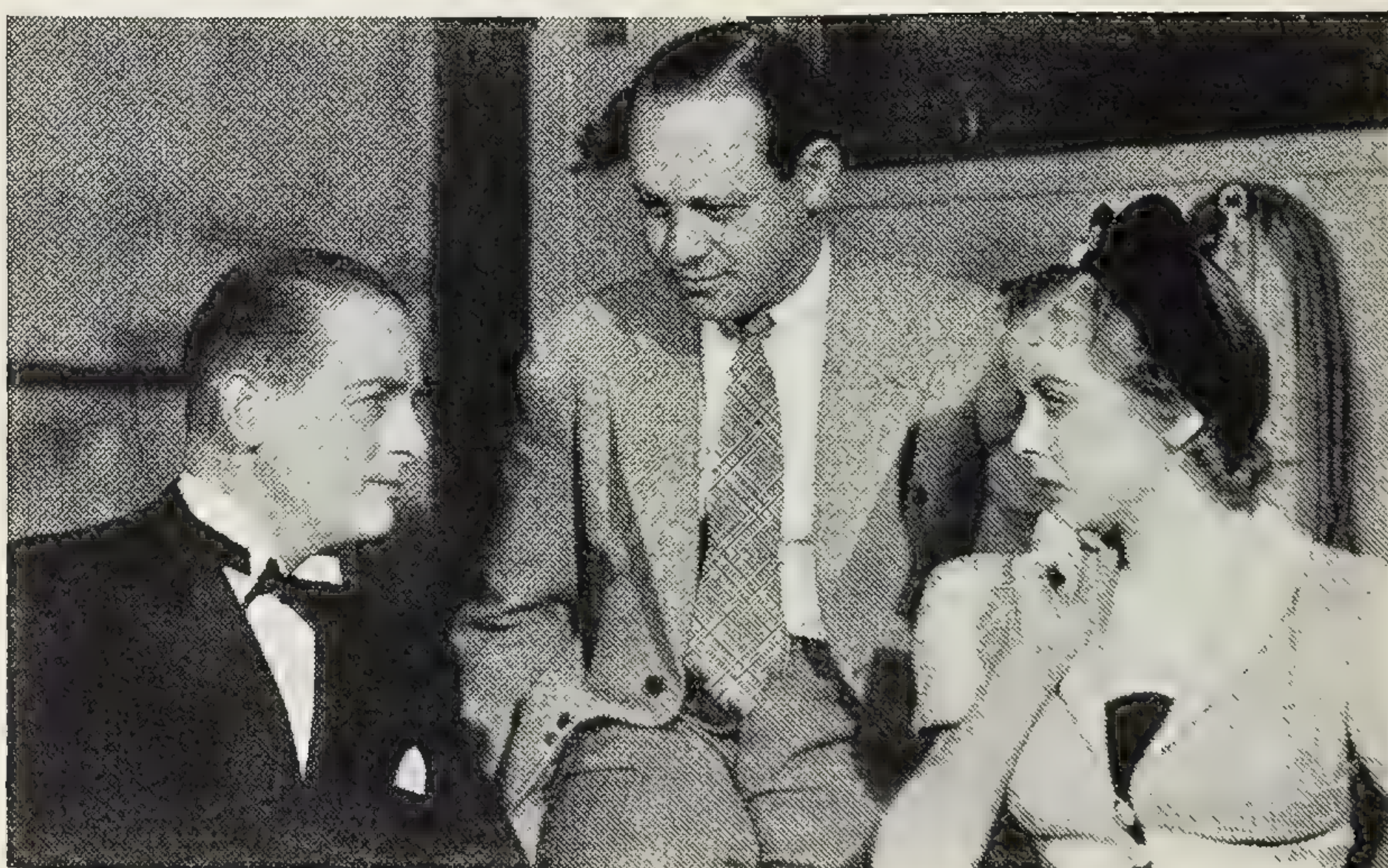
"We're saved!" Peter shouted. "It's the crowd that came to rescue you."

"What are you laughing at?" she gasped.

"At myself. Here I'm looking at the first girl I've ever loved in all my life and it looks like it's going to be the last."

Millicent's face was beautiful. Joy shone from her eyes. "Peter! Do you really love me? Peter, I'm so glad! Because from now on, it doesn't matter!"

With that they kissed. The bullets continued to whine so long as the posse that had come to get Dutch Nelson had cartridges left. The tear gas bombs continued to thud against the log walls. The rabbits kept on galloping about them. Peter and Millicent didn't care. People in love don't mind things like that.



Dick Mook  
(center) chats  
with Reginald  
Denny and Ida  
Lupino.

## Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 53]

are practically on each other's necks and I am likewise saying a polite "How-do-you-do?" to Reginald Denny, who is not quite so polite and says something like, "Where the hell have you been?"

So I start to explain but then Irving Lippman, the still man, comes up and wants a picture of Ida and her mother, who looks more like her sister.

"Nothing doing. I should say not!" exclaims Mrs. Lupino. "I haven't been to a beauty parlor in a week and my hair looks as though I had on a fright wig."

"Stow that stuff, Weenie," Ida orders sternly, "and get over here. We've no time for prima donnas on this set."

So Mrs. Lupino seats herself next to

Ida. "Every time I try to retire," she explains dramatically, "they force me back into the limelight."

All I can say is, on the surface there's certainly nothing so old-fashioned about her.

The scene is the University Club. Politics and weather bureaus are all mixed up in it together. Ida's father is the politician and Denny is the weather man. It's a cute scene but it's much too long to give you.

The moment it's finished Ida rushes up. "Darling, you'll have to forgive me for dashing off but I only have an hour for lunch and I've got to go look at a house. I'm about to be put out of my old one."

"Drunken brawls?" I suggest brightly.



Ida shoots me a dirty look. "No!" she says shortly.

"Forget to pay the rent?" I suggest.

"No!" testily.

"Then why move?" I ask, determined to be helpful.

"The owners want to occupy it themselves, Mr. Nosenbaum," she squelches me.

With Ida gone there's no sense staying here so I move on to—

#### Paramount

IF I am cherishing a hope of finding things quiet over here, said hope is soon dissipated. There are four pictures working besides one with Lynne Overman and Roscoe Karns that seems to have got lost. No one knows where it's shooting.

Irrelevantly I think of a song of a few years ago that went something like this:

"Go wash an el-e-phant

If you wanta do some-thing big"

How the deuce could anything like a whole company of people get lost in the relatively small space of a studio?

Pondering over such inconsistencies I come upon the set of a picture called "Internes Can't Take Money." And whom, I mean—do you suppose are playing the leads? Well, it ain't nobody else but Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.

"Dick!" Babsie screeches catching sight of me and completely spoiling a take.

"Who is that man?" the director asks Barbara in an ominous tone.

"That," Barbara answers succinctly, "is Dick Mook. And," she adds impressively, "a mighty fine writer, let me tell you."

And that, dear public, is just one of the thousand reasons I love Barbara Stanwyck.

While they're "lining up" I might as well give you the story. Joel is an interne. He meets Barbara, a laundry worker, when she comes to the free clinic with a burn on her arm. Later he goes to a saloon with another interne who has been dismissed, to commiserate with him.

Joel sees Barbara talking to a gangster. Barbara is pleading with the gangster to tell her where her baby is. She lost track of the baby while doing two years in the penitentiary because one of her husband's accomplices crawled to her apartment to die. The gangster tells her it will cost \$1,000 to find out where the baby is.

As they talk, Lloyd Nolan, a big-shot gangster, enters with blood dripping from his arm. He faints and Joel takes him into a back room and performs an emergency operation. Next day Barbara pleads with the gangster again and the time her call on him requires makes her late to work and she loses her job.

Joel drops into the saloon before calling on Barbara and is handed an envelope. Arriving at her apartment with groceries, he opens the packet and finds \$1,000—from Nolan for saving his arm. Barbara's eyes gleam with hope as she sees the dough but the hope goes glimmering when Joel tells her he must return it—that internes can't take money.

By this time they're sitting at the table. Joel is gorging like a starved man but Barbara is just picking at her food.

"You haven't known me very long," Barbara says suddenly. "If I were to ask you something—" but she stops.

"Sure," Joel agrees, stuffing his mouth full and totally unaware of her nervousness. "What?"

"If I were to ask you," Barbara goes on slowly, because it's a tough thing to ask. Then she stops hopelessly. "But you'd want to know why and I can't tell you. Honest I can't. But, please believe me, it means more than anything in the world to me."

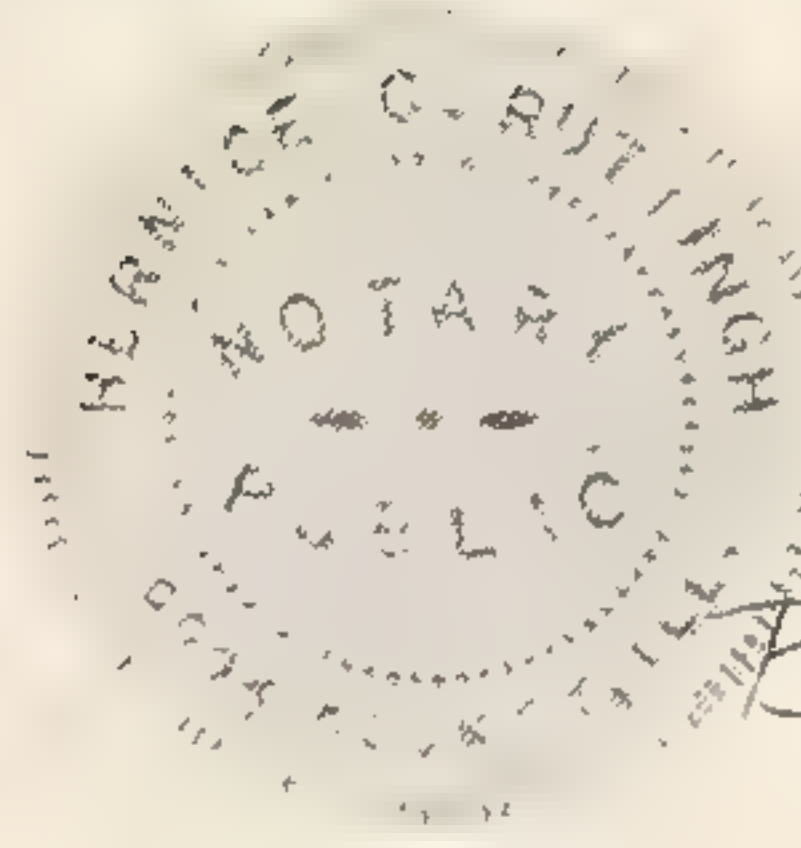
"What does?" Joel inquires, suddenly realizing her earnestness.

"That money!" she cries, risking everything. "Don't give it back. Lend it to me." Joel almost—but not quite—drops his fork

## WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN



**NOTE:** The above letter is but one case, of course, but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.



This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttingh  
NOTARY PUBLIC

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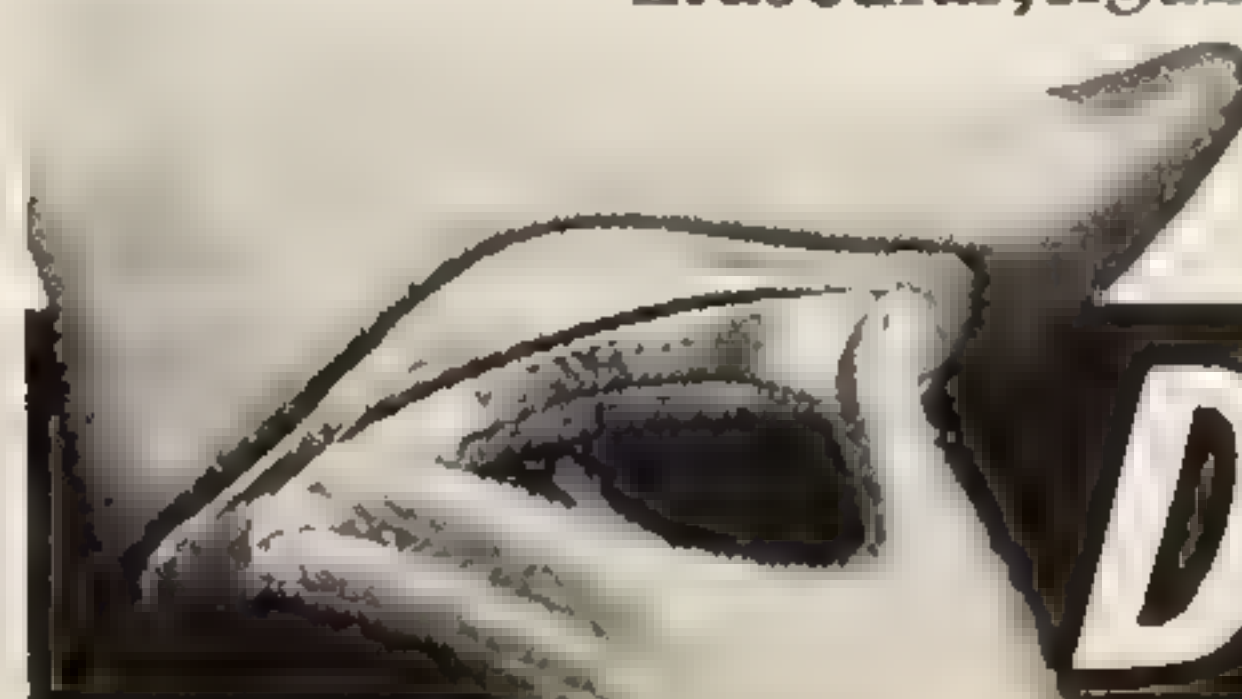
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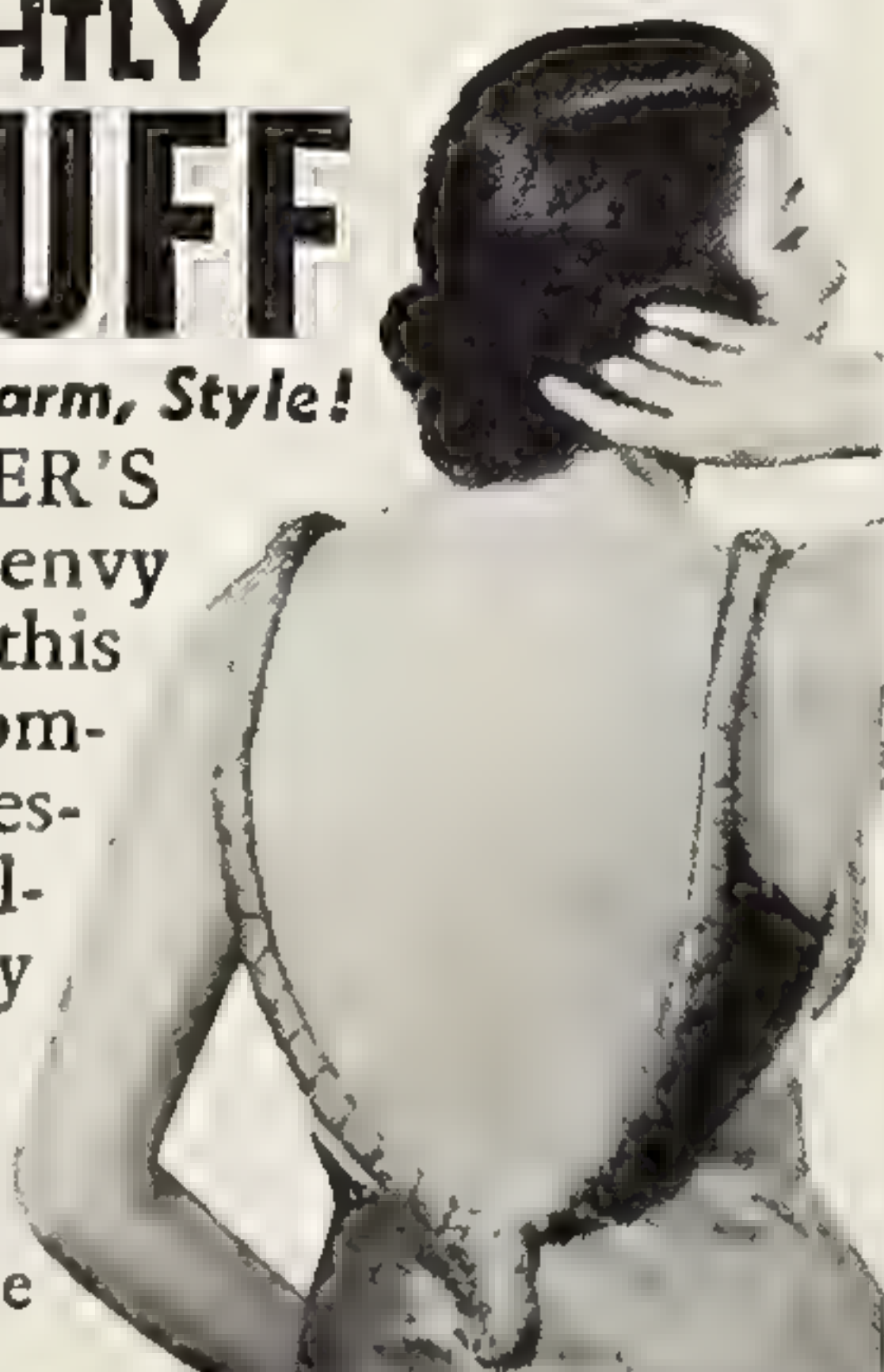
Thackeray said "Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them." Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, has the charm within her to attract and fascinate men. You can learn how to develop and use those natural charms from "Fascinating Womanhood", an unusual book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men's psychology. Married or single, this knowledge will help you. Don't let love and romance pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood", an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood". Sent in plain wrapper.

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in astonishment. "I'll pay you back," she continues, her voice mounting with excitement. "Honest I will. I'll pay you \$20 a week until every cent's paid."

"That money has to go back where it came from—right away," he retorts, returning to his food.

"You must think I'm crazy, arguing like this," she persists in a low tone, "but the money doesn't mean a thing to you if you're going to give it back. And it doesn't mean a thing to them. I wish," she finishes simply, "I could tell you what it means to me."

"It's like I told you a while ago," Joel interrupts. "Internes just can't take money. We agree not to when we get our appointments. It's because the patient who can't pay is entitled to an even break, too. Otherwise it would mean discrimination. Don't you see?"

"Sure," she agrees tonelessly. "I see."

"No hard feelings?" he assumes.

"Forget it," she admonishes him.

They take the scene half dozen times because the script requires Joel to gorge and he can't stuff his mouth full and get it down in time to speak his lines.

I whittle off the end of a match and offer it to him in lieu of a toothpick but it seems leading men are not supposed to use toothpicks. It robs them of their glamor.

Everything I do or say today seems doomed to misinterpretation so I shake hands sadly and pursue my lonely way to the next stage—

"Waikiki Wedding" is shooting here.

This is Bing Crosby's latest starrer. Remember "We're Not Dressing?" This is the same type story. It's about Bing as manager or owner of a pineapple ranch in Hawaii, a girl (Shirley Ross) who wins a contest his company conducts, Martha Raye (her stenographer) and Bob Burns (Bing's pal). As Shirley is on her way to the boat to return to the States a sailor hands her a necklace, asks her to take it to San Francisco and give it to him when he leaves the boat. A policeman approaches, the sailor runs away and the natives are eyeing the necklace mysteriously. They are kidnaping Shirley when Crosby arrives and takes the entire party to his boat to settle the affair. It seems the necklace contains the stolen Pearl of Pele and the goddess is very angry.

I get this far and panic seizes me. I've lost all the rest of my notes on Paramount, with the dialogue. It's the first time in all my set-trotting experience such a thing has happened. It just goes to show I'm as human as stars are. It comforts me to think we have that in common, anyhow.

I get on to the next set where "High, Wide and Handsome" starring Irene Dunne is in work. She, her father (Raymond Walburn) and William Frawley are touring the country selling a patent medicine which is nothing but crude oil. Someone exposes them and the enraged townspeople burn up their wagon. Randolph Scott and his mother (Elizabeth Patterson) take pity on them and take them into their home to spend the night. Irene wakes in the morning. The sun is streaming through the window, the canary is singing, the odor of flowers comes through the window and life seems to be just about bursting. She gets off the divan where she has slept and I note with surprise that Irene is one actress who really takes off her shoes and stockings when she goes to bed (in pictures). She goes to the window, looks out and finds that other birds beside the canary are singing. So Irene bursts right into song with them. That is where Paramount should have spotted that number called "I Feel A Song Coming On" that Alice Faye sang in "Every Night at Eight." Unfortunately, they're not doing the re-

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cording of Irene's number today. There is just the bit of pantomime I've described. As Irene feels a bit self-conscious in her blue cotton nightie I leave for—

### Universal

THERE'S one picture going out here, "The Stones Cry Out." The scene is the interior of a Pullman car. John Howard is sitting there quietly reading when the porter and conductor stop beside him.

"Pardon me," the porter apologizes, "but is you all a doctah?"

"Yes," Howard admits. "Why?"

The porter turns to the conductor. "I tole you he wuz a doctah," he announces triumphantly. "I spotted him de minute I saw him by dat lil' black bag."

"There's a man in the next car needs medical attention," the conductor explains to John. "Looks like a stroke."

"I'll take a look at him," Howard offers, rising and picking up his bag.

That "you all" gets me. Southerners don't say "you all" when addressing one person but you can't make a lot of pig-headed Yankees understand that.

I stalk indignantly off the set.

### At Warner Brothers

IT SEEMS there are at least a dozen pictures shooting here but, thank heaven and Allah, I've told you about all of them but one.

"The Prince and The Pauper" is a picturization of Mark Twain's immortal yarn. It's about a prince and a pauper who look



alike. The prince is tired of his constricted life and when he meets the pauper and notes the resemblance, he insists they change clothes. Before they can change back again the king (Montagu Love) realizing he is dying sends for the Prince. Billy Mauch (the pauper) has been acting strangely for a prince. Badly frightened, he is escorted by a legion of lords and ladies in waiting to the royal bedchamber. He walks past the low-bowing groups who inspect him curiously and covertly.

Great notables walk on either side of him, making him lean upon them and so steady his steps. Behind them follow the court physician and some servants. They approach the king's door which swings open as they arrive. Billy's eyes fall on the king and he falters a little, frightened by the dour visage of the old ogre whom he, as yet, does not know to be the king. He is



Vinton Haworth and Constance Worth in "China Passage."

gently forced into the room. As the door is closed all bow.

"Cut!" calls William Keighley, the director, and turns to the man in charge of the door. "Shut the door when they come in and you go out with it. At least, you go out when you close the door." Then he turns to Billy. "Billy, look around a little when you first come in and don't see the king the instant you get into the room. Try it again."

So they try it again.

"Edward," King Love begins—

"Tom, sir," Billy ventures.

"Come, lad, would you deny that I'm your father?"

Love smiles, but he is on the point of tears thinking his own son doesn't know him.

"Oh, yes, sire," Billy blurts out. "I wouldn't dare let anyone think such a thing."

"What evened irony fate has wrought that he doesn't know his own father," Love philosophizes to the lord pathetically.

"But I do, your Majesty," Billy protests. "A thief he is, and sorely mean to my mother."

I've heard all this talk about no one being able to tell these twins apart. I think I can. Billy has a twinkle in his eye that Bobby hasn't. But a few minutes later Bobby, who isn't working today, gets tickled over something and he has the same twinkle. If he and Billy should change

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clothes today I don't believe their own mother would know it. It's small wonder King Love doesn't realize the prank that has been played upon him.

That being all there is at Warners, we'll proceed to—

20th Century-Fox

I've already told you of "Seventh Heaven." "Slave Ship" featuring Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery is closed so I'll tell you about that one next month. Likewise "Wake up and Live," starring Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Alice Faye and Claire Trevor.

But, worse luck, there are still two others shooting. First there is "Dead Yesterday." This is a cops and robbers story and you know what they are when you try to go into the plot. All I know is the set is a hospital room. William Demarest is in bed and the doctor (Sig Rumann) is there with him. In the room, I mean, not the bed.

"And you say no one came near you?" Rumann questions.

"Not a soul," Demarest replies. And then he begins to burn up. "Say," he demands, "were you trying to operate on another guy to take out my appendix? What kind of—well, for the love of—aw, get away from me!"

Just then the door bursts open and a nurse (Sally Blane), half hysterical, flies in closely followed by another nurse (Joan Davis who is called *Duffy*).

"Where is he?" she cries to Rumann. "Dr. Triggert, where is he? Is he all right?"

"Is who all right?" Rumann asks, puzzled. "Allen Tracy?"

"Yes, Allen Tracy," Sally gasps. Sally is so-o-o beautiful I'd like to stop and chin with her and find out all about her new baby but it's getting so-o-o late and they go right into another take. So-o-o I proceed to the next set.

The second one is "That I May Live" by David Lamson. Rochelle Hudson, Robert Kent and J. Edward Bromberg are featured. Mr. Bromberg is known as "Tex." I can think of him as a lot of things but somehow not as "Tex." However, there he is and you'll take him as "Tex" and like him.

They've just driven up to an auto camp. When the proprietor finds that Bob and Rocky are not married he won't rent them a cabin. Finally he rents the cabin for Rocky and Kent doubles up in the trailer with Tex.

"It's no good," "Tex" Bromberg opines, sitting on the edge of his cot, smoking.



"Great Guy" brought James Cagney back to the screen, and he got a rousing welcome from the fans.

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**KILL THE HAIR ROOT**



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 29 D, Providence, R.



**LUCKY 7 DIAMOND GOLD WEDDING RING**

**\$770 COMPLETE** Every woman will thrill at possessing this stunning ring, with 7 genuine blue-white cut diamonds (not chips) mounted in solid gold. Be modern! Replace your old-fashioned gold band ring with sparkling diamonds. Send this ad, size, and post office money order for \$7.70. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AS REPRESENTED.**

**SECURITY JEWELRY CO. \$770**  
742 South Hill Street Los Angeles, Calif.  
IN BUSINESS OVER 30 YEARS... COURTESY TO DEALERS AND AGENTS

APPROVED WAY TO TINT  
**GRAY HAIR**



AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER.

● At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and **BROWNTONE** does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. **BROWNTONE** is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.





## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

### ADDRESS ENVELOPES AT HOME

Sparetime; substantial weekly pay. Experience unnecessary. Dignified work. Stamp brings details.

**EMPLOYMENT MGR.**

Dept. DL, Box 523, Jackson, Tenn.

## Get Rid of PIMPLES

**Acne, Blackheads, Oily Skin, etc.**

Write at once for Great News about Sensational Home Treatment for clearing skin of unsightly Pimples, Acne, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Oily Skin and other blemishes. Discovery of Famous Skin Specialist used privately for years with marvelous success. **Sent on Trial. You Risk Nothing.**

**FREE** Send for Free Booklet At Once. Don't suffer embarrassment any longer. **WRITE TODAY.** SEBOLINE CO., Dept. 29, Box 2408, Kansas City, Mo.

### WANTED: NEW WRITERS!

Earn while learning! Write for magazines, books, newspapers, etc! **FREE** literature! No obligation! U. S. SCHOOL OF WRITING.

Dept. SM, 20 West 60th St., N. Y. C.

## HOW TO ENTER THE MOVIES!

After fourteen months of intensive research we now offer to aspirants for a movie career the intelligent procedure to adopt in attempting to enter the movies. In addition to this information, we will answer any six questions on the subject of entering the motion picture field. 50c complete.

**ROSS FRISCO**

172 Tremont St., Boston, Mass

### PERFUME PUFF

Pierce with pin, puff is instantly saturated with lovely Shalideur perfume, long, lasting odor. Makes nice sachet bag or powder puff, assorted colors, 15c each or Two for 25c. Perfumes, sachet, perfumed novelties, etc. List free. J. Kammerer, Dept. G-2, Box 574, Terre Haute, Ind.

## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

**\$1.00 Treatment for Only 25c**

**CONCENTRATED GARLIC TABLETS**—Pure vegetable matter. No taste. No odor. No drugs. Tests by eminent Medical Scientists prove that regular use of these tablets in many cases helps to lower High Blood Pressure and relieve headaches and dizziness. Mail this ad with 25c and we will send regular \$1.00 box, fully prepaid. Address Dept. 231,

DEARBORN PRODUCTS, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

### WOMEN WANTED

Address & Mail postcards for us. We pay weekly, and furnish all supplies, including stamps. **FULL DETAILS FREE.** Write **DOROTHEA COSMETICS** Dept. S CALIFORNIA

**WEEKLY CASH**  
FOR YOUR SPARE TIME

## WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS SONGS

**For Immediate Consideration**

Send Poems to

**Columbian Music Publishers**

Dept. 13B

Toronto, Can.

"You're here and she's there, so you're both alone. Why don't you get married?"

"On what?" Bob wants to know.

"Do you think it's cheaper to hire a cabin for one instead of two? Or maybe you like my company better than hers?"

"No," Bob admits. "If I had a job—"

"If you're married and ain't got a job, at least you got a wife," the practical "Tex" explains. "But if you're single and ain't got a wife or a job—you got nothing."

And that, my fraands, is what you might call Hindu philosophy. Or is it Chinese?

That's about the crop except for—

M-G-M

"A DAY AT THE RACES" with the Marx Brothers, "Maytime" with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, and "Parnell" with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, I have already told you about.

"Espionage" with Edmund Lowe and Madge Evans is not shooting today because Mr. Lowe has the flu. So there is only one left.

One of these is "Personal Property." Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor are the interested parties. Originally Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell played in this and it was one of the grandest comedies M-G-M ever turned out. Don't miss it. This scene I see is right at the beginning of the picture.

I have seen Jean in many costumes and under many conditions but I have never seen her in anything approaching the gown she has on today. No! Not even in "Hell's Angels." It is white chiffon with but one (count it—ONE!) shoulder strap. The other side stays up as best it can and it does all right, too. Jean is looking what you might call positively radiant. She is hanging on the 'phone listening to some remedies Cora Witherspoon is giving her for her cold. Cora is a tiresome, gossipy old woman but her daughter (Marla Shelton) is Jean's close friend.

"Oh, no, don't repeat it," Jean implores into the 'phone. "I'll remember. And thanks a lot. And about those tickets—"

The doorbell starts ringing and her maid, Una O'Connor, goes to answer it.

"Just the same," Jean goes on into the 'phone, "I hope you'll forgive me. That's sweet of you. I'll see you both tomorrow night. Don't forget. All right. All right. Goodbye," she coos sweetly and bangs up the receiver. She glares at it viciously as she repeats "Goodbye!"

Then she reaches for her cocktail but before she can touch it Una hurries excitedly in. "The police! The police!" Una screams in excitement.

"Fine!" Jean mocks, rising and forgetting her drink.

"Cut!" calls Van Dyke, the director.

"Hello," Jean says graciously, extending her hand to me.

Leave me tell you, my fine people, it takes a real *artiste* to be gracious and nothing more in a gown like that.

And that, my public, is how this month ends—on the lilting high C with which I like to say "Goodbye."

## THE CLOTHES' HORSES

**T**HOSE designers have been selecting again! Orry-Kelly of Warner Brothers, Travis Banton of Paramount, and Edward Stevenson of RKO put their heads together not long ago and unanimously selected for the three best dressed women in Hollywood Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert and Norma Shearer. The runner-ups were Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio and Gladys Swarthout.



## Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier — unless removed Root\* and All

● Don't take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn for good with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the corn lifts out, Root and All in 3 short days. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.) Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, scientific corn plaster, held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Try this Blue-Jay method now.



\*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



HELP smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty—while you sleep. Absolutely harmless—simple and easy to use—a toilet necessity.

## B & P Wrinkle Eradicators and Frowners

Made in two styles—ERADICATORS for lines in the face, FROWNERS for between the eyes. Sold in 65c and \$1.00 boxes at most drug and department stores. Trial package, 35c. If your dealer's stock is exhausted, sent direct, post-paid, on receipt of price.

THE B & P CO., (Two Women)  
P. O. Box 2632 Lakewood, O.

## RAISE GIANT FROGS

**FREE BOOK** **START AT HOME!** Use small pond to begin. Expand with the increase. **WE BUY!** Easy to ship. Other markets waiting. Men & Women are starting in every state. See what others already doing. Free frog book. **AMERICAN FROG CANNING CO.** Dept. (107-D) New Orleans, La.

## SKIN INJURIES Burns, Blisters, Scratches, etc. To relieve soreness—hasten healing—help prevent infection—apply at once, mild, reliable Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 2-P, Balto. Md.



**Too Thin? UNDEVELOPED?**  
**GAIN 15 LBS. DEVELOP 3 IN.!**  
Wonderful new method really reaches basic trouble, starting development. Vitalizing, concentrated food powder completes results. Amazing results! Beautiful flesh-complete development. **Guaranteed.** Testimonials arriving every day. You need be undeveloped no longer. Write: The Star Developing System, Iron Mountain, Mich.



**1937 Government Jobs**  
**Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year**  
Many 1937 appointments. Common Education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of many positions and particulars telling how to get them.  
**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
Dept. A265 Rochester, N. Y.



# The Final Thing



LOUISE RAINER'S great performance in "The Good Earth" was not marred by the desire on her part to appear, at least once, as the beautiful girl that she is. She really threw herself unreservedly into the part of the timid down-trodden coolie woman. The complete unself-consciousness of Rainer in the role was marvelous. She bent down, hiding her face, as the woman, O-lan, would have done in life, completely disregarding the camera.

However, in humble lives it is the nobility of *thought* that moulds the faces of the poor into the outlines of loveliness. Because of this, Rainer appears at times transfigured and her face shines with true Beauty.

\* \* \* \*

AND now to boast a little about this magazine, particularly concerning an important feature that will be in SILVER SCREEN next month. We do not pretend to introduce you to Dana Burnet. You two have met before. You have read his stories in all the best magazines, you have seen his plays on Broadway and his scenarios on the screen. Dana Burnet now lives in Hollywood and his typewriter is going like a machine gun, capturing the important and colorful doings in the studios and lining them up against sheets of paper. All right! All right! We admit we are enthusiastic. We will leave the rest for you to discover for yourself next month.

How's that, Dana? Is that editorial gusto, or what?

\* \* \* \*

THERE is a war that never ceases. It goes on day and night in Hollywood—the scheming, blackguards of the underworld against the highly paid players of the studios. The story of the various swindles makes one realize the risks that are a part of the life of each popular star. Read Helen Louise Walker's article on this subject in SILVER SCREEN for May.

Also in the May issue, Elizabeth Wilson writes a "Projection" of Madge Evans that makes our well-loved Madge dearer than ever.

Did you think those perfectly proportioned girls just grew that way? Read about the many exercises that are used by the players to prepare their beautiful figures for the severe test of the summer beaches. It's a Ben Maddox story.

The studios hum with activity and S. R. Mook listens to the din. He hears the voices of the directors and the banter of the actors. Read his survey of the new productions in the making in "Pictures on the Fire."

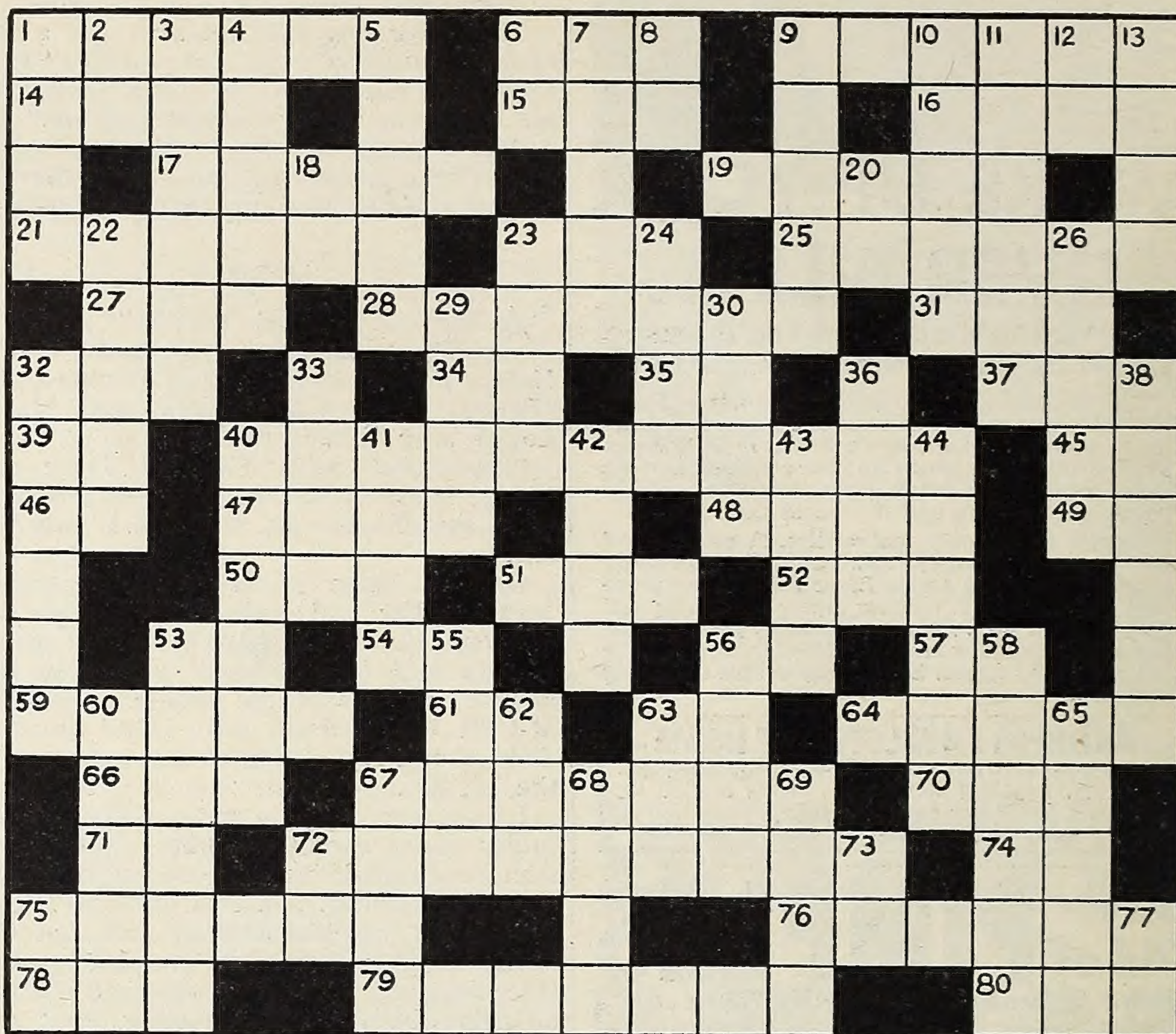
\* \* \* \*

You don't mind if we drop a hint?

*Elmer Keen*  
EDITOR.

## A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



### ACROSS

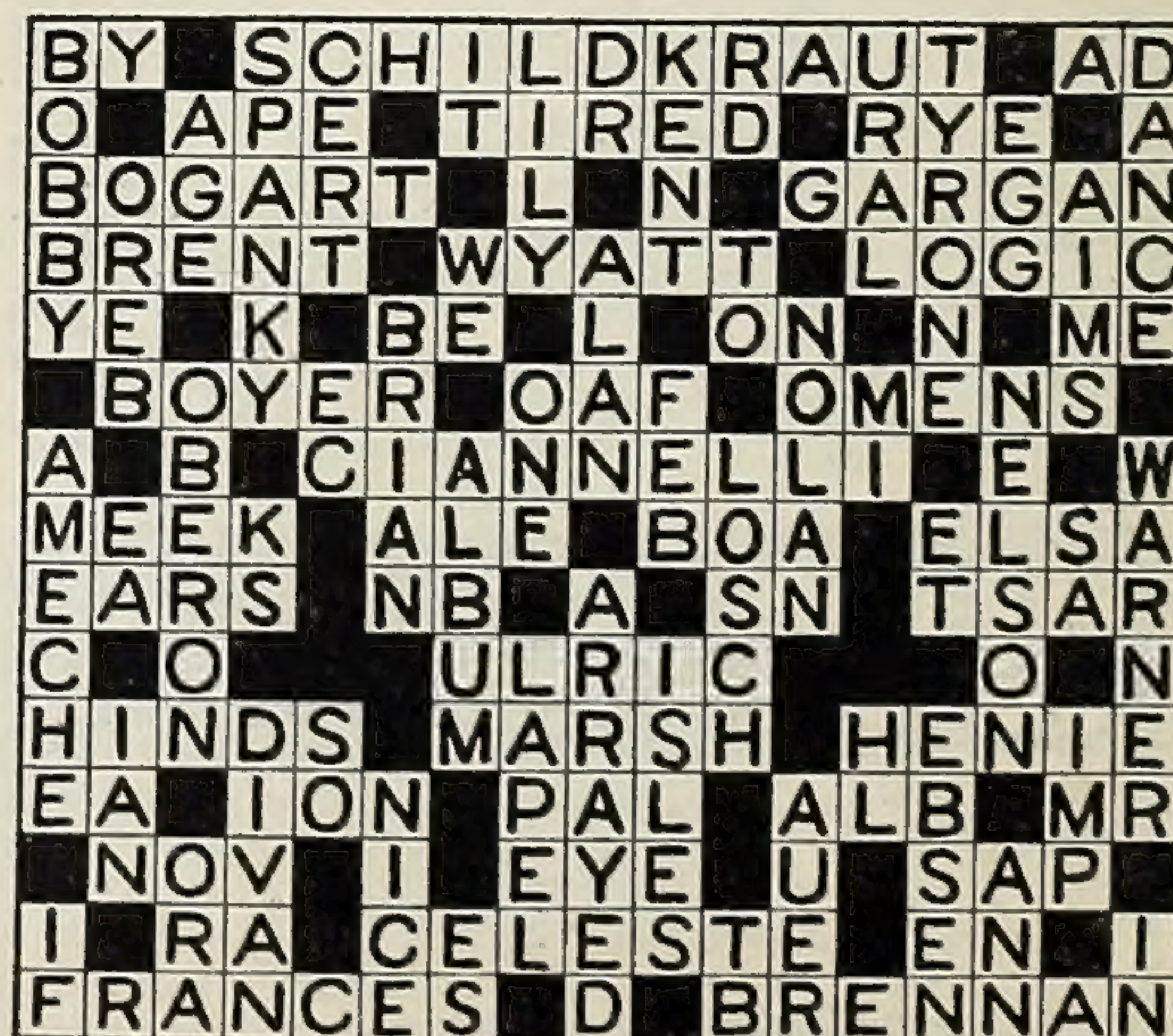
- 1 The dim-witted worker in "Black Legion"
- 6 Tree
- 9 Loved by Don Ameche in "One in a Million"
- 14 Exclusively
- 15 The originator of "Come up and see me sometime"
- 16 Weird
- 17 Now working in "The Prince and the Pauper"
- 19 One wielding an ax
- 21 Patrons of a restaurant
- 23 An American humorist
- 25 He portrayed "Daniel Boone"
- 27 Thoroughfares (abbr.)
- 28 Buffalo Bill in "The Plainsman"
- 31 Public roads (abbr.)
- 32 Meadow
- 34 Associate of Arts (abbr.)
- 35 Ruby Keeler's husband
- 37 A beast of burden
- 39 Within
- 40 "Tarzan"
- 45 A three-toed sloth
- 46 Direction of compass
- 47 Head coverings
- 48 An opera by Verdi
- 49 Measure of length (abbr.)
- 50 Beverage
- 51 One of the submarine divers in "Depths Below"
- 52 The twenty-third letter of Greek alphabet
- 53 "The Jungle Princess" (initials)
- 54 Parent
- 56 Like
- 57 North Western State (abbr.)
- 59 To whom Merle Oberon seems devoted
- 61 French article
- 63 Masculine pronoun
- 64 "Old Hutch"
- 66 The doctor in "Ladies in Love"
- 67 A very special friend of Robert Taylor's
- 70 Royal Academy of Arts (abbr.)
- 71 Either
- 72 "John Meade's Woman"
- 74 North River (abbr.)
- 75 Janet in "Great Guy"
- 76 He recently returned to the screen
- 78 Request
- 79 With George Brent in "God's Country and the Woman"
- 80 Part of verb "to be"

### DOWN

- 1 Hopalong Cassidy
- 2 Upon
- 3 The newspaper woman in "Smart Blonde"
- 4 Now making "Danger, Men Working"
- 5 Plural of that
- 6 Type measure
- 7 The pathetic widow in "After the Thin Man"
- 8 Personal pronoun
- 9 Handsome tap dancer in "Gold Diggers of 1937"
- 10 Approaches
- 11 The snobbish mother in "Rainbow on the River"

- 12 Suffix
- 13 Lovely Universal player
- 18 Method of transportation (abbr.)
- 20 Team mate of Charles Ruggles (initials)
- 22 The novelist in "Theodora Goes Wild"
- 23 Expression of sorrow
- 24 Jacob's brother (Bib.)
- 26 Short written composition
- 29 Young girl
- 30 Spanish cooking por
- 32 Cecilia Parker's beau in "Old Hutch"
- 33 The innocent prisoner in "We Who Are About to Die"
- 36 Radicals
- 38 Excellent in "You Only Live Once"
- 40 Sports reporter in "Woman Wise"
- 41 Separate article
- 42 The hostess in "Fugitive in the Sky"
- 43 Borders of the mouth
- 44 Bride of Clifford Odets
- 53 The faithful sweetheart in "We Who Are About to Die"
- 55 Wing-shaped
- 56 Pertaining to aeronautics
- 58 The fourteen year old star of "Three Smart Girls"
- 60 Sacred images
- 62 To wander
- 63 Thigh of a hog
- 65 More unusual
- 67 A former world's heavyweight champion
- 68 To wait for
- 69 Curved lines
- 72 Popular male player (initials)
- 73 Every (abbr.)
- 75 Country north of the U. S.
- 77 Pronoun

### Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





# BETTE DAVIS tells you how to protect Daintiness



"You girls who want to be popular—remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it spoils romance."

**H**AVE you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that's most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin sweet—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate, clinging fragrance that makes people want to be *near* you—even if they don't know why!

Try the simple, inexpensive way Bette Davis has chosen to make sure of daintiness. She is one of many screen stars, famous the world over, who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. You're sure to find it works for *you*.



"The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet—fragrant with a delicate perfume you'll love."

9 out of 10 screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep your skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.



"A Lux Toilet Soap bath is a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you're tired and have a date to keep. You'll find it peps you up in no time!"

WARNER BROTHERS STAR





**'ROUND-THE-WORLD CALENDAR  
OF A CALIFORNIA LADY**

# Mrs. Rufus Laine Spalding III

Dinner parties in the Pasadena house  
Midnight snacks at Hollywood's "Troc"  
Bridge and Polo at Midwick  
Sailing and aquaplaning at Montecito

Santa Barbara for tennis and horseback  
New York for important "opening nights"  
Winter jaunts to Mexico, the West Indies, or Europe  
Annual visit to her husband's estate in Kauai, Hawaii



THE beautiful Mrs. Spalding, shown on her husband's sloop "Hurulu," is a skilled yachtswoman. Her enjoyment of the sea illustrates her charming zest for life. She travels, she entertains, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Camels are so mild," she says, "they never get on my nerves. And everybody knows how they help digestion!" Smoking Camels sets up a natural, abundant flow of digestive fluids — *alkaline* digestive fluids—and thus encourages good digestion. At the right, Mrs. Spalding enjoys a late supper in Hollywood's Trocadero, whose host, Billy Wilkerson, says: "Camels are certainly the popular cigarette here."

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*Costlier Tobaccos!*

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia	•	Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston	•	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
		Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
		Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia	•	Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore	•	Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago	•	Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS**